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CHICAGO LEDGER

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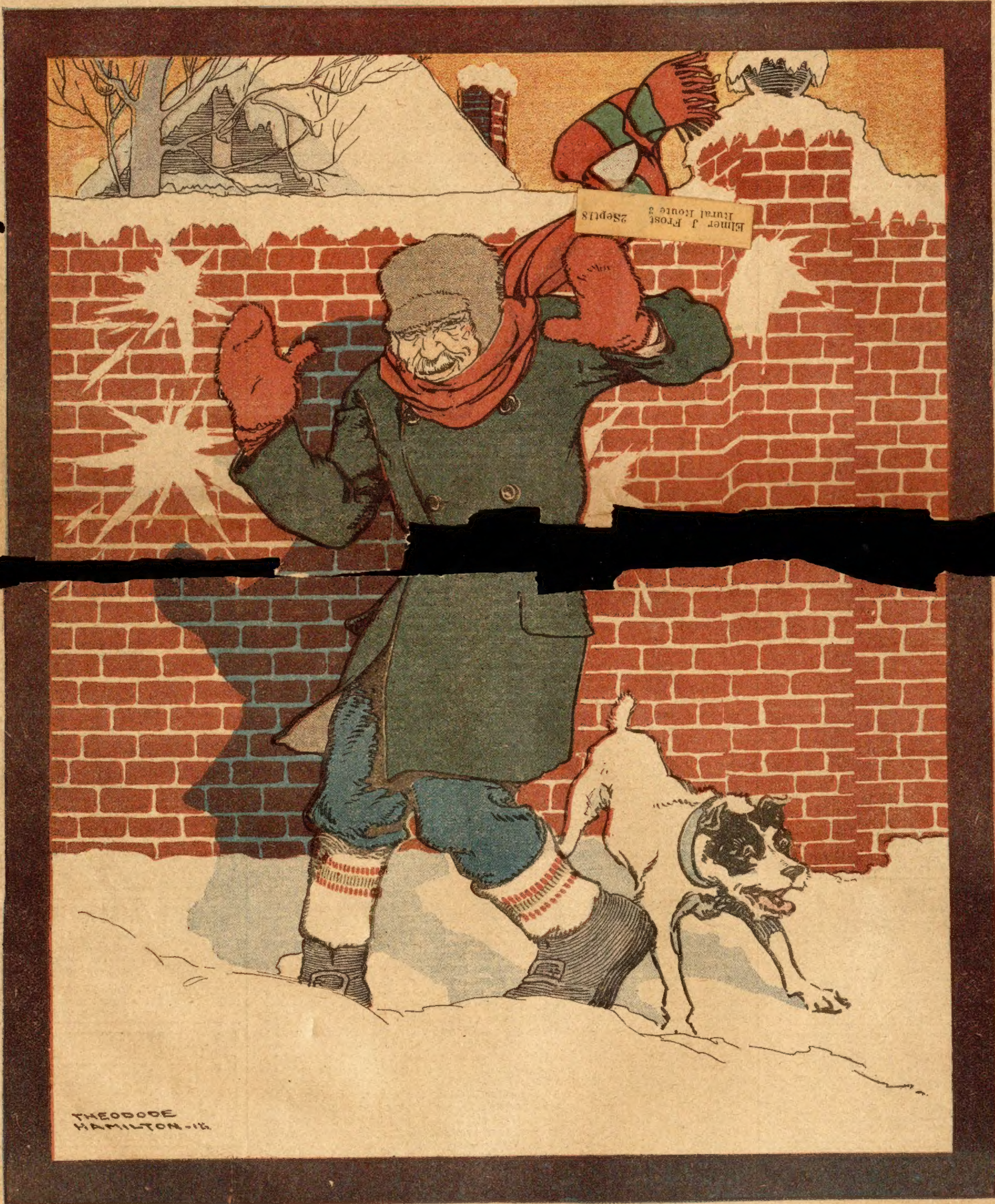
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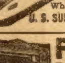

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On the old, old bridge, with its crumbling stones,
All covered with lichens red and gray,
Two lovers were talking in sweet low tones;
And we were they!

As he leaned to breathe in her willing ear
The love that he vowed would never die,
He called her his darling, his dove most dear;
And he was I!

She covered her face from the pale moonlight
With her trembling hands, but her eyes looked thru
And listened and listened with long delight;
And she was you!

On the old, old bridge where the lichens rust,
Two lovers are learning the same old lore;-
He tells his love, and she looks her trust;
But we—no more!

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

Meeting the War at Home

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

THE saying that beauty is in the eye of the gazer is only one of many intended to drive home the great truth that our relish for anything depends largely upon our mental attitude towards it. Here is a truth we ought to keep our eye on in these days when changes in our way of living are part of our duty as good citizens.

For instance, we may look darkly at the war bread on our plate and swallow it so distrustfully that it will stick in our throats, or we may approach it in a spirit of joyous adventure and garnish it with the smiles that aid digestion. We can get up a grouch about it, or we can rejoice that the somewhat humdrum business of cooking and eating has suddenly become a thing of surprises. That business now involves explorations of virgin territory in the culinary world, reclaiming of lost and neglected regions, harmless skirmishes with new forces in the borderland of science, brilliant victories over strange conditions, and a triumphant coming into camp every night with nobody a bit the worse for the fray.

These may be hard times for the fussy and "set" persons who can't abide changes, but why be fussy and set when we can be joyous adventurers? The right mental attitude puts quite a new face on the situation and it is easily cultivated. Surely we are not so childish that colored bread need impart a dark brown tinge to our spirits—because the color of our food is a minor matter so long as it is sweet and wholesome. Similarly, [illegible] gar in our [illegible] make misanthropes of us. Has [illegible] on sugar in our tea? [illegible] isn't it plain that we [illegible] sits on the knob of [illegible] into [illegible] snare?

But indeed there [illegible] a marked absence of ill-nature in the face of all these new economies. Who could hold out against the enthusiasm with which the Hoover volunteers have plunged into their new job? Who could fail to be interested in the wonderful discoveries hourly reported by those explorers in new or neglected fields of cookery? If we were in the habit of eating six meals a day we could have a new kind of war bread for every one. Or it needn't be a new kind. Listen to that singing volunteer who comes chanting some great discovery which turns out to be grandmother's "rye'n-Injun" brownbread. If it isn't new, so much the better. Grandmother knew what she was about and seldom set the stamp of her approval on anything that wasn't of genuine worth.

In these days recipes for johnnycake are more sought after than gems of great literature. Whoever announces a new substitute for anything springs into instant favor. Here at last is a chance for the humblest of us to become famous overnight by discovering, or re-discovering, something which is palatable and wholesome and still solves the problem of a saving in the materials we are trying to conserve. Only think of the honorable fame awaiting the demonstrator who shall make clear to us the possibilities of that long-neglected combination of bread and molasses! It would have to be war bread, of course, but our colored bread is just the right sort to combine kindly with the brown, sticky fluid beloved of our childhood. If we have grown to look down on bread and molasses let some expert now explain to us what we should gain by restoring the molasses pitcher to its place on the table.

The effect of all these innovations ought to be cheerful and wholesome. The changes will help to break up a good many slavish old notions about what we must have to eat and drink. Households should cultivate the picnic spirit which finds everything interesting, all the more so that it wasn't quite what they expected. Variety in diet is beneficial, we know, and now we have a chance to prove that an entirely new dish gives zest to the appetite. They have been telling us for years that coarse breads are the most nourishing; now we have an extra inducement to benefit our digestion by eating them.

It is hard to persuade people who live in the midst of plenty to cut down their bill of fare. You must have good reasons on your side if you are to convince them that they ought to do it. In this matter of food conservation the reason is the best in the world, and plain as the largest print: We are observing meatless and wheatless days that our less favored brothers and sisters may not be obliged to observe eatless days. It is not much to ask of us that we spare them a little. If it seems much we have only to take up almost any paper or magazine and read of what men, women and little children are suffering at the other side of the ocean. A glimpse of that suffering will send us soberly back to our work of saving for them, thanking our stars meanwhile that we all have a way to help, if ever so little, and really beginning to feel that molasses and even sugarless tea are luxuries which we ought to forego—only the head of our volunteer army himself warns us that we must not run to extremes in the matter of going without.

Perhaps one of the important by-products of what Hoover's merry army is doing will be the fun we shall have over it. When the world shadows hang heavy and low, at least we can cheer ourselves by looking to see what gay little fires of sacrifice the food volunteers are keeping bright out there in the borderland of science.—Lewiston Journal.

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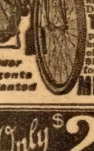

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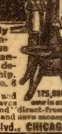

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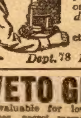

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VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUARY 16, 1918. No. 7.

Mulvaney's Star

By Bertha Seavey Saunier

"I'm too great a 'softy'. I'm to give up me star," said Mulvaney. Events had moved too rapidly for him. But Kathleen interfered and —

"BELIEVE me," Mulvaney was wont to rehearse, "I'm one of them officers that's agin graft. You can take it from me my roll is the clean stuff to the last dot."

This, under certain conditions, was a self-interring attitude, and when it was backed by several events growing relentlessly out of it Mulvaney found himself quietly transferred from the vice district of the city to one of the large parks, where, as the chief told him, his reverence for the maternal and his simplicity of heart might have unhindered development. He accepted his fate without turning a hair. Mulvaney was "wise" to the real reason.

Chagrin over his exile was so slight that his new duties were adjusted as easily as the yellow ducklings slipped from the bank into the lagoon, near which Kathleen O'Toole was seen every afternoon trundling her charge, Tommy, a very young man soon coming ten months of age.

It was early fall. The park benches were often deserted, tho the air was still full of sun and balm. A mythical finger, purporting to be that of winter, now and again appeared, pointing north with a witless sympathy for such humankind showing improvidence. Every city and town exploits these in her parks, slumberous idlers, for whom Mulvaney had an eye of small compassion. Obviously they were reckless if they outstayed their welcome.

Mulvaney, pacing the wide, pebbled walks, with Kathleen at his side, sensed the approach of winter with a compassionate placing of the idlers in a mental background, with the park gardeners, most of these old and bent with toil and pain, who sometimes pointed out to him that life was sustained whether men loafed or labored. The logic being illustrated by the unkempt idlers who occupied the time with a semblance of sleep, Mulvaney was forced to admit its infallibility.

The old men, worrying the fallen leaves into serried heaps ready for the dump-pit, had no notion that a deep-dyed intrigue was being hatched under their rheumy old eyes, and, for that matter, the most of the slumberous idlers knew as little.

As for Mulvaney, the air breathed with Kathleen became daily more and more heady. Mental apoplexy was about to set in when Tommy, the innocent member of the trio, who was often forgotten entirely, suddenly became an important member of the group by disappearing as completely as if he had never existed. No one of the before-mentioned guardians of the park was able to point out the fate of him.

Kathleen, returning to the spot where she had left the red cab tied to an empty bench with her best silk veil, stood bewildered. Chills of fright raced up and down her back and over her pink and white cuticle, and her startled shriek had in it not only terror but guilt—the guilt of the self-accused—as her wild gaze searched frantically around the forsaken and lonely park bench. But in place of Tommy asleep in his cab, she had a glimpse of Mame in phantom—Mame, the hard-working mother of Tommy, demanding of her handmaid the precious fruit of her body. How was the girl to explain to her that but for a deranging fancy for Mulvaney this sickening mystery had not happened?

The place being deserted, Kathleen's shriek raised nothing in particular except Presumably Cain—let us give the man a name—an unshaved fellow on a distant bench, who sat up and looked about him. When he had located the girl in distress he shambled toward her and offered him humble sympathy.

Kathleen's wild gaze cruised past him along the walks, along the series of green-painted benches overlooking the water—all cruelly derisively alike, all mocking her search for Tommy.

Presumably Cain shambled closer.

"Glory be!" gasped Kathleen, still ignoring him by even a glance. "I've misplaced me child! You've saw the red cab? You've saw Tommy?" she demanded, piercing him at last with a look, while her heart pounded blood too swiftly into her brain.

"Lady, I was asleep——" began the man. Kathleen flared about.

"The Lord ha' mercy—slape on, thin!" she cried, racing away to overtake Mulvaney, who had left her to look after a group of boys bent on fishing by stealth in the lagoon.

Mulvaney was in the office when she found him. Her breathless tale and chalky face he regarded with a tender skepticism and a majestic calm that soothed but did not convince Tommy's caretaker.

"It's a bloomin' joke, Kathleen," he informed her, with official assurance. He hated to see those drawn lines in her face. And moreover, he considered kidnaping in his vicinity an impossibility.

"I know some ov yer friends is playin' yuh," he reiterated. "W'y, who wad want Tommy, him wit'out a dollar to 'is name? Aw, it's no good takin' it so ser'us, girl. Whiles, in no time ut all, you'll find it's some fool joke some friend's playin' yuh."

When she took him to the spot where Tommy's cab had been tied to an empty bench, it was plain even to the eyes of official faith that the child was not to be seen. Kathleen, still juggling with the phantom of Mame, the young mother, coming at 6 o'clock and demanding her child, was blindly denunciative. But Mulvaney, keeping his vision clear, looked to the bench beyond and pointed:

"Now, was ut—was the red cab like the wan yonder?" he asked.

Kathleen, hastily brushing at the sundog of terror that obsessed her sight, looked and halted in a maze of wonder.

"Ut—ut——" she stammered. "Glory be!" and swam forward, beating the air with fevered strokes, reached the cab and peered within. "That's him—the same lamb!" she choked. "Praise God, and fast asleep!" And when she had fallen into a shuddering heap upon the bench, the officer regarded her with ponderous mirth.

"What's eatin' yuh, Kathleen?" he coaxed. "Ain't the kid stole, thin, after all? I was tellin' yuh 'twas some low-life joke, girl. Ain't he stole, thin?" He repeated the phrase as if thus to rally her.

"No more he ain't!" Kathleen breathed at last, moving the fingers of both hands to learn if the current of life still moved therein.

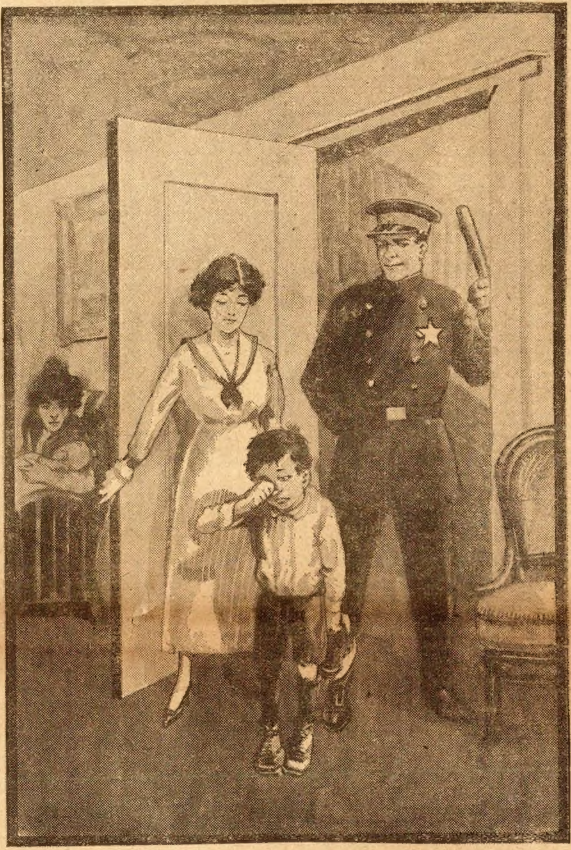
Then a slight smile shone thru her mask of amazement. Both noted that the cab was fast to the bench with a silken veil. On the cheek of Tommy were tiny cracker crumbs, strange to Kathleen, a portion of the cracker being clasped in the pudgy hand that lay outside of the small white quilt that was tufted with pink wool and adorned with a large pink bow of satin ribbon.

A quizzical glance at the girl's open, fishlike mouth convinced Mulvaney that she was not shamming. Seeing which he summoned his faith and conjured another suggestion.

"Was Tommy rented, thin?" he asked.

Kathleen nodded. "But I put no rent sign out no more," she declared, beating the air with a single finger. "Won't 'is ma be scared stiff whin I tell her? And 'is pa dead the two mont's before 'e was born'd—rist 'is soul!" She started up and grasped the handle of the cab, giving Mulvaney a curt nod of dismissal, shame and vexation getting the best of her. "You'll tell your men Tommy's that safe—I can't believe ut no more. I'm near juggled, Mr. Mulvaney—good day to yuh."

She presented a vanishing back, and the officer, for one humorous moment, gazed after her, the light of approval glowing in his face. A touch at his elbow, however, made him turn to face the shambling man—Presumably Cain, or whoever he might be.


"I Brung the Kid Back, but I Never Stole Her," Sobbed Tommy.

"I was asleep, sir," the newcomer fumbled diffidently, expecting another rebuff, "and a baby cab passed by. It wokened me—the flurry did that, officer. The cab passed in a flurry—like—an' I seen 'twas red—a red baby cab."

"Like yonder?"

"The same, officer, an' it drove to the entrance of this park." He pointed toward the opening where, just beyond the entrance of the park, the street cars were threading back and forth. "Why-ee, a woman, she had the kid, an' I seen a man t-talking wit' her over the baby. 'N they agreed like this"—he nodded—"an' bein' the kid's kin, I was supposin', I wa'n't much intrusted, 'n I nachully shet my eyes again. But when the miss let out a yell I wokened, 'n after the miss run off, here comes along the woman trundling back the kid. I don't much know, but 't looks like a helva joke."

Here Mulvaney extended a beefy finger. "Believe me," he said, like a detective verifying his own surmise, "ut was a helva joke on Kathleen." Here again came the glow of approval to his face.

The man, embarrassed at his own temerity, muttered a protest: "It might be devilment, just the same," said he.

"I'll gamble on the joke," insisted Mulvaney, swinging his club. "Some friend was playin' the girl, she'll find out." Mulvaney walked off dismissing the subject.

At the office the laugh went round, a levity over which Mulvaney smiled with indulgence. He declared that Kathleen was all right, that she would make a good mother, come the proper time—please God.

"There ain't no good takin' a joke too ser'ous, so I kep' tellin' her, but m' Lord! would she listen? Nothin' doin' but Tommy an' Tommy an' Tommy," he said.

Mulvaney's genial mood lasted several days.

"The way the police gives me the laff at me rentin' th' baby," remarked Kathleen one morning as Mame was tying her veil, "is that stale intirely, I dunno what I kin say, no more." She was sipping her cooling coffee as she talked. "I'm thinkin' it's a wonder the party wit' the joke ain't tellin' us long before this, it bein' three days sense."

Mame, just starting for her day's work, held up admonishing hands. "Wull yuh never quit frettin' me of that, now?" she exclaimed. "Sure, it's me that's not seen the color of a joke this twelve mont'—me fightin' fer the breath o' life since the day me man died. Mind, Kathleen, it's you to see that me poor lamb's not rented fer good an' all—bad 'cess to the like of yuh if anny harm fall the little feller! An' me with the heart set on 'im growin' up an' savin' me from the hard work, like the good son he's goin' to be to me." She drew on a pair of long gloves and lifted her veil to the brim of her hat, pursing her lips for a final kiss.

"Good-by, son," she said, bending tenderly over the child in his crib. "The blessed saints watch over me swate boy!" she prayed, raining kisses on the cherub face rosy and dimpled, the mother lips finding the deep wrinkle in the baby neck for the parting caress. "Don't yuh ever let him out of your sight, Kathleen," she added in pacific tones, "an' good-by again, mother's jew'l." She moved toward the door.

Kathleen's protest had no resentment in it. "Gosh, Mame! Wouldn't yuh smother an angel and be done, now? Go on to your big clubhouse and take good care of all the fine things they have there. The banshee lady'll not get the little man, don't you be thinkin', with me by."

"Heaven rest yuh, Kathleen!" Mame replied, warmly trusting one whom she had known since childhood.

"I'll wheel him in the park, but I'll be the more watchful of kidnapers, Mame," Kathleen promised heartily.

Mame departed, her faith renewed, facing the long day at the large clubhouse with inward longings for a better arrangement of circumstances. In the present adjustment every day was a tragedy.

Left alone with Tommy, his handmaid eyed him with a growing wonder over some hitherto unsuspected trait of beauty. Tommy, sucking peptic juices from his fists, gave her in return speculative glances that concerned a growing cavity within his small person. Tommy's faith was pinned largely to bottles of warm milk, but his experience had told him that certain splashings in warm water often preceded his connection with that to which his faith clung. Kathleen prepared the bath. She hummed while she hurried, her wonder over somethink she saw in the child's face growing into amazement.

"Avick!" she exclaimed at last, her hands full of clean linen. "There was niver a quare thing like ut. You are the livin' image of Mulvaney." But there was need for haste if Tommy was to be bathed and dressed before his impatience were excited. "Ut's a wonder Mame ain't noticed the raysemblance." She had the warm water ready and, lifting the child to her lap, unfastened his crumpled garments. "Sure, it gives a girl a quare sinsation to have a fine of'cer be her side, him tall an' handsome, his head bent towards yuh so caressin'——" She lifted Tommy into the water, her lips puckered in mute sympathy as he splashed in the delicious flood. "Give me the sponge now, an' I'll swab yuh off, like the good mother I am, an' never the fift' cousin raymoved—there, now! Luke at Kathleen—luke! Ach, but yuh do luke like Mulvaney! It's his own brown eyes ye've got."

Kathleen's maternal instinct had arrived at the point where she could see Mulvaney in the face of every child, if it happened to have brown eyes. Never, in her twenty years, had the natural impulse reached this altitude.

There came two days of rain. Kathleen settled to indoor work with a tried forbearance, her consoling effort being a new silk waist of riotous color.

Then, the skies clearing, she set forth, wheeling Tommy in the fresh sweet air, the new waist having arrived at its destiny. Nature by this time was more shamelessly nude than before. And the ground, strewn with her pluckings, showed thru them green and fragrant with newly springing grass. The hopeless idlers were almost all gone from the benches. Skeleton branches peered in the dimpling mirror below, vainly seeking a lost verdure, and warm gusts of wind sped havoc where fragments of verdure still remained.

Kathleen was loitering at the edge of the water, amusing Tommy by tossing crumbs of bread to the ducks, when Mulvaney happened along.

"That's pretty work," he said, playing with his stick, all official obligations wiped away at sight of Kathleen.

"Sure 'tis," answered Kathleen, her long lashes closing in pleased surprise. She wondered if he noticed the new waist.

Mulvaney noticed her hair. He noticed the oval face, the red of her cheeks high under the blue eyes, and a faint bar of white like an inverted V, thru it. He placed a hand on the handle of the cab.

At the contact the light of day brightened, as if a new radiance had broken forth, and they wandered on like children of enchantment. No premonition of evil assailed their senses, tho they passed close to a couple seated under a weeping willow tree, whose sinister eyes followed them, wandering and winding, toward the spring, the mecca of throngs who sought its cooling waters. Once Mulvaney paused to adjust Tommy for his nap, Kathleen blushing to see his deftness. It was so—so domestic, was her mental thought. So they walked on to the spring.

Youth and age met here in a common thirst for the smooth waters, and crowded together on the sodden platform under the pagoda-like roof that sheltered the place.

Two other officers here hailed Mulvaney and rallied Kathleen over "renting" Tommy. Congenial fellows, they, and Kathleen was one who loved to be social. Tommy, being asleep among the elder bushes outside, and so many people coming and going along the pebbled path, Kathleen justified herself in having a jolly little time with these good friends. But presently they were all called away on several duties, and she turned back to her nursling. It was but a few steps to the shrubbery against which the red cab made a pleasing contrast. No one had taken it away. Kathleen's attention wandered from the cab to the carriage-way just beyond, where autos, cycles, cabs and carts were plying past, their passing guarded by the tall and watchful sentinels of the forest. The girl watched the pageant for but a moment. Turning, she halted close before Tommy's cab in stony bewilderment, for her eyes fell upon its emptiness.

Tommy had disappeared again!

A wild hope that he might have fallen out proved vain. The ground about the cab was as void of Tommy as was the dent on his cushion where his body had so recently been pressed. This was what fascinated Kathleen—the dent in the cushion of the cab. Then something tense gave way in her head, and confused shapes moved before her eyes—shapes that honked and rumbled and tooted. She would have shrieked, but the sound in her throat was stalled at sight of a slip of yellowish paper folded and tucked between the side of the cab and the pillow. It opened as Kathleen snatched it up, her mind blankly refusing to get the real meaning of its message.

"This baby will be returned at 6 o'clock," the paper read.

* * * * * * *

Three hours—three eternities! Kathleen's pounding pulse shook the slip of yellowish paper and blurred the letters. And yet she saw these two unwritten words clearly—three hours. In three eternities, the paper said, the child Tommy would be returned. It was now 3 o'clock. Mame, the tigerish mother, Mame, would demand her child at the hands of her handmaid at 6. The girl was frenzied at the thought of what Mame would do—what she wouldn't do, rather, for there was no limit to the frightful things Mame was capable of doing in the circumstances.

Kathleen's hand went to her throat to loosen the shriek imprisoned there, and at the sound several small boys who had been fishing without permission in the lagoon climbed up the shallow bank and, sniffing a sensation, drew near enough to spell tragedy in the girl's face.

Kathleen beckoned to them. Jimmy Long advanced, laden with stolen minnows, almost forgetting his own guilt in wonder at Kathleen.

The quartet having forebodings of their own, these were promptly strengthened by Kathleen's request: "Watch the cab—there's me own brothers," she coaxed huskily, "the whiles I call me friend, the park policeman," and hastened away, bearing the slip of paper with her.

The boys gaped after her resentfully, and Jimmy Long, being a lover of sensations, extended a stubby index toward his followers: "She'll be havin' yez arrested fer fishin'. Come on, let's cut it!" And, disposing the stolen fish upon the inside of his blouse, he led the flight to the ball grounds, leaving the troublesome red cab to its fate.

The Road of Love

Yes, I have loved you long
and loved you well—
Yet there are deeps untouched and Heavens
sealed;
More yet lies hidden than
has been revealed,
And there are songs to sing,
and tales to tell.

Love's incompleteness is its
richest foil,
Love's imperfection its
most perfect trait,
'Tis easy running to the
bounds of hate,
But love's road is the long,
long road of toil.

—Louise Morgan Sill.

The slip of yellowish paper irritated Mulvaney. He said there was such a thing as carryin' a fool joke too far. He insisted it was a joke.

"Not bein' a rich man's son, who wad be wantin' Tommy?" he asked Kathleen. "Him wit'out a dollar—w'y, it's scandalous, a greezy shame, to nab a pore kid like that, Kathleen! Don't you fret none, girl, for Tommy'll be found in shor-rt order. We'll set the dragnet—that'll fetch him in. So, now. Get quit'e, Kathleen, if ye can, 'n tell us how Tommy looks."

Kathleen told the force with a palsied manner that Tommy had dark eyes. Here she wiped tearless lids with her finger-tips, and repeated the fact of Tommy's dark eyes, and added that he was nearly ten months old. Other details were emphasized by a further exploit of Tommy's dark eyes, after which the men were off to find the lost child.

The park presented more than twenty acres of grass, of shrubs, of open, green sward, of dimpling, seductive water. Babies were abundant enough—babies in cabs, babies in boats, babies in arms, babies at picnic, but none answered the description of Tommy. The dragnet failed to produce the child. Still, Mulvaney would not believe in failure, and sent a comforting fiction to Kathleen, who watched for Tommy's return by the side of the red cab, saying he would have the child for her in a short time. This fiction was short-lived.

Again Mulvaney, believing he had lied in a sort of righteous intent, was mistaken, for the design of the baby-thief was one quite new to the official mind. In fact, the entire force was thrown into a spasm of consternation a little later by the act of Jimmy Long, who appeared before Kathleen just as the whistles proclaimed the hour of 6. He dropped the burden of his arms upon the cushions of Tommy's cab. It was no other than Tommy, who looked reproaches at his fair caretaker because of a delayed bit of nourishment, and Kathleen went into instant rage over Jimmy.

"You snitcher!" she cried, grasping the collar of the boy's coat. "But won't I fix you, tho!"

Jimmy remembered the stolen minnows. "Lemme go!" he demanded, his fears taking on panic as he vainly tried to wrench himself free. Failing, he wriggled out of his coat and fled, leaving the coat in the hands of his accuser.

The coat, being carried to Mulvaney, became circumstantial evidence that Jimmy Long was the kidnaper, tho what his object was could not be divined. It was a lame evidence to say that if Jimmy could steal fish from the lagoon he would have no compunction in robbing cradles.

Mulvaney himself saw the logic in the case of Jimmy, but in restoring the missing child the lad had produced the only clew to the mystery of its theft. Hence the coat must be guarded until its owner called for it. Kathleen left it to the tender mercies of the force, and set out with one Mack Qualey, who was commissioned to see her safely home, for it was now growing dark rapidly.

They had not left the park, however, before the alert mind of the officer discovered that they were being stealthily followed.

Fortunately Kathleen's shattered condition permitted her to miss this disquieting fact. Her sheaf of trouble being already full, she opened the door of the little flat, put Tommy inside, bade Mack good night, drew the shades close and lighted a gas jet. Then she fell to saying her prayers in a spirit of grateful obsession. In this attitude Tommy's mother presently discovered her.

"Kathleen, in the name of Heaven!" she exclaimed, thru the din of Tommy's demand for food. "What's the matter, Kathleen?"

And, despite Tommy's whimpering and clamor, she soon had the account of the strange experience of the afternoon, over which Mame, worn and heated with the day's work, waxed passionate. She snatched up the child and pressed him to her thin breast.

"I'll lave yuh go, Kathleen!" she cried. "I don't care what becomes of yuh or what yuh do—miserable limb!" But speech was difficult in the midst of Tommy's vociferations, so Mame carried him off and began warming his milk at the kitchen range.

"You'll not lave me go!" Kathleen called after her. "I'll go annyway. I'll get me things."

"A good riddance, then," muttered Mame, silencing Tommy in time to hear a fumbling knock and then a timid ring at the front door.

Kathleen, angrily throwing her clothes together in the tiny bedroom off the small parlor, responded to the summons. So, also, did Mame, holding the child and his bottle of milk in her arms, the glare of anger still in her eyes. Outraged motherhood pervaded Mame, while the open door revealed no other than the troubled, entreating face of Jimmy Long.

"Please, missis, I got to have my coat—durn't go home wit'-out 'n less'n I got it with me——" His petition was abruptly cut off when Kathleen made her second angry lunge at him.

"You stole Tommy, you did!" she accused.

"I never!" Jimmy shielded his face from imaginary blows. "I never stole no Tommy—I never did! I want my coat, missis, I do." He gave a swift glance at Tommy, taking his belated supper, and added: "I brung the kid back, but I never stole her. I was guv him an' I brung 'im back—I never stole her. I want my coat."

This confusion of pronouns, denials and statements was here interrupted by Mack, who took form out of the darkness and tapped the boy on the shoulder.

"You can explain all about it to the park sergeant," he said.

At this Jimmy appeared felled. He was guilty of stealing minnows from the park waters, and was thus subject to fine or imprisonment, or some other awful penalty, and tried to save himself thru flight. But Mack held fast.

"I never got nothin,'" he whimpered. "I only had a bent pin—an'—an' just a cracker for bait. Please leave me go, sir!" To which confession every one added bewildered looks.

"Fishhooks! Glory be!" exploded Kathleen, the first to find speech. "You brung back the kid. And will yuh have the sinse to tell us who gave 'im to yuh, and let your fishhooks be?"

"Whist! He kin tell it to the sergeant, who'll not be thinkun of stolen fishes when he's lookun for the baby-stealer," remarked Mack, pressing Jimmy toward the door and adding, "Your coat's at the office, anyway, me boy, so you may as well take the trip over there with me."

Mack hurried the lad away, leaving both women somewhat mollified, but still mystified and uneasy as to the future.

"You'll not lave me, Kathleen?" entreated Mame, contritely. "You'll forget me crazy talk, there's a good girl—and I'll stay home the morrow and rest yuh of Tommy, me to lose the pay if I do, but who cares for that—eh?"

But Kathleen would make no promises, tho the teakettle simmered an argument entreating her to remain for a season, at least, in the vicinity of Mulvaney, he being a handsome man of domestic tendency.

Mulvaney himself was at the time acting as desk sergeant, and suppressed a gleam of pleasure when Mack appeared with Jimmy in tow.

"What have we here?" he asked, benignant and ponderous.

"It's the owner of the coat, Sergeant," answered Mack, saluting and pressing Jimmy forward, "the same being Jimmy Long be name, sir!"

Mulvaney gave the boy a searching inspection.

In the absence of the desk sergeant, he was conducting this affair as if it were something deeply personal. He was not greatly concerned about the phantom party who was supposed to have stolen Tommy.

Where was the use of that when Tommy was safe in the bosom of his family, and was not liable again to depart from it, since the intriguers were doubtless far from the scene of action long ere this. But here was Jimmy Long, a self-confessed trespasser of the sacred law, as well as a receiver of stolen goods. Jimmy had to prove that he was the one who had brought back the stolen Tommy by producing a silver coin from his otherwise barren pocket.

Mulvaney was big and ponderous. The background of his mind was ever haunted by Kathleen's image and girlish grace, the foreground being occupied with a large regard for his office, which he determined to fill with dignity and with efficient service. Such service included only the present. The past he felt should take care of itself.

"There ought to be a rayward for anny wan apprehending the baby-snatcher," he remarked, "and I was thinkin' I'd offer wan of, say, five dollars, in case anny wan was apprehended in the act—caught with the fang, they say in the old country. Anny woman caught with a baby in arms, for instance."

The other officers rumbled at this pleasantry, but Mulvaney did not smile. The matter was serious enough when it came to cradle-robbers who worked their dark plans in broad daylight under the nose of honest people.

He turned to the boy listening at his elbow. Jimmy wanted his coat. He wanted to go home and show that precious dollar to his mother. If Tommy had claims on a mother's affection, so had Jimmy Long. Besides, he was hungry for supper.

"So you was fishin' in the park, eh?" Mulvaney pursued. "You was fishin' without a permit, eh? You had a hook and bait, eh? And you know all about the rules. By George, I've a notion I must give yuh a fine! W'y, we can't let the boys go fishin' in the park. You kids gotta tow the line. We gotta make an example for 'em just to let the rest know we mean business. But as this is the first offense, I'll let yuh off easy—I'll let yuh off with a dollar this time, but you wantta look out next time."

The boy swallowed something that came back and stuck in his throat, but he dared not resist Mulvaney. He drew the treasured dollar from his pocket, and his grimy paw crept up and laid the coin on the desk—at which Mulvaney feigned surprise, laid down his pen and said: "I see you have the money with yuh, so I won't put yer name on the book. Men, you are to witness that the boy has paid his fine. Hand him out 'is coat, Mack—a bright boy like that. You never can tell but he'd be spottin' the baby-snatcher and claim the five dollars rayward." He dismissed Jimmy with a wave of his hand, and the boy departed, wearing his coat on his back and sudden and bitter hatred in his heart.

"The sneaking grafter!" he muttered, scuffling heavily thru the shadows of the park. "He knew I had a dollar, he did! So he goes and fines me and then pretends he wasn't wise. I'll pay him back. You see if I don't get even with you, you old——"

He shook a moist and malignant fist in Mulvaney's direction. Whereat, it is safe to say, Mulvaney flinched—subconsciously, for he knew the heart of a boy. However, the majesty of the law must be upheld. Boys must be made to respect it. How else would they be making good citizens?

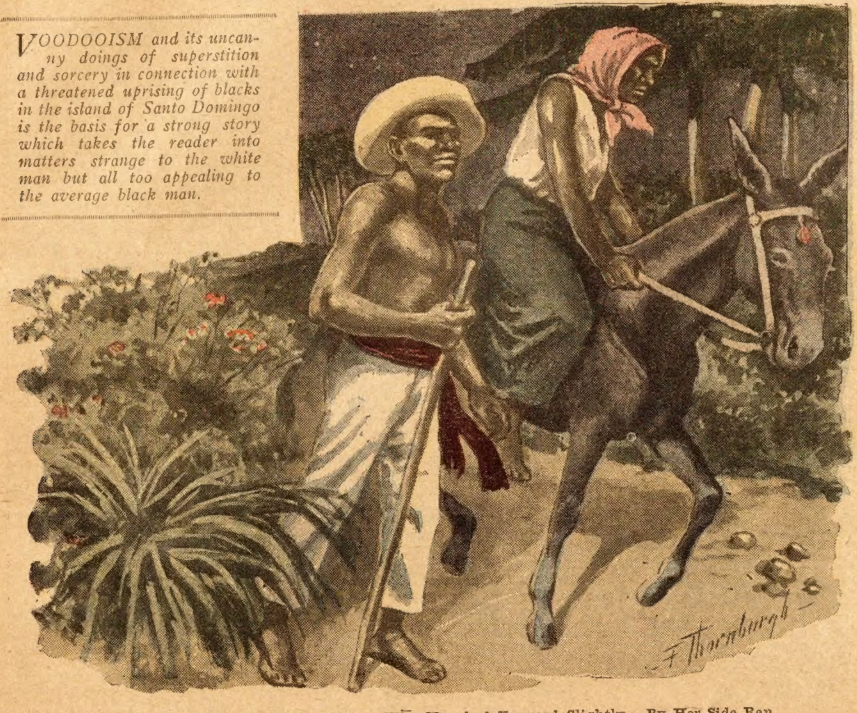
Mulvaney dismissed Jimmy's wrath much as he did the kidnapers, while the grace of Kathleen's figure grew upon his fancy. But Jimmy, filling with bitter

(Continued on Page 23.)

The Island of Black Magic

By William H. Manning

VOODOOISM and its uncanny doings of superstition and sorcery in connection with a threatened uprising of blacks in the island of Santo Domingo is the basis for a strong story which takes the reader into matters strange to the white man but all too appealing to the average black man.



There Was a Rider, a Little Woman Who Hunched Forward Slightly. By Her Side Ran a Man of Gigantic Size, Scantily Clad, Massive, Light Footed, a Thing of Springing Life.

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CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST MYSTERIES.

THE circle of grave-faced men rose from the table and stood confronting each other. They were planters in the Island of San Domingo, and had met for a momentous conference. For two hours they had discussed matters of such importance that their lives and those of their families were the main feature of the talk. They had tried to plan for safety, and were now about to break up for the occasion.

"We want," said one of their number, "to keep this meeting secret if we can."

"It can't be done," replied a second man.

"I said, Gaston, if we can. I admit the improbability that we can do it. The blacks have eyes that are very sharp, and they go and come everywhere. We have relied upon our quiet way of meeting and the unusual place. We admit that we may have schemed all for nothing, but we had to gather somewhere, just as we had to have our talk."

"I claim that the very secrecy we have used will make the blacks suspicious."

"I am the one to answer that," exclaimed another speaker. "You know my arguments. Every one of us is surrounded by spies, and any talk in a dwelling-house would have been listened to by our servants, be as cautious as we might. On the other hand, this is the night of the black men's festivities, and there is a small chance that they will give eye to nothing else."

"I know, Batherick, I know. There was some logic in your arguments, and we yielded to you. Perhaps your idea was best. Anyhow, the step has been taken and we will hope for the best."

"We had to do something, or wait until they rose and butchered us."

"We grant all that, Batherick," pursued he who had spoken first. "As for the place of meeting, we adopted this plan and will simply hope that it has been wisely done. We all admit the danger of an uprising, and that means burning houses and slaughter. We have the history of other risings to tell us the story. Well, we have met and planned, and let us hope our precautions will bear good fruit."

"Anyhow, Vasquez," interrupted Batherick, "we shall have the Cuban riflemen to aid us. Their weapons and their skill as trailers will bring us thru."

"Fifty men scattered around the island, or, rather, this section, will count for something—unless they are suspected."

"The die is cast!" said Vasquez, forcibly. "We will leave the rest with Providence. Let us pray that we may have no massacre."

He reached out his hand, and one after the other all his associates met his clasp. They remained as grave as before, for mature men do not laugh when the lives of their wives and children are at stake. Preparing to leave the place, they were parting with befitting solemnity.

One man was present who had taken no part in the talk. He was Alexander Lyon, for two weeks a guest of Rufus Batherick. He had come to San Domingo because he had met Batherick's daughter abroad and desired to carry the acquaintance further. Being invited, he was in the island of many mysteries and tragedies, and on the present occasion had accompanied his host as a trustworthy friend.

Saying nothing, he had listened and pondered. Since his arrival he had seen no signs of an uprising of the natives, but there had been bloody days in previous years, and he was willing to credit the belief of those who lived there constantly. Another outbreak, another massacre was contemplated.

Alexander was as grave as his companions, for tho he was new to San Domingo, its dark history was known widely and he was not inclined to look lightly upon the prospect. It was something that he was there, and more that the families of the white planters were there, and, most of all, that Madge Batherick was there.

Nature had made the island a place of beauty, but filled it largely with ignorant, vicious men, and it was, moreover, a land of Voodoo and Obeah, of sorcery, witchcraft, charms, incantation and many other mysteries. San Domingo allured Alexander, repelled him, perplexed him, worried him.

If there was a fresh uprising he would see even more, and tragedy would throttle the beautiful scenes.

Leaving the room, the men reached the piazza. Night lay dark beyond, but not quiet, for the life that revels in darkness was astir and acting its usual self. Tropical scenery and tropical sounds were there.

At a word several other men appeared from the shadows. They were white plantation overseers, reliable men who had been attached to the party to see that no spies came to listen. They and their employers mounted and rode away.

The deserted building became still. It was a shooting lodge, a structure used at certain seasons when the planters saw fit to hunt, tho, in point of fact, more a vacation place than anything else. No other building of size was within two miles, and, with the departure of the associates, the forest seemed to wrap the place up in its luxuriant robe.

Silence—but something creaked a little inside. Had the consultation-room been lighted an observer might have seen a portion of the floor lift and a head rise from an aperture beneath. It was a big head, with a shock of crinkled hair, a coarse face with rolling eyes.

These things might have been seen in good light, but, as it was, the man was only a dim figure that moved stealthily. He chuckled and drew himself wholly out of the little pit.

"Buckra man think he mighty smart and secret!" he muttered, and chuckled again, but the sound was too guttural and malicious to be agreeable.

It was, perhaps, a minute later when the beat of a horse's feet sounded outside, only to end at the door. A man entered, found and lighted a lamp, and the room was once more free from darkness. The man was Alexander Lyon, and he looked about him rapidly. He saw a pipe on the near shelf and pounced upon it eagerly.

"Good old brier!" he said, smiling. "We are not yet divorced, but I was careless to lay you down here. Best friend, forgive me!"

He thrust it into his pocket and had bent to blow out the light, when he suddenly paused and turned his regard upon the stairs that led to the floor above. A while he hesitated, and then picked up the lamp and made for the stairs. Ascending, he was soon on the upper floor, looking and listening keenly, one hand grasping his revolver.

Several rooms lay around him, and he opened the doors one after another.

"Nobody here," he muttered, "yet that sound was wonderfully like a footstep. I hope there has been no spy."

He went forward until the other extremity of the building was reached and paused at the head of a second flight of steps. He had forgotten that they existed, but sight of them showed him how useless search was. A prowler could evade him with the greatest ease.

Giving it up, he returned to the lower floor and extinguished the light. Then he went out, mounted and rode away at a brisk pace.

"I hope," he said again, "there was no spy."

It was a natural wish, for the natives of the island were restive, and trouble might come quickly if one of their number had listened to the night conference. Like some of the associates, he felt a doubt that the time and place of the late conference had wisely been there.

He did not easily overtake his companions. They had a good start, and were familiar with the way that was strange to him, so he found himself riding minute after minute alone. Giving up hope of having company, he finally paused and produced his pipe. He had filled it and reached for a match when his hand was stayed. Sounds had been borne to him from the rear trail.

He hesitated, and then drew his horse to the wayside. Close at hand rose the soft, heavy thump of animal feet, and as he looked the trail produced new figures. First of all, he distinguished a huge mule, and the hope came to him that neither that beast nor his own would call a welcome. It was not well that he should be detected lurking in the shadows by the way.

The mule advanced at a slow trot, swinging its legs awkwardly and thudding with its feet like blows of a sledge, its pace deliberate and heavy. It was, however, not the mule that held his attention.

There was a rider, a little woman who hunched forward oddly, and one that looked singularly slender and airy in the gloom. Her face furnished no break in the darkness, and tho he could not be sure, he felt it proved that she was a negress. Turning neither to the right nor the left, she accompanied the plodings of her equally absorbed steed, and so came abreast of him.

She did not travel alone. By her side ran a man of gigantic size, scantily clad, massive, light-footed, a thing of springing life, of elasticity and ease that surprised the watcher.

Nobody looked away from the trail, and the near distance presently swallowed them up. Alexander waited a moment and then resumed his own way.

"I wonder," he mused, "who they are and what they've been doing."

CHAPTER II.

THE GRAY DROGHER.

ALEXANDER did not overtake Batherick, and, as a result, did not see him until the next morning. Even then, the business affairs of the planter took his first attention, and the guest's first private interview was with Madge, the place being just outside the house.

He found her as alluring as ever, and bright of face and speech. Her family was English, and she had the same fair hair conspicuous in Batherick, but Lyon already knew that her surname was one of adoption. Her parents had both died when she was a child, and the planter had taken her and reared her to womanhood. Most of her time had been passed at school in England, but all of the vacations at the plantation.

Lyon gave himself up to quiet enjoyment for a time, but he had a grasping wonder on his mind and soon expressed it. Omitting all mention of the footstep he believed he had heard in the shooting-lodge, he told of the other travelers on the homeward trail.

"Now," he said in conclusion, "who was that little woman on the mule and the huge black who trotted by her side?"

"It must have been Zindra and her negro," Madge readily replied.

"And who is Zindra?"

"The Voodoo priestess."

"Oho! Voodooism, eh? I am new to this island, but I've heard of that sort of thing. Witchcraft, isn't it?"

"Yes. I forgot that you were not island bred. Practically all of the West Indies is full of Voodoo and Obeah, two kindred forms of so-called magic. They mean witchcraft and sorcery. These things are very prevalent among the blacks, and, besides their public and private meetings, are, in brief, the giving out by the priests and priestesses of charms, spells, love-powders, death-draughts, and the like."

"Death-draughts?"

"Yes," the girl explained. "If a negro has an enemy he goes to the priest or priestess and gets a drink that, given to the enemy, will kill him. At least, that is what is said, but the poison feature is not so clear as the incantations, the charms and the spells."

"Nice sort of people!" commented Lyon, dryly.

"You must know that the blacks here are very ignorant, and can be equally vicious when they are angry. Voodoo and Obeah are said to have been brought here from Africa, by negroes born there."

"Of course I've heard this before, but such things sink only skin deep when one lives far away."

"They sink very deep here. They are a dreadful reality."

"And Zindra is of that gentle lot of murderers?"

"In this part of San Domingo there are, among the numerous priests and witches, two of wide renown. One is Joachim, the Obi king, as he is sometimes called—a malevolent, secret sorcerer who is feared by all, even by his own people, a monster with a bloody record back of him."

"If that is so clear, why hasn't he been hanged before now?" demanded Lyon, brusquely.

"To hang him, or even to punish him lightly, would be to stir his own people into open revolt, which means massacre of the whites. Nobody dares touch him."

"In other words, the whites being a feeble minority in numbers, they dare not anger the blacks. And is Zindra off the same piece?"

"So it is said, but little is really known of her. Except when he has secret work to do Joachim makes himself a public character, going and coming openly and ostentatiously, but Zindra lives in a different way, being seldom seen abroad by day."

"Does she live near here?"

"Yes, tho just how near nobody knows among the whites. Her quarters are in the great swamp known as El Gran Pantano, but that is all we can say. She is feared more than Joachim."

"Delightful woman!"

"Anything but that, Mr. Lyon! There are those who think Joachim has no magic but that of villainy, but this is never said of Zindra. She does a thriving trade in charms and potions, and can really put a spell upon others—mesmerism, you know."

"I'll try to keep out of her clutches. And that negro who trotted along beside her?"

"That was Gurr. Her companions in her swamp home are the black man, the mule, and, it is said, a parrot and other tamed creatures. The snake is a favorite with most Voodoo persons, but she is said not to have any."

"Good judgment."

"She rarely comes out of the swamp, or, at least, is seldom seen. When abroad she rides the great mule and the giant negro runs by her side. I have seen her but once, and then she was in motion. She did not speak to me, nor seem to look, but she gave me a shock. She is old, and her face is shriveled as much as her body. Really, a terrible-looking woman!"

The arrival of Batherick interrupted the conversation, and Lyon improved the chance to walk apart with him and tell of the latest incident at the shooting-lodge. The planter listened without change of expression, weighing the evidence carefully.

"Thank you for telling me," he then said, "but I think your ears were deceived. I question that any intruder was in the lodge, so there can have been no footstep on the upper floor. My chief reason for thinking this is that deceptive sounds are common there. More than once I have myself heard noises of various natures, when there, but usually investigation showed them to be small matters, due to nature. I do not challenge your belief, but simply give my own."

"If there was an intruder," Lyon persisted, "he probably heard all that was said at the conference."

"Hardly that. All was said in subdued tones. Nobody could overhear us if on the upper floor. Did you not stand facing the stairs?"

"Yes."

"And you saw nobody?"

"True."

"Then there was no listener. The plan of the lodge does not offer any further chance."

Batherick wound up his verdict and smiled genially, and Alexander let the matter rest. Batherick was more interested than he, and his judgment might possibly be better, while his intelligence and force of character made him one not lightly to be challenged.

Nevertheless, the younger man did not part with his belief that the footstep had sounded, and the fear that the secrets of the planters had passed to hostile ears worried him then and later. It was not well to omit serious thought on threatening subjects.

He soon forgot these matters for the time, for other things called for his attention. A stranger in the island, he was taking keen interest in the tropical productions that were new to him. All things, both cultivated and natural of growth, received his survey—the sugarcane that was Batherick's chief crop, the cochineal, the indigo, the numerous wild fruits and other articles. Many of these had been shown to him by either the planter or Madge, but some by the blacks.

For the afternoon of that day he had a prospect that was especially alluring. The plantation lay near the sea, to which El Gran Pantano, the great swamp, thrust its tangled end, and Batherick had arranged that one of the negroes should take him thru the lagoons and connecting straits on a fishing trip.

He met the man at 3 o'clock. The place was by the waterside east of the house, and man and craft were there when Alexander arrived.

"Buckra man ready?" asked the black, grinning amiably.

"All ready," was the reply.

"Then we go pretty quick," was the addition, and two minutes later they were leaving the land behind them.

Alexander found both man and craft of interest. The latter was a canoe, and none too secure for a novice, but the white man had seen its counterpart in other lands and was not troubled by dubious footing. The man was more worthy of attention, he thought.

El Bala, he was called, which was Spanish for "the Bullet," and the name did not fail to apply well. He was a slender, lithe fellow with a radically black face that was unusually well formed, so he undoubtedly passed among his own people as a handsome person. More intelligent than most of his race, he was usually good-natured, tho Alexander believed that he detected latent possibilities of high spirit and the name, El Bala, described his ability to act with swift feet, when necessary.

With the boatman plying his paddle skilfully, they went half a mile along the little river that, at twice that distance, emptied into the sea, but this was not their destination. On the right was the swamp; El Bala turned into a little strait and they glided into El Gran Pantano.

Since hearing of Zindra the place had acquired new interest for Alexander. Before, it had been only a way so tangled that only the negroes had ever penetrated to its inner portion, but as the home of the witch it was more than a land of natural mystery.

The fishermen were to go only to its outer edge, but its heart appealed to Alexander's senses. The idea came to him to question his guide.

"A big swamp," he said, waving his hand.

"Very big," agreed El Bala, without a look.

"Dark and hard to get into."

"Try and see," the negro answered, smiling widely.

"Have you ever tried?"

"Many the time."

"Do you know the way?"

"A little, but who knows much? Buckra man, it is dark and very tangled. Pack the night with treacherous waterholes and sharpened sticks and you know what El Gran Pantano is."

"I see. A difficult way. Some men live there, do they not? Men who dare not come out?"

"Men say some live there," replied the boatman, cautiously, "but why I do not know."

Alexander nodded. He had been told that outlaws were there, men who had done lawless deeds and taken to hiding—murderers, thieves and others. It was just as well not to press this upon El Bala's attention, especially as there was no knowing where his sympathies lay.

"Zindra is there, too," Alexander proceeded.

The boatman paused, swung the end of his paddle under his knee and crossed himself ostentatiously. Resuming his paddle, he replied in a low tone:

"Men say she lives there."

"I would like to see her."

"Buckra man get lost in the bad, bad swamp."

"But what if you guided me?"

El Bala shook his head violently, and his expression was serious.

"If Zindra will keep away from me I will keep away from her," he briefly returned.

"Do you fear her?"

The black man looked his astonishment.

"Who does not fear her?" he asked. "If she wishes she can put a spell on a person, and he will wither and die, or sink to sleep and die, or go crazy like a lunatic—but always die, die! Do I fear Zindra?" He dipped a hand in the water and bathed his forehead, and then again made the sign of the cross.

"El Bala," Alexander persisted, "do you know these things to be true? Have you seen proof of it?"

"Many times, many times. Zindra can put the spell on man or woman. Now, now—she has only to command you to think yourself a fish and you will leap into the water and try to swim as fishes swim, and if you leave the water you will die as fishes die."

Alexander had another question ready, but the negro suddenly added in a different key:

"It is not good to talk about Zindra. We better speak of fish."

The white man dropped the subject. If El Bala was fearful of speaking as indicated he was not like his people, who not only talked freely among themselves of magic, charms and potions, but gave Zindra superstitious homage, but as the boatman was reluctant to talk it was well to humor him.

The canoe moved along at an even pace thru narrow channels that crossed and recrossed until nothing but the occasionally-seen sun left Alexander any idea of their general situation, and beyond that he knew nothing.

They had penetrated to the seaward side of the swamp, but were hemmed in by tall trees and tropical vegetation so completely that it was doubtful that he could ever have found his way out alone.

At last they came to a narrow strait where the sun managed to send down a few rays between the trees, and there El Bala boated his paddle.

"Now we catch a whole lot of fish," he said with almost childish delight. "They always bite here."

It was a cheerful prophecy, but when half an hour had passed without a trophy the glowing black face became downcast.

"We go somewhere else," he said sullenly.

They went, and moved often after that, but their acquisitions were few until the afternoon was well spent. Then they reached a narrow way where luck changed quickly. The finny tribe began to bite, and the men to draw in with alacrity. The excitement of it made the fishermen forgetful, and it was not until dark shadows made his eyesight troublesome that Alexander took heed to outside things.

"See here!" he exclaimed, starting, "night is close at hand."

The negro laughed in great glee.

"Fish, he remembered so well that we forgot," he said cheerfully.

"Well, we remember now, and we must go. Supper hour is near, and I shall be late at Batherick's table, anyhow. Haul in and let us get away."

El Bala was reluctant, but he obeyed slowly and the start was soon made. The guide looked at their trophies and chuckled.

"Fish, he very good man," he declared. "He saw the door open and walked in. We go now. Starting from here it will be a different way from that we came by. Watch us go!"

He dipped the paddle and the canoe flashed along like a gleam of light. Alexander admitted himself helpless then. Darkness was falling and the eyes of the negro were the only pledge that they would get out of the great swamp.

For ten minutes they moved rapidly, and Alexander had a suspicion that they were to seek the sea, but just as he saw a band of light ahead that promised a wider way in a cross-strait, El Bala suddenly checked the canoe and sat peering ahead, his expression one of acute wonder. Alexander, too, saw the cause of the stop.

Drifting easily thru the cross-strait, the bulk of an ocean vessel lay in their path, a gray-sided drogher.

"Be still!" El Bala whispered. "Danger! Don't let them hear us!"

CHAPTER III.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

THE young man turned to his companion with some surprise.

"Danger?" he repeated. "What danger can there be?"

"You see that drogher?" El Bala replied. "That no natural ship. If it was good ship it would not be here. There is no cargo to be got here, where all is swamp. They come to hide, but why? They are on bad business."

"Do you know the vessel?" Alexander asked.

"Does not belong near this region. No such boat here. Some outside mans, strangers, bring it here. Mischief, that means, and if they see us they will try to kill us."

Alexander turned his gaze back to the cross-strait. The gray drogher had stopped exactly across the end of the passage the canoe had been following, and now lay with her lean shape a lighter smudge in the growing dusk of night. There was a movement on her deck, but nothing more could be distinguished.

His pride rebelled at the idea of being frightened simply because a strange ship had appeared, but common sense told him that El Bala knew far more of local conditions than he did. It was better to be safe than sorry, and he yielded with what grace he could.

"Well, if that is so, we will go back and take another way home," he said reluctantly.

The negro hesitated. His fingers played slowly on the paddle and he stared always at the gray shape.

"To go back will not be easy, buckra man," he returned. "It will be a long journey, for we must go to where we started, and as it will soon be very dark I should probably get lost. Would you like to stay all night in El Gran Pantano?"

"Indeed, I would not like it. Is there no other way?"

"If we can get the canoe beyond the drogher we can go on as we began. Trees and bushes are thick here, so how can we walk? There are men in the ship, so how can we go by them unseen, by water?"

He seemed to be thinking aloud, rather than explaining, and Alexander accepted the fact.

"We are not sure there is mischief in them," he said curtly. "The vessel lies close to land. Why can't we creep along shore and listen? They are talking."

El Bala seemed to meditate on the suggestion, and then his head was thrown back with a movement so swift that it gave Alexander a slight start. The black man laughed softly.

"We will go!" he replied. "Those fellows can have no magic, for I think they are white men, smugglers, or something like that. Bless you, why should we fear any man who is neither Voodoo nor Obeah?"

He gave the paddle a noiseless flirt and drove the canoe to land.

"Now we go creep up to them," he added.

Alexander was not wholly satisfied. Before then he had seen, back somewhere in El Bala's eyes, a suggestion of high spirit and love of wild occasions, and he experienced a brief fear that his companion might bring them into trouble by rash action. Still, he was ready to follow, and when they started he found El Bala stepping like a cat. For the present the black man would do nothing that violated prudence.

It was not easy to pass thru the undergrowth, but the leader pushed aside the slender obstructions and slipped thru almost like a shadow. Alexander could not equal his skill, but there was no noise of dangerous importance.

They soon arrived at the cross-water and the drogher lay less than thirty feet away. They paused and looked.

The vessel had been stripped aloft, even her upper rigging being missing, and she was little more to the eye than a hull. It had already been clear that she had been towed in, probably by men in a boat, for no breeze could reach a sail in the straits, but this counted for nothing then. Her presence and character were the things that held interest.

Alexander had accepted El Bala's claim that the stranger was open to suspicion, and he gazed with alert attention, but there was nothing to be seen that told tales.

A few men were on deck, but in the darkness Alexander could tell nothing about them. El Bala, however, touched his arm.

"Black men!" he whispered.

"How do you know?"

"By way they hold themselves. Black men!"

"Is that unusual?"

"No. Most coasters have black crews, but I am not sure this is that kind of ship. Whatever they are here for it is mischief."

"Can it be they intend a raid on Batherick's plantation?"

"Can't tell, but there are a thousand things men do here that put plantation property and life in danger. You will know when you have been here longer."

"They show a light!" Alexander softly exclaimed.

"Lantern from the cabin."

The light was in the hands of a man who had come up the companionway, but was so feeble that even he was not brought into distinct view. Only his body was revealed, and that was black and scantily clad. He hung the lantern near the starboard waist.

"Why do they need a riding-light?" Alexander asked.

"No riding-light, that. Signal!"

"To whom?"

"Don't know. Buckra man wait and see."

New interest began, and Alexander put his eyes and ears to their utmost tension. He could, however, hear no word, and the figures on deck were only vague smears. Whatever was to be discovered was a matter of the near future. Presently El Bala's fingers closed around the white man's arm.

"Coming!" he whispered.

"Where?"

"Listen!"

The faint sound of oars came like an answer, and Alexander leaned forward with renewed alertness. He did not know why he should make so much of the affair, but his companion had a convincing way that awakened his attention and led him to look for developments.

The boat was clearly much nearer than he at first thought, and soon there came a trill from the water that brought results. On deck a second lantern was suddenly uncovered, and as it was much larger than the first one, that place was thrown into fairly good light. Alexander saw five men, all black except one. He was a burly fellow in a gray suit, and it was he who held the larger lantern.

He swung it in a circle around its smaller mate, and as this was plainly a looked-for signal, the unseen boat was heard to bump against the drogher, no effort being made, it seemed, to fend off.

One of the hands cast a line and a head appeared above the bulwark. Brought into strong light its owner was revealed as a negro, but as he came over the rail and to the deck, Alexander was not prepared for the start El Bala made.

"What is it?" he asked cautiously.

"Do you know that man?" the guide replied.

"No. Who is he?"

"It is Joachim, the Obi man, the sorcerer."

"Oh! Friends of his, are they? Then you can perhaps make a guess——"

"Wait! See who comes next."

A head had appeared as far as the hat was concerned, but just as they were to see the face the large lantern was covered and the deck fell into its former

The Castanets Clicked Out a Message

MYSTERIOUS words they were, and meaningless sounds to any one not familiar with the Morse code of dots and dashes. To the trained ear of Ensign Michael Blinn, U. S. N., it was quite plain—so far as the formation of the letters went—but quite mystifying as to the meaning. Suspicious in times of peace, such a message in time of war was doubly so and Blinn was of a suspicious and investigating turn of mind. As a result he was put on the track of a tremendous intrigue, one that threatened the safety of the Nation, and he was led into adventures extraordinary. What these were is cleverly and strongly told in a two-part story, "Behind the Masks," the first half of which will appear in the Ledger next week.

gl[illegible], barely given a glow by the small li[illegible].

"He white man," said El Bala, as somebody scrambled over the rail. "He planter."

"How do you know that?" Alexander asked.

"Hat!"

The explanation seemed insufficient, but talk was dropped. The newcomer was shaking hands with the man who held the lantern, and the meeting was cordial. Alexander wondered. Since coming to the island he had heard so much of many devious things that he was prepared for anything, but the present mystery was past his guessing powers.

Why should any planter be friends with a crew that had come so secretly, and why companion with the sorcerer?

The small light was drawn inboard and muffled at the top so its rays could not pass beyond the deck. Held thus it showed bodies and legs, but nothing higher up. The persons in the drogher might easily have been headless men, as far as they were revealed.

There was more hand-shaking, and then three men went below. Only the black members of the crew remained visible. The scene of interest was transferred to the cabin, but it was impossible to see into that place.

"El Bala," softly asked Alexander, "what does it mean?"

"Pray to the saints that your eyes be not blasted blind!" was the unexpected answer.

"Eh?"

"Joachim is there. At one wish from him we shall be blinded, or consumed in a fire none but us can see."

The explanation did not carry weight with the white adventurer. The sorcerer might be many kinds of evil, but only dark superstition could make him all that El Bala claimed.

"Who was the planter?" Alexander pursued.

"Don't know! Don't know!"

"It seemed to me his motions were familiar——"

"No talk!" interrupted the negro imperiously. "They see us, they kill!"

The questioner was silenced, but he held his place and stared. The pall of mystery was falling upon him. He was in the island of dark happenings, of Voodoo and Obeah, of magic and crime, and if he had expected to escape its malevolent powers he was to be undeceived. Except for the white men who planted there the island dwellers were not like other men, and all things were possible. With Joachim there, all crimes, too, were possible.

Then Alexander's thoughts turned in a new direction. The island whites had no words in which to express their dread and detestation of the sorcerer. If they did not believe he was a real magician they did credit him with crimes, with secret practices and with great cunning. He was a man to avoid, yet some planter was here in his company, a boon companion in the fastnesses of El Gran Pantano.

What did it mean? Was sorcery really afoot?

A yellow eye seemed to appear in the hull of the drogher, and Alexander's attention shifted. A porthole had been opened, and strong light was back of it. There was a moment of delay, and a head appeared in the yellow spot, a head with a white skin and—the young man drew a quick, sharp breath, while El Bala shrank back a little. The man at the porthole was Rufus Batherick.

Only brief view was given, for the opening was closed and the light died away. Astonished, bewildered, Alexander was stupefied for a while, but he turned to his guide like one groping for light.

"Did you see——"

He began, but was interrupted by El Bala's husky whisper.

"Be still! Be still, or we die right here!"

The gloomy claim was feeble just then, for another matter dwarfed it. Why was Batherick there, and why was he in the company of the sorcerer? What dark mystery was afoot in the gray drogher?

CHAPTER IV.

RUNNING THE RISK.

SEVERAL minutes passed with scarcely a stir in the bushes, and then Alexander turned to El Bala.

"Did you see the porthole opened?" he asked softly.

"Yes," replied the black man.

"And see who was there?"

"Yes."

"What does it mean?"

"Joachim, the sorcerer, has cast a spell upon Master Batherick," was the unhesitating reply, and the questioner was conscious that the negro crossed himself.

"But why are they here?"

"Ask Joachim!" returned El Bala, shaking his head.

It was noncommittal, but Alexander did not press the point. He was ready to believe the black man could not answer the question, and it was as well to avoid waste of words, but the mystery was not easily disposed of then.

Joachim was a free negro, or so he was considered, and nobody claimed his services, so it could not be that Batherick was there with one of his hired slaves. This excuse being lacking, there was but one problem, and that was, why were they together? The evil reputation of the sorcerer, the anxiety of all white persons to avoid him, the fact that he was believed to be fomenting trouble among his people, and various other things made him a strange companion for the planter. What did it mean?

Several minutes passed. All was quiet in the drogher. There was no more to be seen in the cabin, and on deck the black men were collected in a group with the smaller lantern sitting by them. The frivolity often to be noticed among their race was lacking. They made little motion, and if they spoke it was in tones so low that no murmur came to those spying upon them.

It was nearly half an hour later that El Bala reached out and touched his companion.

"We better go now," he whispered.

"Go?" Alexander replied. "How can we? You have said that this channel is the only way."

"That is right, and it is the way we will take. Look, buckra man! All hands are in the ship. Even the crew of the boat came over the rail. Nobody watches, and it is our chance. We will return to our canoe and pass the drogher by, and then paddle away."

"Why, man, that will take us under the very bows of the drogher."

"Yes."

"We shall be seen or heard——"

"It shall be risked. Nobody knows how long we shall be held here, and the air is not good for us. Where Joachim is, men die. Let us go while we can, and I will send the canoe so softly that no one will hear."

It was a scheme so daring that Alexander hesitated long. If he disbelieved in sorcery he was no skeptic where natural dangers were concerned. Whatever the mysterious men were, they carried the avowal of lawless rascality in every feature of their strange course, and he did not aspire to be detected by them. Yet, the more he considered the plan, the better he liked it.

He asked more questions, and El Bala, who had cast off his superstitious fears for the time and was in a reckless mood, insisted that he could paddle past the ship so softly that they would not be heard. A decision was hard to make, but was finally arrived at.

"Well," Alexander said reluctantly, "we will try it. When?"

"Now! Come!"

The speaker rose fully to his feet and they glided back to the canoe. They entered, and El Bala resumed the paddle. The white man's mind was wholly on the dip of the blade just then, and he was agreeably surprised at results. They moved, but there was scarcely a ripple to be heard.

As they drew near to the ship it became a time of acute suspense. Two dangers threatened. Perhaps El Bala was wrong in thinking that all hands had left the boat in which Batherick had come, or it might be that a watcher was leaning over the rail, invisible to the adventurers.

The results of discovery were something not pleasant to think about.

El Bala continued his paddling, and they floated to the very bows of the drogher. The way was narrow, and necessity forced them so close that Alexander might almost have reached out and touched the hull. The dreaded challenge did not come, and they slowly rounded the forward part of the ship. Dark as it was, Batherick's rowboat was to be seen, and Alexander bent forward with questioning eyes. Was the little craft really empty?

Still they moved, and as they passed the boat the question seemed to be answered. No one was visible, and no hail sounded

Passing around to the starboard side, El Bala sent the canoe noiselessly down the channel. They moved so close to the stern that Alexander made out part of the name painted there, but the dim light prevented more complete reading.

"——Tibur——"

It was not until later that he remembered Tiburon was Spanish for shark, and knew that he had read correctly.

The negro continued his paddling steadily and carefully until they had gone a hundred yards farther, and then stopped his work and laughed softly but in great good humor.

"Those men," he said, "carry their eyes in their stomachs and their ears in their lungs. They saw nothing, heard nothing."

"For which I am truly thankful," Alexander replied. "El Bala, are you sure you do not know who those men are?"

"Not a thing. They have come from the sea, and I know nobody there. It is strange, very strange, that they have entered El Gran Pantano, but Master Batherick knows—yes, and so does Joachim!"

"What does Joachim know?"

"Why they are there. Ask no more, buckra man!"

The speaker crossed himself, and it was clear that the burst of daring that had carried them successfully past the drogher had been succeeded by his former superstition.

Realizing the folly of questioning him, Alexander sat silent while his guide sent the canoe away again. Now, with danger past, he used the paddle more energetically, and their progress was almost like the flight of a bird, swift and sure.

Twenty minutes would have taken them to the sea, but El Bala remembered a cross-channel nearer at hand, and they used it. Entering, they held a course with their bows pointing at Batherick's plantation.

El Bala's odd mind took a new turn with danger apparently left behind. He grew volatile—laughing, chuckling and boasting of their haul of fish—and Alexander replied briefly, but he was not in a mood for joking. Too much had been seen that night for frivolity, and he was full of grave wonder. Even then he entertained a doubt that he would ever hear from Batherick why he had been absent from the plantation.

The guide was now in familiar waters, and he sent his craft ahead without hesitation. The mountains behind the Batherick holdings were occasionally seen, for the vegetation grew less dense and the light better. Finally El Bala sent the canoe to the nearer bank.

"We walk rest of the way," he said. "Long way home, but we are alive. I like that better than to be dead."

He began to stuff the fish in the bag he had brought, and they were soon ready to go. The canoe must be left where it was, but it was thrust under the bank and left fairly secure. Then they began the walk to the house, a mile away.

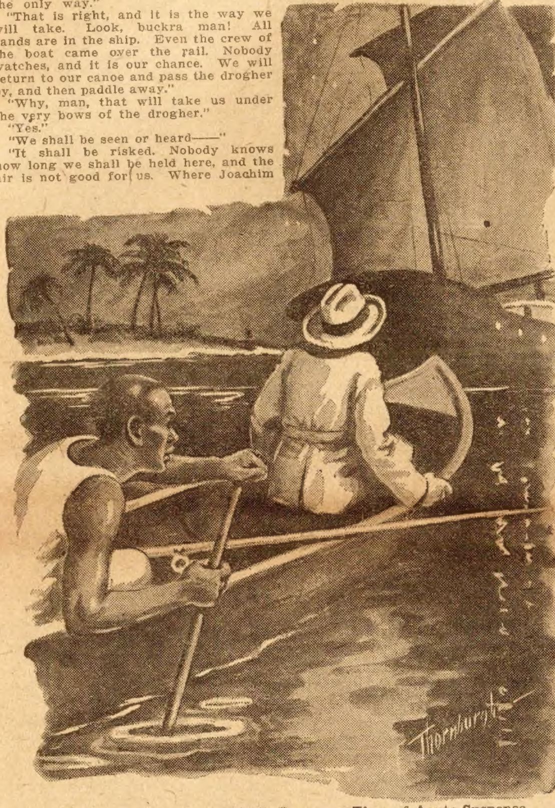
As they neared it Alexander saw no light, and inferred that the family had retired. El Bala whipped out several fish for his own use, and was holding out the bag to his companion, when the murmur of voices led him to draw Alexander back into the bushes.

"They come from the direction of the swamp," he whispered. "Wait until we see who it is. Hus-s-sh!"

Two men advanced, their faces toward the hiding-place, and Alexander shrank farther away as he recognized them.

They were Batherick and Joachim!

What they see Joachim doing as he parts from Batherick startles the two spectators. Developments come fast in the second installment, which will appear in the Ledger next week.



As They Drew Near the Ship It Became a Time of Acute Suspense.

* * *

Her Thoughtless Bank.

TIME, early evening.

(Whittler has just settled himself down to a quiet evening by the fire with the paper. His wife, her arms full of papers, suddenly enters.)

Mrs. Whittler—"I'm awfully sorry to bother you, dear, but there is something the matter with my bank account."

Whittler (regarding her with dismay)—"Well, can't it wait?"

Mrs. Whittler—"No; you see, the bank wrote me a horrid, insulting letter telling me the account was overdrawn, and it really isn't, you know, because I've been making deposits right along—so I had the book balanced. I'm just in the mood now for this sort of thing. I just want to make that bank feel small—the idea of their——"

Whittler—"They certainly ought to know better than to treat a nice woman like you in that way."

Mrs. Whittler—"Wait and see. (She draws up a card table.) Doesn't this show plainly that I have at least $300 in the bank?"

Whittler (throwing his paper on the floor and grinding into it)—"Of course, you're right. I'm surprised at that bank!"

Mrs. Whittler—"I should think you would be! I know some of the things that are said about women. But this time it isn't so. That bank has made a mistake. They're deliberately trying to cheat me, and I want you to go in there tomorrow morning and just tell the president what you think of him."

Whittler (resigning himself to his fate)—"I certainly shall! Give me those vouchers! Give me that book. Got a pencil? How do you expect any human being to write with a pencil like that?"

Mrs. Whittler—"Here it is, all in the checkbook."

Whittler—"Have you checked off the checks with the stubs?"

Mrs. Whittler—"I've done everything I could think of—and I know I'm right."

Whittler—"Now, don't say a word to me for ten minutes. (He plunges into his ignoble job. Suddenly he fishes out five counter checks ranging in amounts from $25 to $75, which he sees by a rapid glance at the stubs have not been entered in the checkbook.)

Whittler—"There you are! You've been to the bank to draw out cash, have grabbed a counter check and then have failed to enter it in your checkbook. And you've done this five times. So your account must be overdrawn."

Mrs. Whittler—"Do you mean to tell me they have actually charged me with those checks I wrote out and cashed at the bank?"

Whittler—"Certainly! Why not?"

Mrs. Whittler—"But the sign distinctly said that those checks were placed there for the accommodation of their lady customers."

* * *

Fond of the Ladies.

MISS MARGARET MACMILLAN, who has been made a commander of the British Empire Order, speaking recently on the subject of coeducation, told an amusing anecodote of a certain college conducted on these lines where, however, the rule is that the male students are not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a male student was caught in the act of doing so and was brought up before the principal, who said:

"Well, Mr. Blank, the penalty for the first offense is 50 cents, for the second $1, for the third $1.50, and so on, rising 50 cents each time up to $15."

"How much would a season ticket cost?" asked the imperturbable student.

LOVE'S WAYWARD CHOICE

By Flora A. Monty

Love is a funny thing, any way you take it. Also love is blind and apt to upset the best laid plans, as this story entertainingly and conclusively proves.

GWENDOLYN had a hard time trying to live up to her name. One expected, of course, that the owner of such a euphonious name would be stylish, fair, and of languishing beauty and charms. Gwendolyn was not. She could not even enjoy the distinction of being homely. She was one of the many thousands of girls who could fit into any crowd at any time or any place, and never be seen, tho not trying to hide. It was her misfortune to look commonplace.

Her sisters, Martha and Sarah, were all that one dreams about in feminine loveliness, which made the contrast more marked.

Mrs. Marden, the widowed mother, regarded Gwen as a dear, dutiful daughter, but, also, as a just punishment sent by the Lord. When the first girl was born, her mother bestowed upon her the hearty old-fashioned name of Martha, and was amazed that the child developed a fascination of feature that was a reproach for such a plain name.

When the second child arrived, Mrs. Marden determined that this squirming infant should be endowed with a name that would be worthy of her developing graces, only to experience deep remorse, as Gwendolyn, not content with looking like all babies when she was little, continued to look like all children as she grew older, and finally passed into her early twenties, an inconspicuous, ordinary girl, whom every one took for granted, as one takes any article of strictly utilitarian qualities.

Mrs. Marden was filled with contrition. She decided that she would not gamble again with fate, and named the third baby Sarah, hoping that this child would fit her name. When Sarah rapidly followed Martha in the path of beauty, the mother felt crushed. Not for long, however. It is not possible for a mother to see two of her daughters blossoming into more radiant creatures day by day, without feeling an overwhelming pride. This pride was tempered by secret grief at Gwen's lack of graces. At home, she and the sisters commiserated each other on the fact, but before outsiders they bristled with simulated surprise and indignation, when some tactless acquaintance ventured to remark on the difference between them.

The pitiful part of it was that Gwendolyn did not care. At least, she always insisted that she didn't. She claimed that having two strikingly beautiful sisters gave her a distinction that other commonplace girls lacked, and added that the distinction would increase with time, for, whereas Martha and Sarah would some day be charming gray-haired old ladies, as for herself, her hair would never be gray, but would slowly fade from its carroty red to a delicate pink.

Her small brother, Bobby, assumed his share of the family responsibility, the day that curly-haired Leila Douglass was moved to a seat in front of him at school. The sheen of her yellow ringlets set him to comparing her charms with those of his two beautiful sisters. Then he compared them with Gwen's. The result was a cessation of his buoyant spirits, later in the day succeeded by a falling off in his appetite.

Near the bedtime hour of the third day following his self-communing, his mother availed herself of the twilight privileges, and induced his confidence. Tender inquiries as to the state of his health were received with gruff denials of anything wrong. Coaxing queries regarding possible misdemeanors at school were hailed with scorn. But the bursting soul of the youth could no longer keep within the bounds of self-denying secrecy, as he exploded:

"Aw! Nothin's the matter. Only Gwen's so darned common-looking that no man will ever want to marry her, so I 'spose I'll have to take care of her all my life, and never get married myself."

He kicked his mother's best chair and was not rebuked, as his words moved her to sobbing acquiescence, for they echoed the fear in her own heart.

Neither of them knew that Gwen was standing in the doorway, fiercely pretending to herself that she didn't care, and that she was only angry at Bobby allowing his freshman joys to be spoiled by woe over such a silly idea. But the feeling was not anger. It was a newborn pang of self-pity.

Martha's worries and Sarah's anxieties over her future had rolled off her cheery soul without effect. Her mother's uneasiness had evoked merely a desire to pet her. But Bobby's serious scorn struck deep and left a wound.

Hope came to her anxious mother one day, in a letter full of complaints, from a cousin by courtesy, in the East. This Cousin John had been such a deep student of ancient and musty religions, that he had neglected his health and his wife—particularly his wife, until in sheer weariness of spirit she had died and left him a bit of modern history, in the way of three small and very human sons. The children were the pride of his life, but looking after their needs interfered with his research work, and wore out maids who refused to stay more than a month. The dead wife had been the girls' first cousin, and it was natural, therefore, that the harassed father should write Mrs. Marden of his perplexities.

He dwelt at length on the comfort he had lived in when his beloved wife was alive. Gwen sarcastically suggested that he missed the comfort more than the wife. He explained how his work was being neglected because of the attention his children required. He appealed to Mrs. Marden for advice, and she was in an ecstasy of relief. Her advice was that he get married to some nice, quiet, dependable girl who could—here followed a list of the things Gwen could do. Martha and Sarah aided and abetted their mother in her letter writing, and so the family brought about a proposal.

The letter he wrote was a most scholarly and plaintive epistle. It was addressed to Mrs. Marden, and begged the honor of making Gwen the second Mrs. Baker, at once. There was no doubt of the sincerity of the writer. He had a new series of old ideas to study out, and the sooner he was married, the sooner he could begin work. So his letter was nearly eloquent.

Mrs. Marden brimmed with smiles as she read it to her family circle, each face but Gwen's plainly showing their delight that the bug-bear of old maidhood for her was to be cast away forever.

Gwen was supposed to look pleased and blushing, but she sat in white and wrathful silence until every one had had her say. Then she had hers, and when she was thru the well-meaning mother and sisters were shedding indignant tears over her ingratitude. Unknowingly, Gwen had left a glimmer of a chance. In her anger she had announced that she considered such a letter unworthy of an answer, and intended to ignore it as she would a toad.

When she left the room, the three conspirators planned a reply signed by Mrs. Marden, in which it was tactfully explained that Gwen's nervous temperament and fine sensibilities made her hesitate to fill the place left by her beloved cousin, without some time in which to consider the matter. It was hinted that if he should come in a month or six weeks, he could persuade dear Gwen of his real need of her, and perhaps an immediate marriage could be arranged. The three strove vainly to appear unconscious of the plotting as the days went by.

That same week David Towne came to Harbrooke, and was a guest at the Prentice home, where they entertained constantly for him. The most pretentious function was a ball, to which the Marden girls were welcome guests—the beauties because they lent an air of distinction, and Gwen because she could not be very well left out.

David Towne was a celebrity, a man of travels and of worth. He was tall, with the easy grace of one who has learned to climb to the high places of earth as well as of mind. Not a great talker with women, he was better—a really good listener.

Of course he met the Marden girls, and found the evening more delightful for the new acquaintance. Martha's manners were as charming as her face, and he felt the allurement of such a combination.

He fell into the habit of dropping in for a call, and was always welcomed with sincere cordiality. But because Martha was a vision, and Sarah a delight, the girls were often gone, or the house was filled with rollicking guests.

One morning, at breakfast, the mother announced with an eager effort to appear unconcerned, that poor, dear Cousin John was coming on Friday, to remain a week, and they must all do everything possible to help him forget his sorrow.

Cousin John arrived Friday, about tea time, and, with his dust and his stoop, shambled into the family circle for greeting. He was received with guilty warmth by three of the group, and his lonely soul responded until his face held a brief renewal of his old-time interest.

His nearsighted eyes almost beamed as they beheld the witchery of Martha's beauty. His handshake with Gwen was accomplished with indifferent haste, to her delight, so eager was he to turn again to her sister. David Towne, whose visits had become steady, without centering too pointedly on Martha, sensed, with a quick instinct, a well-laid plan gone awry, and, beholding the way that Gwen made capital of the situation and her mother's discomfiture, for the first time was interested in the girl.

A party had been arranged at a summer camp down the river; for boating, woodlands, and moonlight, with secluded nooks, have long been known to soften hearts of ice, and cause them to yield to wooing; and even a commonplace girl should like a romantic setting for her affair. But the perverse fairies which bestow upon commonplace girls plain exteriors, endow their minds at times with fancies as radiant and inspiring as those of the most dainty pink-and-white charmer. So, down in the woody dell, Gwen could not associate herself in idea or fact with the rusty widower who was their guest.

David Towne had been asked, and Tommy Harte, a happy, youthful enthusiast who had ever been a devoted swain of Sarah's. Aura Chambers came, and with her James McCombre, her steadfast Scotch lover, who was oblivious to all other women.

The setting was perfect, the characters admirably chosen with a view to their usefulness, and love's young dream was about to become the important thing in the business of life.

To Mrs. Marden, the pretty drama that she had planned became a tragedy as the days went by; to Gwen, a howling comedy. David saw it from a point of vantage, and witnessed, with amused but puzzled appreciation, every move and counter-move of the participants.

The others were all oblivious to events. There was nothing for them to do but accept the happy chance which June sunshine and flowers and perfect friends made possible. Tommy Harte and Sarah fished and romped; Aura Chambers and James gravely studied trees and each other. David Towne, who was supposed to shadow Martha, was left to his own devices, and Gwen, for whom the whole thing was planned, sang and played in high glee, and became a woodland elf. The devoted Cousin John, who had traveled so far to persuade her to become his wife, utilized, with a skill that did him credit, every waking moment in sharing with Martha his sad past history, his lonely present, and his aspirations for the future.

David tramped several miles down the river, one morning, to a beauty spot where the stream curved and made a silver pool. It was framed in rich Iowa Junetime, and was a hidden dreamland. Curled on a shelf in the bank lay Gwen, her hair loosened and tumbled—the picture of contentment. As he stopped, Gwen started, then smiled in relief, "Oh, it's you?"

"Yes, it is I. Guaranteed harmless," and he laughed lazily. Then suddenly, "Miss Gwen, what is all this about? There is a battle of wits going on here, and, as a family friend, I demand that I be informed of the true state of affairs."

Gwen rose to a sitting posture and hugged her knees. She regarded David thoughtfully for a moment. "You are witnessing the spectacle of a matrimonial bureau on the brink of failure," she confided. "I am the cause. I'm a drug on the market, but my family all love me just the same. They can't bear the thought of a lonely future for me, and as most of the men visitors at our house automatically grab for one of my sisters, the folks just naturally think I'm breaking my heart. Why, even Bobby has sworn to be a bachelor for life, that he may be a support and comfort in my declining years."

David ventured a remonstrance, but she hushed him. "This is my conversation. Don't you spoil it. You're such a blessing to listen. I've simply got to talk."

"All right, Miss Gwen. Go ahead. I'm at your service to listen." And he settled his back comfortably against a tree.

"Well," began Gwen, "the family dangled my virtues, by letter, before Cousin John, till he bit, and invited me to become his wife. As I didn't fall for the pleasure of taking care of him and a ready-made family, he came up to urge the thing in person. I believe he was asked. You see, he hadn't seen any of us girls in years, and he imagined that he wanted a sort of upper housekeeper that he could marry, so she wouldn't be quitting and leaving him to take care of his own offspring. What he had been written about my good qualities sounded as tho I would be the necessary cog for his machine; but the minute he laid eyes on Martha, he was born again, and now he'd gladly be her slave for life." Gwen grew merry over the memory of John's capitulation, but almost instantly she sobered.

David's eyes twinkled. "Go on, Miss Gwen. I'm thrilled."

"Mother is frantic about it. She thinks he would be just the proper thing for me, but I don't. Mother doesn't give me credit for having any more personality than a plain white bath towel, but a bath towel is mighty nice if it's properly used. Besides, she has higher hopes for Martha." Gwen flushed suddenly. David Towne was unmistakably one of the "higher hopes." Would he understand her terrible blunder?

"I'm glad you don't like John, for you wouldn't be happy, and that is what I suppose marriage means," he ventured.

So she rushed along. "They make me feel positively wicked in not grieving over my appearance. I'm beginning to lose heart. I feel like the phrase, 'I should worry,' after it had been tossed about the U. S. A. a period of eighteen months or so—sort of worn out and not so airy as when I started. I know I'm painfully ordinary, but the pain has been mostly my family's, tho I'm mightily scared for fear it's catching. You are just like a girl to talk to," she added, after a brief pause, and then smiled.

David studied her seriously for a brief time. Her frankness was disarming. With most girls he might have replied with a fund of soothing flatteries, but Gwen was not the sort of girl who would hear such things. Then he became aware that this very fact placed her out of the pale of the ordinary, and he leaned forward and gave her the hearty handclasp that spells understanding friendship. He understood so well, that during the rest of the week he enjoyed abetting Gwen in her innumerable escapes from the family web of artful planning.

Late in the morning of the last day at camp Gwen and David returned from a tramp thru the woods, determined upon a canoe ride before luncheon. They laid their ferns and flowers on a bench outside the door, and were about to start away, when they were arrested by the sound of a plaintive discourse in the house, and guiltily stopped and listened.

Martha sobbingly confessed to her mother that Cousin John loved her. He had always felt the need of beauty in his life, and knew that she would answer his soul call and be his highest inspiration. As to his children, they would adore her loveliness. And she, herself, had been so stirred by his helplessness and the fineness of his intellect, that she had unwittingly given her heart to him, and had no desire but to give up worldly ways and settle down to a life of domestic bliss with him. But she had sacrificed herself and him because of Gwen, and with deepest sorrow had insisted that he keep his faith with her sister, and once more ask her to be his wife. She leaned on her mother's shoulder and the two grieved together.

David felt his heart thump. He glanced at Gwen. Her face was flushed with angry shame, and she started to her feet, but he forestalled her. Breathless from the sudden urgent impulse that assailed him, he burst into the room and confronted Mrs. Marden.

"Forgive my impetuous entrance, Mrs. Marden, and wish me joy," he said. "Gwen is going to be my wife."

In the confused babble of surprise and well-wishing, David was conscious of a look from Gwen, as tho she had been bruised beyond words, before which, white-faced, she fled into the woods.

Quickly as he could release himself from the family raptures which Cousin John came in to share, he set out in mad haste in search of Gwen.

Like a frightened deer she sped, but as he gained her side she stopped abruptly and faced him.

"I despise you!" she blazed. "Oh, I despise you! I thought you a friend. I—I despise you!" She turned once more to flee.

The shamed tears in her eyes obscured the trailing vine in her path, and the haste of running increased the violence of her fall as she tripped and struck her head sharply against a tree.

When she regained consciousness she found herself in David's arms, his tense face very near to hers, and in his eyes a message she could not mistake.

"Gwen, darling!" he whispered brokenly, pleadingly.

From the depths of the blackness of faintness and pain she struggled up, and with the smile of a woman who knows she is loved, she answered: "Sweetheart David, it is myself I despise. You have taught me the wonderful secret of love."

* * *

A Difficult Job.

Knicker—"Has Outlate found a long-felt want?"

Bocker—"Yes; he is trying to cross the small hot bird with the homing pigeon."

ON BLACK HAWK'S TRAIL

By Harriet Wheeler

The Story in Brief.

SAU-KE-NUK, the chief city of the Sauk, or Sac, Indians, nestles in the angle formed by the junction of the Rock River with the Mississippi. Near it is the high bluff, known ever since as Black Hawk's Watch Tower, a high acclivity from which the famous chief looked down upon the vast panorama of outstretched hunting-grounds, watching for his enemies. Here in June, 1831, when the Indians are celebrating the Crane Dance, the time of wife-choosing, two lovers, White Eagle and Raven Hair, recount some of the strange, superstitious stories that cling about Black Hawk's Watch Tower. On the morrow, when the tribe is celebrating, General Gaines, with a guard of soldiers, arrives, bring a message from the Great Father, the President of the United States—an order for the Sacs to leave their lands and go into Iowa, claiming that the land occupied by Black Hawk and his people had been ceded to the United States Government in 1804. Black Hawk claimed the sale had been fraudulent, that he had never signed the treaty, but that four members of his tribe had been taken prisoners to St. Louis by the whites and made drunk and compelled to sign a sham treaty, ceding to the Government for $1,000 per year 50,000,000 acres of land owned by the Indian tribes. A powerful young chief named Keokuk urges Black Hawk to obey General Gaines, and finally Black Hawk consents under protest. Five hundred canoes carry the people of Sau-ke-nuk to the western shore. Nearly a year later the story opens in New Salem, a village of log houses on the banks of the Sangamon River, in Illinois. Young Abraham Lincoln is clerking in the one store of the settlement. He is known and loved in all the region. Lincoln, who is only twenty-three, is chosen as a candidate for the Legislature. A messenger arrives from the Governor announcing that a British band of Sac Indians and other hostile tribes, led by Black Hawk, had invaded the State, returning to the Rock River country. Lincoln is elected Captain of the militia of New Salem and proceeds to the war. The white troops gathered at Beardstown, Ill. A messenger arrives, saying Black Hawk, with a band of five hundred armed Indians, is advancing up the Rock River to join allied Winnebago and Potawatomi warriors at Prophet's Town. With some friendly Winnebago chiefs Colonel Gratiot goes with a flag of truce to Prophet's Town. Colonel Gratiot is in grave danger of losing his life at the hands of Black Hawk's followers. The truce fails, but Colonel Gratiot and his aids escape to Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, where the present arsenal stands.

Of course you are interested and, having read the above, you can go right ahead with the installment printed in this issue. Back copies, with the earlier chapters, may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail direct from the office of publication. This story started in No. 6, dated Feb. 9.

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CHAPTER VI.

ON TO THE YELLOW BANKS.

"HURRAH, for Abe!" shouted Bill Greene. "He has won the championship as wrestler of the Illinois Militia."

"Shake hands on it, Munson!" exclaimed Captain Lincoln, offering his hand to his Morgan County opponent. "I did not think that such a little chunk of a man could put up such a fight. Why, sir, I could lick salt off the top of your hat."

"Attention!" called Governor Reynolds, from the opposite side of the fire.

The men were lined up and stood at attention as the Governor called.

"Who comes, who comes?"

"Horn," replied a voice from the darkness, and the next instant Captain Horn dashed into the firelight, mounted on a foaming, mud-bespattered steed.

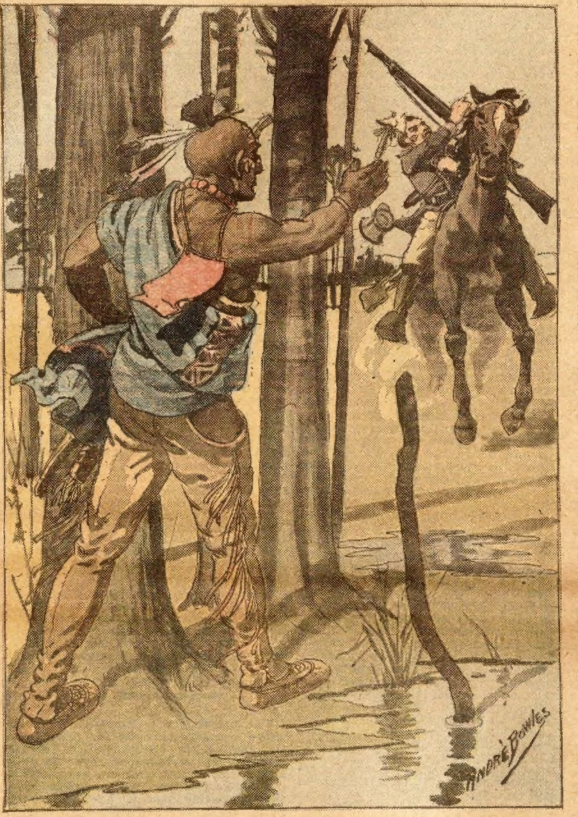
"Welcome, my lad!" exclaimed the Governor. "I have had expresses out looking for you. Do you hail from the skies?"

"From Fort Armstrong, your honor. We fell into the hands of Black Hawk's savage band at Prophet's Town; but thru the cunning of Colonel Gratiot, the kind offices of the Prophet, and our well-trained arms, we made good our escape."

"Great Scot!" exclaimed Governor Reynolds. "And you have faced the enemy? Stand back, boys. Don't crowd Horn off his feet."

"Yes, sir! Rock River never furnished a deadlier race; but the fort cannon proclaimed our victory and drove the thwarted savages up the stream. General Atkinson himself assisted us from the canoes. He begs that you will start tomorrow to his aid."

"We move with the morning's sun. Make the best of your night's rest, my lad."



White Eagle Hurled His Tomahawk Into the Head of a Soldier.

The gray dawn stirred the camp. As the sun pierced the heavy clouds, the militia of sixteen hundred men started on its journey to the Yellow Banks. A heavy rain had fallen during the night, completely obliterating the trail with pools of mud thru which the Army marched, facing a raw west wind. They made their night's bivouac on the open prairie, with nothing but their blankets for protection from the chill.

"Bill," whispered Jake, after the bugle had sounded, "I know where the steward keeps the liquors. I'm going to hook some and treat the boys. You pass the word along."

Jake waited until midnight, then crept on his hands and knees to where the coveted bottles were concealed. He filled his pockets and arms, and cautiously returned to his blanket without disturbing the slumbers of Captain Abraham Lincoln. When the reveille sounded and the order to march was given, four of the men lay in a drunken sleep, unable to respond.

"Captain Lincoln," sternly declared Colonel Thompson, "your ignorance regarding a captain's account of his soldiers does not exempt you from the customary punishment. Kindly surrender your sword and wear this wooden one for two days."

Captain Lincoln donned the wooden duplicate, while the men gathered about him, laughing and jeering.

"Abe," whispered Jake, "I'm sorry I have made such a mess of things. I didn't dream of getting drunk."

"Well, Jake," replied Captain Lincoln, "my mother used to say, 'Men become drunkards because they begin to drink; if they never began to drink they would never become drunkards.' I'll call it square, Jake, if you'll sign my pledge."

"I'll do it, Abe, be dummed if I don't."

Captain Lincoln produced a grimy piece of paper from his pocket, which he now spread out before Jake to sign.

"Now, sonny," he said, as he folded the paper, "you keep that pledge and it will be the best act of your life. And, Jake, don't follow the example of the Irishman who signed a Father Mathews' pledge. A few days later, becoming terribly thirsty, he applied to a bartender for a glass of lemonade; and while it was being mixed, he leaned over and whispered, 'An' couldn't yees put a little whisky into it, all unbeknownst to mesilf?' "

On the evening of the third day the Army reached Henderson River.

"Swollen to the top of the banks," declared Governor Reynolds. "All hands to work now, and gather material for rafts."

Some of the men collected driftwood along the banks; others scoured the woods for suitable material, which was heaped about the campfire and rapidly transformed into floating expedients.

Immediately after breakfast on the following morning, they assembled on the bank of the river ready for departure.

"I believe the rafts will carry the Army safely," said Governor Reynolds, "but what about the horses, Colonel? They refuse to be coaxed across the river."

"Force them down yonder steep bank, Governor," replied Major Henry of the spy battalion. "It can be done, I think."

"We will try it, anyway," replied Governor Reynolds. "To the bluff, boys; with the horses."

The men led the horses to the top of the steep bluff and lined them closely together.

"Ready!" commanded the Governor. "All together now!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted the men.

Down, down, with lightning speed, the horses fled and plunged headlong into the rushing river. The men urged them on with sticks and stones. The animals, realizing their desperate condition, struck out for the opposite shore. Two of the swiftest fled to the thicket crowning the bluff.

"There goes my Will-'o-the-Wisp!" ejaculated Gideon Munson. "She shall swim me across for this trick."

"I'll discipline Black Billy in the same manner!" shouted Bill Greene. "Shake hands on it, Gideon."

And suiting action to the word, he swung over to Black Billy before Bill had loosened his hold; the weight of the two men sank the horses and threw them headlong into the water. Fortunately both men were expert swimmers, and they struck out for the opposite shore, battling desperately against the swift current, and reached the bank, exhausted and chilled. Captain Lincoln's raft was already landed. He reached over the bank and lifted the men to a place of safety and kindled a rousing fire.

"Boys," he called, as he piled on the brush, "take my advice and don't swap horses crossing a stream."

"We are not likely to try such a fool game again!" exclaimed Gideon, as they stripped off their wet buckskins and staked them about the fire.

The Army resumed the march to the Yellow Banks on the following morning, arriving there the 3d of May.

"Governor Reynolds," said Brigadier General Whitesides, as the dinner hour approached, "may I have a private word with you?"

The Governor led the General on to the river bank.

"Governor," began the General, "the men are thoroly discouraged with the fatigue of our journey, and the nonarrival of provisions pledged to be here has aroused a mutinous spirit. They threaten to disband and return home. We must use heroic measures to satisfy their hunger."

"I will send an express to General Atkinson at once, soliciting food," declared the Governor. "Give the soldiers to understand that a mutiny at this stage of affairs will prove fatal to them."

Governor Reynolds summoned Captain Horn. "Horn," he said, "you realize our predicament, and you know the shortest route to Fort Armstrong. Will you choose two companions and lay our case before General Atkinson?"

"Indeed I will," replied Captain Horn, "and I will arrange our journey at once."

"I trust to your sagacity for a speedy and successful return," said Governor Reynolds, as he hurried on to join General Whitesides.

"Captain Lincoln is the camp's good angel," said the General, advancing to the Governor. "He has coaxed the boys into playing leapfrog, wrestling and sleight-of-hand tricks. The entire force is applauding his performances. I never saw a clown in a circus that could hold a candle to him."

"Hold on to him, Whitesides," admonished the Governor. "The man who can keep such lawless, half-hearted soldiers in smiling order is the man to tie to."

On the following morning a steamer's shrill whistle called the men from their sport to the river bank.

"The William Wallace!" cried a man in the front. "The William Wallace!" echoed up and down the lines. "Hurrah!"

"All hands ready to carry the provisions to mess quarters!" commanded General Whitesides.

"Gee!" asserted Jake, as the men sat around at mess, "but this grub smells good after fasting twenty-four hours."

An hour later shouts from the river called the men to the bank.

"Captain Horn!" they cried.

"Yes," responded the Captain, "and, if you are hungry as we are, you will trot the provisions over to mess quarters."

The men lined up beside the boat and quickly secured the rations. Governor Reynolds and General Whitesides intercepted Captain Horn as he appeared over the bank.

"Welcome, Captain Horn!" said the Governor. "What word from Fort Armstrong?"

"General Whitesides has everything in readiness to order a forward march upon your arrival. I will escort you to mess, while the General explains the details of the journey to the Army."

An hour later the bugle sounded "Forward, march!" and the Army was in motion.

At noon, on the following day, the Fort Armstrong cannon thundered a welcome as the Army swung into view. General Atkinson and his aides received them at the landing, and General Atkinson exclaimed:

"Fort Armstrong's best to every hand and every man offered for its defense in these piping times of war!"

CHAPTER VII.

FORWARD, MARCH!

"GENTLEMEN!" said General Atkinson, addressing Governor Reynolds and General Whitesides, "let me introduce Colonel Zachary Taylor, who commands the regular infantry from Forts Crawford and Leavenworth."

"Ah, Taylor! My old comrade!" exclaimed General Whitesides, taking the outstretched hand which Governor Reynolds released. "We have messed together at Jefferson Barracks."

"And today we mess together at Fort Armstrong," returned Colonel Taylor. "This way, Whitesides."

General Atkinson escorted Governor Reynolds, and the entire Army followed them to mess quarters. When the meal was finished, General Atkinson swore the volunteers into United States service, and the rest of the day and the one following were devoted to preparation for the campaign.

On the morning of the 9th of May the expedition moved forward. General Atkinson commanded the boats loaded with cannon, provisions and baggage. Colonel Zachary Taylor and his seven hundred infantry accompanied him. General Whitesides and his mounted volunteers followed Black Hawk's trail along the east bank of Rock River. Governor Reynolds rode with him as Major General, and Lieutenant Robert Anderson as inspector of the Illinois militia.

"General Whitesides!" called General Atkinson. "You had best wait for us at Prophet's Town. The Hawk is in that vicinity."

"Aye, aye!" ejaculated General Whitesides, as the soldiers swung on over the muddy trail.

In spite of their best endeavors, the Army's progress was tedious. Frequent showers drenched them. Late in the afternoon the trail led thru a swampy region and "Halt!" was called from the front ranks.

"The baggage wagons are mired," called Captain Lincoln. "Come on, boys, and put your shoulders to the wheels."

The athletic Captain plowed thru the muddy sloughs, and was the first man to reach the disabled wagons. An hour's tugging safely landed wagons over the tangled roots and miry muck to firmer ground. Captain Lincoln was about to remount, when the shrill squeak of a pig in distress arrested his attention.

"It's nothing, Abe," laughed Jake, "but a pig caught in the mud of a wallow."

"Hold my nag, Jake!" said Captain Lincoln, tossing him the bridle, and slipping to the ground, he waded to his boot tops thru the mud, rescued the little porker and carried him to higher ground.

"What's the use of delaying the Army for such a trifle, Abe?" said Jake, as the Captain remounted.

"The poor farmer cannot afford such a loss, Jake, and besides the shoat's grateful grunt repaid me, and I feel better for it."

At sundown, the 10th of May, the Army sighted Prophet's Town. Captain Horn sped ahead with the scouts in search of the ford. He returned in a few minutes and reined up beside General Whitesides.

"General," he said, "there are fresh trails leading to the northeast, indicating that the Indians have deserted Prophet's Town. However, the Army had best be on their guard; the Hawk may be in ambush."

General Whitesides formed the Army into solid columns and, with Captain Horn riding beside him as guide, led the troops across the ford and on up to the central wigwam, which had sheltered Colonel Gratiot's party a week before. They found it vacant. The scouts dashed on, investigating the wigwams, and returned to report them absolutely deserted.

"General Atkinson was explicit in his command for us to await his coming at Prophet's Town," said Governor Reynolds.

"Yes," replied General Whitesides, "we will make our night's bivouac here; perhaps some word will come in the morning."

Fires were quickly kindled and supper prepared, after which the weary Army settled for the night's rest with a strong guard on duty.

The morning's reveille called in the scouts who had been tracking Black Hawk's trail since daybreak.

"General Whitesides," declared Major Henry, "the fresh trail indicates that the Sac army has but a few hours the start of us. We found a dog tied to a tree, as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, and the fire still blazing beneath it. This appeal to the Great Spirit indicates the Hawk's desperate condition. A forced march to Dixon might intercept the Indians and bring this expedition to an end without further conflict."

"I agree with you," returned General Whitesides, "and I think it a matter of expediency to cut off the enemy's return by firing Prophet's Town."

"That's right! Fire Prophet's Town!" rang from every regiment, and without waiting further orders, the soldiers hurled burning brands from the campfire into the wigwams. The village soon withered in a mass of smoke.

The soldiers sprang into their saddles and dashed across Rock River, shouting: "On, on! On Black Hawk's trail!"

The Army reached Dixon on the 20th of May, and were greeted by John Dixon, the veteran ferryman.

"What mean yonder tents?" asked Governor Reynolds.

"Three hundred and fifty more volunteers for independent service. Right this way, gentlemen!" urged Dixon.

"Greetings to Majors Isaiah Stillman and David Bailey," exclaimed Governor Reynolds. "Are you ready for service, gentlemen?"

"Yes, as independent rangers, your excellency."

"What news have you of Black Hawk?"

"The Hawk dined with me two days ago," said Dixon. "He persuaded me to send my family to Galena, for he could not hold himself responsible for the conduct of the Indians not under his supervision. He is on his way to plant corn with the Winnebagoes. He does not wish to fight, but intends to protect his people."

"Black Hawk is treacherous and evilly disposed toward the Government," said Governor Reynolds. "He is violating his treaty obligations and defying General Atkinson's orders by remaining on the Illinois side of the Mississippi."

"The old chief has been misled by Neapope and the Prophet," explained Dixon. "They have lied to him regarding help from Canada; they have misrepresented the Winnebagoes and Potawatomies. Shabbona, our steadfast Shabbona, has been visiting all their villages, counseling them to remain neutral, and the majority are so disposed. But Mike Girty and Big Foot are hot-headed and urging the warpath. I fear that we shall hear of bloody massacres at the hands of these dissatisfied ones."

"Governor Reynolds," asked Major Stillman, "will you not inspect our camp?"

"At once," replied the Governor. "We will mess together tonight, gentlemen."

They made their way between the lines of tents, stopping frequently to chat with the groups of volunteers. An hour later they assembled at mess quarters and discussed Black Hawk over steaming cups of coffee.

"Governor Reynolds," said Major Stillman, "our senior scout, Elijah Kilbourn, holds Black Hawk in high esteem. He had the honor to live three years as the adopted son of the Hawk."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Governor Reynolds. "I tell you Black Hawk is a treacherous and evilly disposed Indian, and his white friends are trying to give him a character and standing on his fraud and treachery to the United States. Where is Elijah Kilbourn?"

"This way, Kilbourn," called Major Stillman.

The scout advanced between the soldiers and saluted the group of officers seated about the campfire.

"Kilbourn," said Governor Reynolds, "the soldiers are in a mood for a good story. Tell us of your experience with the Hawk."

"A story, Elijah!" cried the soldiers, closing in about the official circle.

"Very well!" replied Elijah, seating himself on a stump beside the campfire.

"To begin at the beginning, I was a youth in Pennsylvania when the War of 1812 began. I eagerly waited for every word of news coming from the frontier, and finally, before the war ended, a bunch of us boys decided to join the Army in Illinois. Upon our arrival we learned that Black Hawk, the Indian chief who captivated our imagination, had started for Sau-ke-nuk, and we decided to pursue him. There were six of us in the party.

"The Indian's trail was easily followed until we approached Rock River; here it spread in several directions. We decided that the Hawk had divided his party, sending part down to Sau-ke-nuk, while others were probably lurking about the river. After counseling about the matter, we decided that it was safest to return to our starting-point separately, and we each chose the trail that seemed best.

"I thoroly realized my dangerous position as I struck off thru tne woods; savages were on every side, eager to shed blood. But I pressed forward with extreme caution. Late in the afternoon, as I emerged from a tangled thicket, I beheld an Indian on his knees, drinking from a spring. I leveled my rifle and fired, the flint shivered to pieces, but the priming remained. The savage sprang to his feet and ran toward me with rifle leveled. He commanded me in English to surrender and march ahead in a certain direction. My life depended on prompt obedience. He led a few steps ahead, then, turning by a clump of trees, we discovered a camp of eight Indians. They sprang to their feet, waiting for word from my captor, who proved to be Black Hawk. Turning to me, the chieftain said:

"'The white mole digs deep, but the Hawk flies high and sees far off.'

"He related the manner of my capture to his followers, and said that he planned to adopt me, and that they must regard me as their brother. The following day I was taken to Sau-ke-nuk, dressed and painted, and initiated into Indian life.

"For three years I accompanied them on their expeditions, and was kindly treated, but so carefully guarded that it was impossible for me to give them the slip. I lost no opportunity in parading my satisfaction with Indian life. One day, when we were scattered in hunting parties, I made good my escape and returned to my friends, who had given me up as dead.

"My knowledge of Indian tactics led the Government to employ me as scout. But, candidly speaking, gentlemen, I have not entered very heartily into this campaign. I feel that I am treacherous to Black Hawk, who once spared my life and who is always noble and generous in his conduct."

"In Heaven's name, Kilbourn!" ejaculated General Whitesides, "don't play us into the hands of the enemy!"

"Never fear!" laughed the scout. "My first duty is to my country, and I shall do my duty at all hazards."

The soldiers cheered and gathered around Elijah, eager to hear more of the Hawk.

Major Stillman turned to General Whitesides. "General," he said, "we have tarried three days awaiting your coming, and my men are impatient to reconnoiter the frontiers and report the enemy's positions. I beg that you allow us to start forward in the morning, and I am confident that once upon the enemy, we shall make short work of them and end this foolish war."

"I see no objection to your going forward as scouts," said General Whitesides. "An accurate report regarding the enemy before General Atkinson arrives will help our expedition. Governor Reynolds will make out the necessary orders."

"At once!" replied Governor Reynolds. "Come on, Stillman."

The Governor led the way to his tent, where he wrote the following order while Major Stillman held the candle:

"To Major Stillman: You will cause the troops under your immediate command and the battalion under Major Bailey to proceed without delay, with four days' provisions, to the head of Old Man's Creek, where it is supposed there are some hostile Indians, and coerce them into submission.

"JOHN REYNOLDS,
"Commander-in-chief of the Illinois Militia."

The morning sun found Major Stillman's company arrayed for their journey, and when the order to march sounded, the soldiers put spurs to their horses and dashed over the open prairie in regular fashion. The sound of their merry chatter floated back to Camp Dixon after they had passed from view.

On the afternoon of the 14th, the Army sighted Sycamore Creek. Major Stillman pointed to a cluster of open timber and shouted:

"To the woods, boys! It offers an ideal camp."

The soldiers started a popular camp song as they galloped toward the grove with reckless enthusiasm.

"Better call the boys to order, Major," said Elijah, reining up beside Major Stillman. "They had best keep an eye out. These trails indicate the enemy near at hand."

"Look here, Elijah!" sneered the Major. "We will reserve you the privilege of scalping that desperate chieftain, Black Hawk. I will trust the boys not to let any live Indian escape."

"As you please, sir!" returned Elijah. "But remember, 'To the victor belongs the spoils.'"

PATIENCE

We's sho'ly got a notion dat dar's trouble ev'ywhere,
Dar's nuffin' but contention an' complainin' in de air,
An' every one is sayin', "You be happy, if you dare!"

De thunders an' de ligthnings dey don't seem to be enough,
Dat Kaiser man he carted out dat big explosion stuff.
Dis old world keeps a-goin', but de road is mighty rough.

But de world is sho'ly stickin' foh to fight de trouble thru,
An' a-waitin' foh de sunshine and de flow'rs to come to view,
An' I reckon all dat's lef' is 'bout de same foh me an' you.
—Washington Evening Star.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE AT OLD MAN'S CREEK.

"STILLMAN," exclaimed Major Bailey, as they approached the grove, "we have secured excellent camp quarters. That range of hills stretching from northwest to southeast measures at least one mile in length, and protects us from the cold storms of the north and the enemy. The grove of oak timber at the foot of the hills offers a secure ambush to the Army. We can easily repulse ten times our number, for the enemy will be obliged to fight from the open prairie or the unprotected hilltop."

"Yes, we ought to capture every savage of the Hawk band in a brief engagement. Our soldiers seem to regard the affair as a holiday picnic. They are absolutely lawless."

"An overflow of spirits, Stillman. The boys will fight on their mettle; you can depend on that."

The Army swung into the grove with laughter, chatter and song. The soldiers tethered their horses to the willows bordering Old Man's Creek, where the beasts feasted on succulent branches.

The afternoon sun cast its shadows over the emerald-tinted hill, flecking the tents and overhanging branches with gold, and traced a track of glory over the open prairie, as it trailed westward to rest behind the bluffs sentineling Rock River.

As the day waned, the soldiers strolled over to mess quarters, where the blazing fire and odorous, boiling kettles tickled their appetites, burning with an oversupply of liquor, with which they had indulged during the day's march.

Suddenly a cry of "Indians!" rose from the edge of the camp. The soldiers sprang to their feet, shouting:

"Where? Where are the redskins?"

"To glory with the savages!" shouted the soldiers, as they rushed to their horses and dashed thru the grove to the hills.

"Halt!" commanded Major Stillman. "Those Indians carry a flag of truce."

But the command was drowned in the general uproar of the camp. Twenty soldiers swept over the hills, seized the astonished Indians, and rushed them into camp amid an uproar of yells and maddened oaths.

"In God's name, Major!" ejaculated Elijah Kilbourn. "Hold the boys while I question these Indians regarding their errand of peace."

"Order!" shouted Majors Stillman and Bailey, as with uplifted swords they flung themselves before the Indians and waved back the mob of howling soldiers.

"Attention!" commanded Major Stillman, and the soldiers fell into line and stood at attention while Elijah stepped before the Indians and addressed them in their Sac tongue.

"Who are you, and where do you come from, brothers?"

"I am White Eagle," replied the flag bearer. "We come with a message from our chief, Black Hawk, to the war chief, White Beaver. The Hawk wishes to meet the White Beaver in council. Our chieftain does not desire war; he asks permission to carry our wives and children across the Mississippi in safety and peace."

Elijah turned to interpret the message to his comrades. Again the cry of "Indians!" arose from the ranks, and the camp changed to an uncontrollable mob, thirsting for Indian blood.

"Look at the Indians on the hills!" they shouted. "Grind them to powder!"

The purple red sun revealed five Indians, mounted on ponies, moving slowly along the ridge. Regardless of the commanders' orders, the troops sprang into their saddles and dashed off to the hills after the retreating Indians.

"Down with the flag bearer! They are spies!" cried a drunken soldier.

Before Elijah could place himself in front of the Indians, a bullet shattered the flag in White Eagle's hands and felled his brother, who was standing beside him. In the general uproar which succeeded, White Eagle and his companions made their way thru the seething mass, who trampled over one another in their eagerness to reach the horses. White Eagle and his companions slipped over the bank and made their way thru the underbrush to the rear of the hills, where they remained in ambush.

Five minutes later they were startled by the war whoops of their companions. White Eagle rose to his knees and peered thru the underbrush.

"Little Moose," he whispered, "our braves have turned upon the enemy! See! The drunken white rascals have lost their trails and are galloping wildly thru the forests. Hist! Little Moose! An enemy is near! Ah, the Great Spirit gives him to us!"

And, leaping thru the bushes, White Eagle hurled his tomahawk into the head of a soldier who had reined up to get his bearings. The blow brought the soldier to the ground; White Eagle snatched the man's knife and took off his scalp, then shouldered his gun and powderhorn and mounted his horse, with Little Moose riding behind him.

He guided his horse along the edge of the swamp which bordered the rear of the hills. A short distance ahead they came upon a white man trying to disentangle himself from his horse which had mired in the swamp.

"Scalp him, Little Moose! The Great Spirit gives him to you!"

The Indian sprang into the swamp, secured the man's scalp, gun and horse, and hastened forward with White Eagle to join their companions.

"See, Little Moose, the bodies of white men along the path. The Great Spirit has given our comrades the victory."

"But the white soldiers are gathering their forces," warned Little Moose. "They will soon be on the trail full force. We had best carry the word to Black Hawk by the secret trail."

"Lead on!" muttered White Eagle.

Little Moose urged his horse along the north edge of the swamp for a mile, then turned west as they spurred their horses thru tangled underbrush. An hour later they reined up at Black Hawk's camp. The Hawk was decorating the flags of truce which he expected to display on his coming visit to White Beaver. Around the campfire were scattered the braves and the Potawatomi guests, whom they had entertained at a feast. The squaws were gathered to one side of the group, where they were busily packing away the remains of the feast. As the two ponies loped into the circle from the forest trail, a young matron, carrying a papoose, sprang forward, exclaiming:

"White Eagle, are you come? What has happened?"

"The Great Spirit hås led us thru battle and bloodshed, Raven Hair, to summon our braves!"

The Potawatomi guests slipped away, as the Hawk and his men gathered about their returned warriors. The fire had burned to red coals, and the ruddy glow heightened the stern expression of their faces.

"Tell us what has happened!" demanded Black Hawk. "Did not White Beaver receive the flag of truce?"

"White Beaver is not with his braves. The white warriors are drunk with fire water; they are like silly children. One of them shot the flag of truce from my hands, the bullet pierced my brother, Long Hair, and he fell dead at my feet."

"Cowardly dogs!" yelled Black Hawk. "And the five companions whom I sent to watch how you were received, where are they?"

"The enemy espied them on the hilltops and raised the war cry; the camp was in an uproar and the white bråves pursued our five comrades without pausing to saddle their horses. Two of our comrades were shot down; we escaped by way of the secret trail."

"Treacherous knaves!" cried Black Hawk, tearing the flags which he was decorating into shreds and stamping them under foot. "Thus will we deal with the white dogs! They have cruelly and wantonly murdered our brothers sent to them on an errand of peace. We must revenge their death. Arm, my braves, and on to battle!"

And sounding the war cry in blood-curdling yells, Black Hawk armed himself with a gun, tomahawk and a spear, sprang upon his white pony and dashed into the trail, quickly followed by his braves.

"White Eagle!" sobbed Raven Hair, in a piercing cry, as she threw herself against her husband's saddle. "Tarry with us! Do not leave us to the cruel fate of the enemy!"

White Eagle stooped and lifted the haggard face to his own.

"Raven Hair," he said solemnly, "the Hawk has but forty braves with him to meet the enemy's three hundred and fifty warriors. Surely I am not the one to play him traitor. Faithful one, the Great Spirit fights with us in this battle. He will guard my Raven Hair and the wee one, Firefly."

He kissed the upturned face and galloped on to join his companions. The Hawk chose the open trail which led thru a fringe of forest and emerged on an open prairie.

"Hi! Hi!" yelled Black Hawk. "The enemy are coming at full gallop! To the cluster, my braves!"

In the lowering twilight Black Hawk lined his braves behind a clump of bushes, as Major Stillman and his forces dashed across the open prairie. Seeing the Indians safely in ambush and ready to fire, Major Stillman shouted: "Halt! Halt!"

Instantly Black Hawk raised the war cry, and the savages rushed forward with unearthly yells, pouring destructive fire upon the startled militia.

"For your life, boys, flee!" shouted Major Bailey, wheeling his horse and leading the retreat. "Black Hawk and his two thousand bloodthirsty warriors are behind us!"

The panic-stricken volunteers, mistaking the shadows cast by the fast-falling night for a host of cruel savages, beat a precipitous flight. Behind them galloped Black Hawk, urging his warriors with his unearthly "Hi! Hi!" shooting with steady fire, and with deadly aim of tomahawks and spears.

The volunteers fled on toward their camp. Here Captain John Adams called:

"Halt, boys, and give the redskins fire from our impregnable grove!"

But the frenzied volunteers dashed on, leaving all camping utensils behind them, and swept toward Dixon.

Black Hawk, seeing that only ten men obeyed Captain Adams' orders to make a stand and follow him, turned homeward, escorted by his aides, leaving thirty braves to pursue the Captain

"Come on, Munson," called Elijah. "Let us join with Adams."

"I'm with you, Elijah," replied Gideon. But as they wheeled their horses toward the hills a band of savages circled them.

"Surrender, Gideon," said Elijah, quickly, in a low voice. "It is our only chance of salvation."

They handed over their guns, offering no resistance when the savages bound their arms behind their backs. They were consigned to Eagle Eyes, who fastened their bridles with his own, and led them on toward Black Hawk's camp. Above the tramp of their horses they heard Captain Adams shout:

"Boys, our ammunition has given out! It's hand to hand in this fight!"

"God, Munson!" groaned Elijah. "Hear those savages yell! Our gallant Adams and his men are victims of the knife!"

"Elijah!" said Munson, "I'm going to try for a break."

"It will cost you your life, Munson."

"What will life be worth with those savages behind us?"

Twisting sidewise on his saddle, Munson wrenched his horse's bridle from the Indian's with a dexterous twist of his feet; but the next instant a blow from the tomahawk struck him to the ground, and Elijah rode along beside his grim sentinel with a heart overflowing with forebodings.

They Have a New Patriotic Idea

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., has several claims to fame of a kind. It boasts that it was the starting point of the Pony Express, that it was the place where Jesse James was killed, that it has the original lovers' lane about which Gene Field wrote his famous poem and a few other things. Now St. Joseph bursts into the limelight with a new idea along the lines of patriotism—mobilizing the knitting bags as sales agencies for war savings stamps. Every woman who carries a knitting bag is expected to have sewn on it a cloth sign, "War Savings Stamps Sold Here," in red, white and blue.

The knitting bag brigade will take orders for the stamps. They will carry a special postcard printed by the Government. Every woman solicitor chooses the organization to which she prefers having credit given for the orders taken by herself, and writes the name of her organization on the postcard order before dropping it in the mailbox. The postman delivers the stamps and collects the money. The cards then are filed in the records.

❧

The Old Habit.

Si—"'Ow'd ye get on down in London, George?"

George—"Purty well, Si. Only thing I 'ad to grouse about was the new war time cabby. I told 'er 'ow she was to stop at the popular places, meaning I wanted a bit of brew now and then, and if she didn't stop at every draper's shop. Seems like 'er new uniform didn't help 'er cure the old 'abit, Si."

Black Hawk and his aides were smoking beside their campfire when White Eagle swung into view.

"This prisoner," said White Eagle, "is the white brave who tried to save our flag of truce."

"Tie him to yonder tree," ordered Black Hawk. "We will counsel regarding him tomorrow."

Elijah drew a sigh of relief as White Eagle fastened him to a sturdy elm and joined his chieftain at the fireside.

"If Black Hawk fails to recognize me," mused Elijah, "my life may be spared thru the kind offices of White Eagle."

In the midst of the conversation about the fire, the triumphant war whoop of the returning warriors brought the chief and his companions to their feet, and the air rang with their shouts of welcome as the braves swung into the firelight, waving the scalps of Captain Adams and his ten gallant comrades. The squaws fastened the scalps on poles and joined the braves, as they danced the scalp and war dances about the fire. The men and women took the scalps from the poles and hurled them back and forth, yelling demoniacally as the dance continued.

"My braves," called Black Hawk, "the moon rides high, and the morning sun must find us on our way to the enemy's deserted camp. We must gather the plunder before they return."

The chieftain strode away to his tepee, and his companions followed his example. Half an hour later not a sound broke the quiet of the camp. Elijah stretched his weary limbs as far as the binding cords allowed; reclining against the tree, he watched the red coals crumble to embers. Bodily weariness surmounted his fears and he fell asleep.

A weird cry stirred Elijah to consciousness. Rousing himself, he perceived that dawn was breaking, the rosy, yellow lights streaking the eastern horizon proclaimed the coming day

The Indians, gathered in the doorway of their wigwams facing the east, repeated the weird cry. It was their salutation to the opening day. Plaintive, rising and falling in wailing cadence, the monotonous chant sounded unearthly in the uncertain light.

Promptly, with the appearance of the sun, the song ceased and the Indians emerged from their wigwams to begin the day's work.

The squaws rekindled the campfire under the brass kettles which contained their breakfast soup. The braves hurried about, sharpening their spears and tomahawks, putting their guns in readiness and grooming their horses. Black Hawk directed the work.

"Brothers," he urged, "we must be on our way to the enemy's camp."

Hastening on to his tent, Black Hawk passed Elijah. He turned and eyed the prisoner sharply; then, stepping back, said:

"Does the mole think that Black Hawk forgets?" With this he strode haughtily on to his wigwam.

Elijah's heart sank in despair. Certain was he that this recognition meant death—cruel, torturing death—to him, but he determined to face it bravely.

Black Hawk and his warriors left immediately after breakfast, returning at noon laden with plunder, which they spent the afternoon in dividing. Late in the afternoon Black Hawk approached Elijah and cut the cord which bound him to the tree

"Come with me!" commanded the chief.

Elijah staggered to his feet, his arms still bound behind him, and followed on, realizing his doom.

But Black Hawk led him past the warriors, who offered no objection as they left the encampment and struck the trackless forest thru which the chieftain pressed without a word. An hour later he halted at a bend of Rock River, and pointing to the setting sun, said:

"I am going to send you back to your chief, tho I ought to kill you for running away a long time ago, after I had adopted you as a son, but Black Hawk can forgive as well as fight. When you return to your chief, I want you to tell him all my words. Tell him that Black Hawk's eyes have looked upon many suns, but they shall not see many more; and that his back is beginning to bend with age. The Great Spirit has whispered among the treetops in the morning and evening, and says that Black Hawk's days are few, and that he is wanted in the spirit land. He is half dead, and his arm shakes and is no longer strong, and his feet are slow on the warpath.

"Tell him all this and tell him, too, that Black Hawk would have been a friend to the whites, but they would not let him; and that the hatchet was dug up by themselves. Tell your chief that Black Hawk meant no harm to the palefaces when he came across the Mississippi; but he came peacefully to raise corn for his starving women and children, and that, even then, he would have gone back; but, when he sent his white flag, the braves who carried it were treated like squaws, and one of them inhumanly shot. Tell him, too, that Black Hawk WILL HAVE REVENGE, and that he will never stop until the Great Spirit shall say to him, 'COME AWAY!'"

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE HAWK.

BLACK HAWK loosened the cords that bound Elijah's arms and pointing southwest said: "Follow the trail and you will strike your camp. Farewell!" And, with a parting wave, the chieftain disappeared into the forest.

Elijah paused to slake his thirst at the river and hastened on along the trail. Two hours later the sound of galloping horses reached him. He slipped behind the trees and waited. The Army call sounded. Elijah sprang into the trail and answered. A moment later William Munson rode into view.

"Elijah!" he cried. "We thought you were killed. Climb up behind me and tell me what has happened to you."

"I was captured by the Hawk's band, but I owe my life to their chieftain, Black Hawk. Where is your brother, Gideon?"

"We found him on the prairie, where he fell, and buried him with the others on the hill," said William. "He alone escaped mutilation at the hands of the enemy. It was a grewsome sight that will haunt me to the grave. Some of the bodies were well-nigh unrecognizable. The heads of Captain Adams and Major Perkins lay severed and scalpless beside the bodies. Is there no way of settling matters peaceably with the Hawk?"

"Too late, William! Black Hawk wanted to settle peaceably, but the stupid, cruel act of Stillman's men has roused every drop of the Hawk's fighting blood. Was there ever a more wanton disregard of honorable warfare by an army claiming to be civilized than shooting down Hawk's bearer of a flag of truce? If it were not for the defense of our wives and children, I'd wash my hands of the whole affair and clear out. We are going to win, Munson, because it is a question of power and not of right, and we have the United States Government behind us. The most exaggerated accounts of the Hawk's strength and ferocity have been circulated by the panic-stricken settlers along our frontier. Everywhere they are fleeing to the nearest forts. The barking of a dog, a rustle among the trees sends the women from their homes. We met several bareheaded and shoeless women and children on the road, and we stopped at deserted cabins where the bread was left half molded on the table and the doors flung open."

"How can we win if our men desert the Army, Elijah? They threaten mutiny."

"There are others to fill their places, Munson, and the strong hand of the law is behind the half-hearted ones. Our own crops are suffering on account of this war. We must make it short, or face starvation with the Indians. But there is white-haired Father Dixon saluting Governor Reynolds. Let us hear the news from General Atkinson."

They whipped up their horses and joined the officers gathered with Governor Reynolds about John Dixon.

"No word from General Atkinson!" growled a sunburned captain from the backwoods. "How can we be expected to fight without food, our horses, baggage wagons and ammunition confiscated by the Indians, and not enough tents to go half round, and leaky ones at that? I'm going to light out for home."

"I'm with you, sir!" put in a dapper captain from Shelby County. "We owe it to our families to return home at once and attend to our planting. I agree with the Scriptures that the man who neglects his family is worse than the heathen. Let's disband and go home, boys. What do you say, Captain Lincoln?"

"Say?" retorted the New Salem fighter. "I say hold on with a bulldog grip!"

"That's the talk, Lincoln!" exclaimed Father Dixon, slapping the lanky Captain on the shoulder. "See here, boys, your case is not so desperate. Here are my oxen, cows, pigs and chickens. Lend a hand, now, and we will slaughter a sufficient number to furnish a meal worthy of a king."

Governor Reynolds delegated twelve men to assist John Dixon in his arduous labors. "There is coffee in the store, boys," called Dixon, as he led his assistants toward the pasture. "And the cows will furnish the milk for the asking."

"What is the use of wasting our coffee?" grumbled Bill Greene. "There is not a particle of sugar in the camp."

"But there are plenty of bee-trees in the forest yonder," rejoined Captain Lincoln. "And honeycomb adorning a cupful of steaming coffee is a toothsome drink. Come on, Bill! Let us march against the bee-trees."

Captain Lincoln struck off toward the forest bordering the river with long strides, and the pace set obliged Bill and the soldiers accompanying him to follow behind at a brisk trot.

The trail led alongside a bower of exquisite loveliness. The spring rains had robed the prairies in vivid green, dotted with a profusion of wild flowers. Masses of ferns, wild roses, grapevines and wild strawberries wove a network between the giant trees guarding the river.

An hour's quest brought them to a bee-tree generously stocked with honey.

"Lieutenant Anderson," exclaimed Lincoln to the young officer accompanying him, "this is God's country for the impoverished pioneer! There is honey enough in this tree to treat the whole Army, and the berries and wild onions under foot will keep a regiment comfortably."

"Exactly so, Lincoln!" replied Anderson. "But the game we've started from cover fairly makes my mouth water. We must plan a hunt tomorrow, boys, if we are not ordered out on duty."

The men stormed the bee-trees in the vicinity, and returned to the camp laden with the luscious waxen treasure.

They found a sumptuous dinner awaiting them, and, gathering at mess quarters, they were served beef, pork and chicken roasted with wild onion. To be sure, there was neither bread, salt nor sugar, but those who tested Captain Lincoln's recipe of coffee a-la-honey pronounced it first-rate. Others, however, preferred to take their coffee straight. John Dixon tipped the meal with a generous treat of Indian tobacco. Governor Reynolds seized this opportunity to appeal to the Army's patriotism, as the men smoked about the campfire.

"Fellow soldiers!" he entreated. "Do not let us add the disgrace of desertion to our cowardly surrender at Old Man's Creek. As you all know, expresses are already on the road circulating my call for two thousand volunteers to rendezvous at Hennepin on June 10. Humanity demands that we guard our defenseless frontiers until the new levy arrives. Major Reddick Horn, our brave chaplain, starts this afternoon for St. Louis, from which point he will convey supplies to Hennepin for the new recruits."

"Let us all stand with the Governor, boys!" shouted Captain Lincoln.

"Aye, aye, Abe!" rang from every corner of the camp. "We will."

An hour later the Army gathered about Major Horn to wish him Godspeed in his hazardous undertaking.

"I wish I were going with you, father," said Captain William Horn. "I don't like your starting out alone. The trails are watched by treacherous Winnebagoes and Potawatomis, who are too cowardly to join with Black Hawk in open battle, but ready for brutal massacre when opportunity offers."

"Two would fare no better than one in an encounter, my son. I trust that my knowledge of the country and the faithful work of Shabbona will guide me safely to my destination." And shaking his son's hand, and giving a parting wave to the Army, Major Horn pressed his horse along the trail leading to the south.

Toward noon of the following day Ferryman Dixon hastened toward camp quarters waving his hat.

"General Atkinson and his troops are coming!" he shouted.

The word passed thru the camp, and officers and volunteers hastened to the banks of Rock River with shouts and songs, as they waited the coming of the fleet. General Atkinson returned the welcome with a cannon salute.

"A fortunate arrival, sir," declared Governor Reynolds, escorting General Atkinson up the bank. "I have been put to my wits' end to prevent a mutiny among the ranks'

"I feared something of the sort," replied General Atkinson. "But we did our best, I assure you. It has been a toilsome journey. Our men have waded breast deep for hours together, tugging the keel and Mackinac boats against the strong current and lifting them over the rapids. We are heartily glad to step on dry ground again. Ah, Lieutenant Anderson," continued General Atkinson, extending his hand, "and Captain Lincoln! I hope, sir, you have a stock of stories for us."

"I'm always primed," laughed Lincoln.

"Allow me, gentlemen," said General Atkinson, "to present Lieutenant Jefferson Davis."

"We did not meet at Fort Armstrong," said Captain Lincoln, taking the outstretched hand of the man who was afterward President of the Southern Confederacy.

'No,' returned Lieutenant Davis. "I was absent on a furlough, but returned as soon as I heard of the outbreak, and reached Fort Armstrong two hours after your departure."

"Would you like to look over our camp quarters?"

'Yes, if agreeable to yourself."

And following along the trail where Governor Reynolds was leading General Atkinson, Captain Abraham Lincoln escorted Lieutenant Jefferson Davis thru camp.

Meanwhile, the Camp Dixon soldiers, under the direction of General Whitesides and Lieutenant Anderson, assisted the regular Army, commanded by Colonel Zachary Taylor, to convey their baggage and provisions to camp quarters, and Ferryman Dixon bustled about, urging the men on with the tempting promise of a sumptuous dinner.

The men were hungry, and worked with such dispatch that an hour later found the boats empty and safe anchored on the shore.

"Gentlemen," said John Dixon, addressing Colonel Taylor and Lieutenant Anderson, "I speak your company at dinner. General Atkinson, Governor Reynolds, Captain Lincoln and Lieutenant Davis have already accepted my invitation."

"And we will second the motion," replied Colonel Taylor, "and thank you for your kind thought of us."

"This way, gentlemen!" called Dixon, signaling Governor Reynolds and his party. "The camp cook announces dinner."

The veteran ferryman led the procession to the log cabin standing on the bank overlooking Rock River. It was a commodious structure, measuring ninety feet in length. The story-and-a-half section standing at the north end was the original structure and was his family's private residence. To this was added a long, rambling addition, divided into two sections, which served as store and dining-hall for transients. The proprietor's long white hair, swaying in the breeze, verified his Indian name, "Nachu-sa," signifying "Long-hair-white."

He escorted his guests to the dining-room, where a long table, laden with substantial eatables, awaited them. He sat at the head of the table with General Atkinson at his right and Governor Reynolds at the left. Beyond them sat General Whitesides and Colonel Zachary Taylor. Captain Abraham Lincoln occupied the lower end of the table with Lieutenant Jefferson Davis and Lieutenant Robert Anderson on either side of him—three makers of history, whose names would endure long after their log covering crumbled to dust. When all were seated, John Dixon stood and said grace.

Life's Weary Round

Nothing to do till tomorrow,
And then all over again
The roar of the spindle and shuttle,
The scrape and the scratch of the pen.
Nothing to do till tomorrow,
And then the same purpose, same plan,
In the day-after-dayness of living
That conquers the spirit of man.
Nothing to do till tomorrow,
And then all the old worry o'er,
Each day—but for grace of its dreaming—
The same as the day before!

—BALTIMORE SUN.

"It is a little strange, gentlemen," said Dixon, after he was seated, "that my last guests at this table were Black Hawk and his commander-in-chief, Neapope, and the Prophet."

"How did that happen?" asked General Atkinson.

"Two weeks ago, on their march up the river, the Hawk's band camped near this cabin. My wife, who is a goddess of wisdom in matters of diplomacy, invited the Hawk and his two aids to dinner, and served in her best style. The Hawk lauded her grace and persuaded me to send my family to Galena, for he could not answer for the conduct of his warriors."

"Have you any idea of the number of the Hawk's band?" questioned Colonel Taylor.

"I made a careful estimate and judged the number to be somewhere close to eight hundred warriors."

"The old scoundrel is leading us a great pace," ejaculated Governor Reynolds, "and has already lost us valuable time and lives."

"It is no holiday expedition," responded the old ferryman, gravely. "The Hawk is sagacious, knows this region and knows how to cover his trails."

"Captain Lincoln," said General Atkinson, "what do you consider the best method of dealing with the Hawk?"

"I think this is a case where discretion would have been the better part of valor," replied Lincoln. "Better have let the old chief die unmolested in his ancestral home. The case reminds me of one of our pioneer farmers who had a big log lying in the middle of his field. He told his neighbors one Sunday he had got rid of the big log.

"'How ever did you do it?' questioned the neighbor. 'It was too big to haul away, too knotty to split, too wet and boggy to burn. However did you do it?'

"'Well, now, boys,' said the farmer, 'if you won't tell the secret, I'll tell you the secret. I just plowed around it'

"But," continued Lincoln, "we are on the Hawk's trail, and must follow until we find the men."

"Exactly!" exclaimed General Atkinson. "Gentlemen, let us make our preparations to that end with all dispatch."

On the morning of the 19th the Army formed in line ready for the march. General Atkinson ordered three companies under Major Stillman to guard the supplies at Dixon's Ferry.

Half an hour before the Army's departure, Captain Horn approached Governor Reynolds.

"Governor," he said, "the reports which Shabbona's messengers bring from the settlements to the south of us make me anxious regarding my father's safety. I ask permission to visit Shabbona's village and learn the truth regarding the situation."

"If you care to risk the journey, go by all means, and report to us at Stillman's battlefield. We shall camp there tomorrow night."

Captain Horn watched the Army moving along the trail; then, turning with John Dixon, hastened to his horse, waiting beside the log cabin.

"Mind and keep well to the prairies, lad," cautioned the ferryman. "The savages guard the forest trails."

Captain Horn's journey ends in a terrible discovery, for he witnesses the massacre of whites at Indian Creek. If you wish to know the vow he made and also want to learn how Captain Lincoln suddenly became a private, you will find the account in the next installment.

Breaking Up a Cold

THE woman whose voice was a trifle husky shot into the conversation just as soon as the lady in blue serge stopped relating how she had canned a bushel of corn and wondered why the Government had taken no notice of the feat.

"I must say," she remarked, "that I am beginning to think there is something in Albert's system after all! One of the trials of my married life has been the fondness Albert has always had for taking medicine. Whenever he has had any slight ailment that did not call for a physician he has been just as happy as a small boy let loose in the china cupboard with a hatchet. His pleasure in doctoring himself has been pathetic. If he had been willing to confine himself to one medicine it would not have been so bad, but he went on the theory that possibly never again would he be ill and have the chance, so he always would take everything in sight.

"You can imagine how this has upset me. Whenever Albert has suffered from a cold or a tummy ache or a pain in his head or little toe I have been kept in a state of constant perturbation, not to say apprehension. Try as I might, I could never get rid of the wretched feeling that any minute Albert was going to double up in convulsions or stretch out paralyzed from some unheard-of medical combination. Oh, yes, he always took those he knew about, but it was the combinations which worried me!

"Ever since I once read that if you drank chartreuse immediately after eating a banana the resultant poison would cause you to drop dead—tho why anybody with a bottle of chartreuse should pick out a banana to go with it I don't see—I have been wary.

"So far Albert has let me alone with his combinations, but the other night when I said I had been chilly all day and my throat felt sore he sprang his guns. He said I was on the way to a hard cold and that the only thing to do was to nab it while yet there was time. He began to stir around in that ominously happy way of his which always precedes a raid on the medicine cabinet and I began to fight for air. I assured him that all I needed was a hot bath, and a hot lemonade and to go to bed.

"Albert pushed me back into my chair and fixed me with a stony eye. Didn't I know that half the diseases on earth started with a cold? And he had been saving a perfectly cracking good thing that Bellows had told him about, something that worked marvelously with colds, and here it was! He thrust two little pink pellets at me and they looked so silly and harmless that I swallowed them.

"It was dreadful, Albert went on, the way women trifled with a cold until it had run into heaven knows what! Jehoshaphat! He had just remembered the stuff he had taken the last time he had felt the way I was feeling—he was upstairs by then unheeding my protests, whistling merrily as he dived into the medicine cabinet. He dashed down again with a spoon and a glass and told me to open my mouth. I protested violently, but I felt too horrid to argue long. Anyhow, if this was the end why not meet it courageously? So I took the second dose. Albert was terribly interested. He walked up and down, asking whether I didn't begin to feel better and was very much disappointed when I assured him croakily that nobody ever felt better when they had a cold. My throat hurt, my head hurt, my back ached and I had all the symptoms of grip.

"Grip! Albert sprang into the air. The very thing! The grip medicine he had left from a few months back! I told him that if I took anything more I should die on the spot, but I was feeling too ill to argue. Down my throat went the medicine for grip and next he announced he had my hot bath turned on. Shivering as tho the tub was located on an iceberg, I negotiated the hot bath and staggered into bed.

"By this time I knew that I never should arise from it. I had very queer feelings all over me. But Albert insisted on my drinking the hot lemonade, adding that he had put in a few drops of something which he knew would help. With feeble moans I lay back on the pillows while he surveyed me meditatively.

"Presently Albert wanted to know again whether I felt better and I feigned slumber. 'Heavens!' Albert gasped. 'She's unconscious;' and in a few seconds I felt something fiery trickle thru my lips! 'There!' cried Albert. 'I thought that would bring you to! Just the thing for a faint! Do you feel better now? Say, I believe you have a fever!'

"At this I struggled up. 'Alberd!' I got out. 'If you dare to ged oud the therbometer, I—I'll bide id id two! I will!'

"'She's delirious!' Albert cried. 'Wait—I'll get that stuff for the nerves!'

"I gave up then," said the lady with the slightly husky voice, "and I'm sure I don't know what else I swallowed before Albert ceased. But the odd thing about it is that the next morning I felt perfectly all right—so as I say——"

"H'm!" said the lady in blue serge, "what chance did a simple cold have against all that? It's a wonder you are alive!"

* * *

Prosperous Enemies.

"I MUST say that you are treating Cousin Rufus very badly," declared Mrs. Upjohn. "It was on your invitation that he came to visit us, and as he is only going to stay a month or two you should at least make his visit as pleasant as possible. Besides, he's your cousin, not mine!"

"I know that, Annette. And, furthermore, it isn't necessary to call the matter to my attention. I am showing Rufus the time of his life and I think his grin of satisfaction proclaims it. I like him.

"However, Rufe has his drawbacks. For instance, last evening he was telling us about the folks back home. I'll admit that before he got thru I became rankled, and if I showed it, it wasn't my fault."

"But why should it get on your nerves to know that the people in Oswassee are all happy? Aren't you glad to hear it?"

"No, doggone it! Certainly not! Take the case of Joe Scrapple. Joe was my bitterest enemy when I was a kid. Joe and I never came within two blocks of each other that we didn't charge, head down, like two angry Durhams, intent on obliterating one another. The earth wasn't big enough to hold Joe and me. I don't remember what the cause of the trouble was, but there was one, just the same.

"How do you suppose I felt last night when Cousin Rufus told me that Joe Scrapple is now the big man in Oswassee? He owns the new opera house and his home is one of the show places of the town.

"And there was Harold Percy Grigsby."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Upjohn. "I remember Percy!"

"Very likely," admitted Upjohn. "I couldn't keep a childhood sweetheart two minutes if Harold Percy took a notion to charm her away. Small as I was I knew the reason. I had freckles, and my neck was rough, and my clothes were very mannish in cut—they had been my father's before me. Percy Harold wore good clothes and a 'cute little derby.

"Now Cousin Rufus tells us that Harold Percy is a regular fellow, can put up his mitts with the best of them, and married June Oglesby, whose dad ran the Farmers' National Bank. Why, that poor chicken-livered Christmas tree ornament even tried to win you from me, when he realized what a beautiful girl you were and that you and I had serious intentions!"

"He didn't have one chance in a million, dear," said Mrs. Upjohn, with a smile that had an instantly sedative effect. "If we had that new seven-passenger car you were speaking of ——"

"We'll get it!" cried Upjohn. "And Cousin Rufus will have something to tell those bumpkins when he goes back to that neck of the woods."

THE BEWITCHED GEM

By J. E. Wright

FOUR men sat in the hotel lounge. Altho the night was blustering without, it was peaceful enough within. A fire burned clearly in the grate; the sound of passing feet in the lobby and halls, the distant chink of silver and glass, gave a pleasant but not importunate sense of human life.

Three of the men were talking together somewhat fitfully. The fourth man sat at one side of the fireplace almost facing the others; he was leaning forward, his arms on his knees, gazing intently at something he held in his hands. Twice, when he moved, a vivid light flickered for an instant between his fingers, catching the attention of the other men. The three had been swopping stories of a more or less mystical character.

"Well," said one of the men, "I read a story once—I couldn't tell it now to save my neck, and I don't know who wrote it, nor what the name of it was, except that it was something about a paw—but there's a hand-out of shivers in my backbone set apart to that thing yet."

A curious silence followed his words each man gazed into the red coals apparently unwilling to take up the conversation again.

The fourth man made the first movement. He stretched out his closed hand on the small table that stood near the fireplace between himself and the others. In a low but tense, vibrant voice he said: "I know that story. I know what you mean by separate shivers—and all that. But I know another story, more terrible—and true."

The three men stared at him. They had not before seen his face—his piercing eyes, the strained expression around his mouth.

"My story has to do with this," he said, and withdrew his hand from the table.

The men uttered a low but simultaneous exclamation. On the table was a diamond.

Of but medium size, it nevertheless seemed to draw to itself all the light in the room. It seemed to throb and palpitate and expand as tho the light in it had a life of its own; and the room, pleasantly lighted before, seemed now wholly shadowed.

"I don't know the complete history of that diamond," said the man, in a voice so monotonous as to be almost lifeless had it not been for the undercurrent of fierce repression. "But I know part of its story. Part I know by knowing certain people who have owned it. Part I know by ferreting it out during this last month. Part, it seems to me, I have learned while sitting here tonight."

The fat man, who sat nearest the table, gave an involuntary shudder and pulled at his collar.

"You have heard of crystal gazers, I suppose," went on the dull voice, "and have seen crystals. I have never seen any except in museums, and never had the least interest in them. But tonight I have been looking into this diamond as tho into a crystal—and I saw—I saw——"

"Go on, man," said one, but his voice sounded dry, and he moved closer to the man next to him, who in turn looked furtively around the darkening room.

"Oh, it wasn't so much what I saw, perhaps, as that I saw it—all—in that little stone—saw it life size and real and gripping and terrible—so that I have some difficulty in seeing this room now—so that I am driven to talk to you to know that you are here."

"Go on," said the fat man. He tried to speak lightly, but he could not conceal his heavy breathing.

"It's in Africa they have diamond mines, isn't it?" If his voice had been a gelatin plate it could not have registered any more photographically a certain horror within him. "I felt Africa, and works, and mining camps and the like. I saw a man nearly naked—black—saw him bend over something that, even tho I could not myself see it, possessed a scintillating power that drew us both—me as well as him. It was this stone, tho much larger. I saw him laugh and leap—saw him caress it and kiss it—hug it—press it to his cheek—pray to it—go into an ecstasy over it. I saw another man, blond and brawny, leap upon him—wrench and thrust and break him. Powerless, I saw the whole unequal struggle—the brutal force of the fair man crushing and crackling and twisting—saw the unspeakable hatred and terror and horror of the robbed one—saw him stretch a hand to the skies and—as tho I could hear him—call upon the lightning, upon the winds, the waters and upon some strange occult force to avenge him. I saw him beaten to his knees and to the earth, and saw his head and face crushed in by an iron-shod boot even as he called." The voice kept at a dead level of intensity that held the heart as with a physical grip.

"Probably worse things than that have happened in connection with valuable stones," murmured one man, clearing his throat.

"You spoke of finding out something—actual—about it yourself," added another, as the pause became oppressive.

"I found out"—and the man's deep eyes glowed with a light suggestive of the diamond itself—"that this stone was owned by a man in Chicago. I do not know where he got it or how. He was stabbed to death in the dark. He was not robbed. His brother wore the diamond as a stickpin. He was found dead—drowned—on the lake shore. This man's wife had the diamond, but never wore it. It was stolen from her by a servant who was not caught by the police—if, indeed, any search ever was made for him—until he was found, some months later, with the diamond on him, hanging by his neck from a closet door in his rooming-place. The diamond was returned to the former owner—the wife—who was then living in Salt Lake City. She did not wish to keep it. She had the diamond set in a ring—exhibited it in a store window leased for the occasion, and raffled it off at a dollar a share. In some circuitous way a ticket was given to a young electrician living in Chicago. He, in turn, gave it to a girl in his boarding-house. She was an artist——" The speaker's face became almost gray, his voice caught slightly, and he whispered as tho to himself, "She was so fair—so good—so brave—so kind."

The heavy breathing of the fat man nearest the stone was the only sound, except for a coal that dropped from the grate. The light of the stone shamed the dying fire.

"This girl—this artist," continued the man, at last, in the same level tone, "drew the ring. It was a beautiful ring. Everybody admired it. Everybody called her so fortunate to draw that ring. 'Leave me that ring in your will,' said a friend to her one night. 'No,' laughed the girl. 'The ring goes to Blanchard—he gave me the ticket.' Five months from the time she got the ring she was out with a sleighing party. The sleigh was upset. It was a simple accident. No one was hurt—not even scratched—except the girl with the ring. She was spiked thru the brain with a piece of broken iron."

He sucked the air in thru his teeth with a convulsive shudder. The diamond seemed to leap in sudden expansion. One man leaned forward to rest his arm on the back of his friend's chair; the friend jumped at the contact.

"The diamond was given to Blanchard." Some subtle change in his voice drew each unwilling pair of eyes to him. On the side toward the stone beads of sweat gleamed on his forehead. "To Blanchard, the electrician, a rising, striving, splendidly equipped fellow—bound to succeed. He had the diamond set in a watch charm. He was sent by his company to start and operate a new power-house—an important center. He worked untiringly—overworked. When all was completed, except for the last finishing details, the electricity was to be turned on to see if all was as it should be. Everybody connected with the plant was there. It was a dramatic moment. Grandly, powerfully, smoothly, the great construction answered to the turning of the switch. It was absolutely successful. Blanchard, free of the suspense of the last few days, smiled at everybody, staggered with a slight giddiness that sometimes affected him when he continuously lost sleep, put out his hand to save himself, touched some still uncovered wires, received seven thousand volts—and dropped dead."

Again the convulsive shudder. The three men gazed at him as tho fascinated—and at the stone. The fat man breathed heavily and seemed to try to speak.

"Yes—there it is," the speaker interpreted the inarticulate croak. "That is the stone. It was given to his nearest friend. I am the friend. The girl—the artist—who was—killed"—again his face became waxen in its sudden pallor—"was to have been my wife. Do you see any curse in that stone? I might have worn it in my turn I suppose," he added listlessly, "if I had not looked up all its history that I could—those things that happened before the raffle episode. Now I don't know what to do with it. I don't know what to do with it," he repeated shudderingly. "But tomorrow morning I shall put it in a bank safe. Well," his eyes glowed as he looked from one to the other, "good night to you all."

He put the diamond in a chamois-skin bag and then in a wallet; replaced it in his inner coat pocket and went out to the lobby.

The men by the fire said nothing, nor did they look at each other.

In the morning the three met at breakfast in the sunny dining-room. They were well groomed, cheerful and hungry.

One man asked the waiter for the morning paper. Having received it, he paused smilingly to answer a question before looking at it. As he turned to the paper his eyes were at once riveted by headlines on the first page. He stared. His jaw dropped. He pointed with shaking forefinger to the words:

"Strange Accident—Thrown Sixty Feet—East-bound Train—Unidentified Man—Magnificent Diamond."

They looked at one another with shaken faces and shrinking eyes. They read all the details—what steps had been taken to ascertain who the unfortunate man was; also, that the diamond would be held until the proper claimant could be found.

"I can see the cursed thing yet," said one, in a low tone.

"I never want to see it again," muttered another.

The fat man did not speak. He breathed heavily and pulled at his collar.

* * *

Why the Baby Cried.

A GIRL not more than 12 years old was burdened with what was unquestionably her youngest living relative. As she got into a Third avenue elevated train at the Brooklyn Bridge the other day, the relative, very pink and very young, was silent, but as soon as the train started so did the relative. The baby had a very weak, fretful cry, and kicked its tiny feet so that the long skirt resembled a systematic series of explosions in a linen factory.

"Maybe you've got him bundled up too close, little girl," suggested a woman next to the racket.

"Nope," said the bearer of the angered bundle, "yer wrong. First place, it's a girl; next place, I know why she's bawlin'. She hates the 'L.' S'long as I kin remember, she hates the 'L.' She's afraid we'll all fall off it."

* * *

Would Soon Know.

ONE day Pat and Mick went bear hunting. As they approached the seat of their operations they saw an old bear leave her burrow. Immediately they decided that Mick should enter the lair and steal the cubs while Pat remained to watch. Some time elapsed when the old bear, scenting danger, returned and entered the burrow. Before it had disappeared Pat jumped forward and caught its tail, placing his feet on either side of the hole, thus jamming the bear in the burrow. Mick was then heard to utter:

"I say, Pat, what's darkening the light?"

"Begorra," says Pat, "if the tail breaks you'll soon know!"

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What Women Are Doing in the War

American Women in Uniform.

THRUOUT the country American girls and women by the hundreds of thousands have abandoned wearing civilian dress practically altogether during the daytime and have donned a uniform of one sort or another, writes Nina C. Marbourg in the Baltimore American. So great is this activity in war service that there are many branches from which to select, and there are few women in the country unfitted for some one of these lines.

Those who own cars and drive them, have a chauffeur's license and are willing to give their time may join the far reaching National League for Women's Service, in New York City. There are now 150 women enlisted in the motor corps service, and it is predicted that before the winter is over 1,500 will have enrolled. In every city there are branches of this corps and all of the women are dressed in uniform and wear jaunty military caps.

By no means does the fact that a woman is married bar her from this division of uniformed workers, for 95 per cent of the women are married and have homes and children to care for. They can give only a certain amount of time each day for the service, but so well regulated is the working schedule that there are never any hitches.

In every city where these uniformed women are active they are ready for emergency calls for the use of motors. At the New York headquarters cars have been given for use to the following activities: For the mayor's committee of women, one car daily; mayor's committee of national defense, four cars daily; military police, three cars daily; board of exemption, one car daily; war relief clearing-house, two cars daily; mayor's committee on food conservation and the 71st Regiment for recruiting, a car on demand. So if one doesn't think that this corps is busy attending to these duties and also the calls that come in unexpectedly, he is mistaken. These women in khaki are hard workers.

Then there is the general uniform for the women of the National League for Women's Service. It is a sensible dress of blue serge for winter wear and a soft hat of blue, and for summer khaki clothes and cape. These women are busy in many ways. They help in food conservation work, make investigations of places that send in requests for workers and have a hundred and one duties to perform

There is no use trying to overlook those who are ready for emergency canteen work in America that is being done by this league. In every city where the league has a branch these young women, dressed in a uniform but slightly different from that worn by a trained nurse, are on hand for canteen duty. Clubs are constantly being opened for soldiers not yet sent to camps. In these clubs there are cafeterias or lunch counters and the young women of the canteen branch do this work. Not long ago the league had a call to furnish a dozen women to attend to the canteen, furnishing breakfasts for 2,000 men entraining for camp. They were on duty early in the morning and every man had a good, substantial breakfast served him by these volunteer, uniformed women.

The Red Cross uniform is generally the best known in any community. The snowy white official uniform is more than attractive, for it represents a great purpose and a tender work of mercy for humanity.

Tho the white uniform is the one best known the war has made it necessary to make changes. One may frequently wonder to what service the young woman belongs who is seen on the streets in dark blue serge with an Army cape fascinatingly lined with bright red. This is the traveling suit of the Red Cross nurse. Never before have the nurses traveled in such a sensible, warm uniform. But this is not all that she takes with her for service at the front or for home duty. Experience "over there" has indicated that the lack of laundry arrangements makes the white uniform impractical. They are pretty, but not the most serviceable, so the Red Cross nurse sailing today is equipped with a white uniform for dress, a gray crepe for service, a slicker and rubber hat and rubber boots and a traveling uniform of warm, dark blue serge.

Women who stand high in the medical profession are leaving their homes and practice to join the ranks of uniformed workers.

Every one of these women are specialists in different branches of medicine and surgery. Among them are women dentists, and America has the distinction of having the first women dentists at work in the war zones.

These women belong to the American Women's Hospitals, an association that has been organized along the lines of the Scottish Women and the British Medical Women. They were organized by the war service committee of the Medical Women's National Association and come from all parts of the United States to sail for France. On two hours' notice Dr. Helen Woodruffe of Los Angeles packed her bag and started for France

Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton, chairman of the American Women's Hospitals, has done noteworthy work in Macedonia and Serbia.

Miss Elizabeth Branagan, an inspector of the street cleaning department in New York City, wears a uniform of khaki in her work. She has to her credit the cleaning up of some of the worst districts. Last year a set of women under her tutelage donned street cleaning uniforms, and at her direction have learned to work in such a way that they can take the places of the men in this department when the necessity arises

❧

Women Workers in Camps.

Recommending that women employed in camps and cantonments and all those who enter war industries be enlisted for war service under military discipline, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr., chairman of the Housing Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, has sent a memorandum to the Secretary of War on the problem of housing women at the camps.

She urges that the Government construct houses where the girls may eat and sleep and have proper recreation. Mrs. Rockefeller says the Y. W. C. A. will undertake to furnish leadership and recreational life for the girls if the Secretary wishes it.

❧

Women Form Home Guard.

Sixty-five of the "gentler sex" have organized at Lincoln, Ill., for home defense. Miss Grace West, head of the Lincoln Social Service Bureau, is the "captain." She states that the object of the guard is to make the women of Lincoln more physically fit to assume any duties they may be called upon to undertake as a result of the male population leaving for Berlin.

❧

Our Girl Volunteers.

THE transport service in France has been handled from beginning to end by girl volunteers. The stay-at-home driver can hardly realize what it means to run an automobile in France these days of gasoline shortage and spare part and tire famine. The transport staff has daily to overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles and solve most elusive problems.

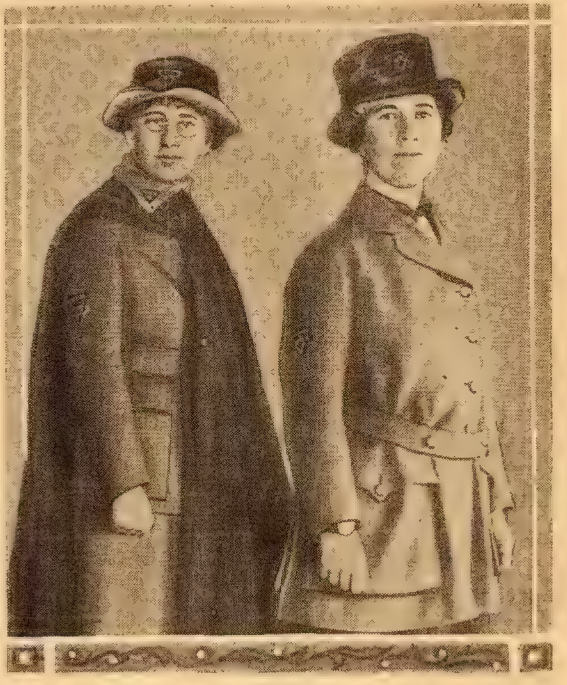
Merely as a preliminary to their work the transport drivers attend to the maintenance, upkeep and cleaning of their cars as well as repairs, supply of spare parts, garage, insurance, etc. Many of these duties are seen to before breakfast, after which the woman chauffeur packs and loads her car with special articles for some hospital in Paris or within a fifty-mile radius of the capital. Then comes the long ride in all kinds of weather and the unloading at the hospital, which is often performed by the driver, owing to the lack of assistance. The crates, cases and bales contain bandages, clothing of all descriptions, medical appliances and other supplies. Distributing centers are established at Nice, Pau, Chambery and in Brittany

The girls who have charge of the motor service are from all parts of the United States. Very fascinating they look in their dark blue uniform, consisting of a short skirt and a military jacket fastened with Red Cross buttons. A black leather belt is worn and a military touch is imparted by blue cloth epaulets with the letters A. F. F. W.—American Fund for the French Wounded.

❧

Socks Increase in Value.

"Send us socks" is the vigorous call from Europe to the knitters in America. Coming from soldiers who have seen three years of the horrors of trench feet and the effects of gangrene and amputation, the cry cannot be ignored. Hundreds of thousands of socks are needed, and it is well to realize that fresh troops unsupplied with the proper allotment of socks are being taken overseas daily. The Red Cross is glad to furnish what yarn is needed.



ALL women recreation workers in the American hospitals in France must wear uniforms. A green cape of rough wool material with a high military collar, suit of gray, cut Norfolk style, and a tricorn cap of black velvet, lined with blue satin, is the official garb. Miss Katy Boyd George, one of the first workers in France and designer of the uniform, is shown on the left. Her companion is Miss Betty Scott, who gave up her career as a singer to engage in recreation work in France.

MRS. KATHERINE P. EDSON.

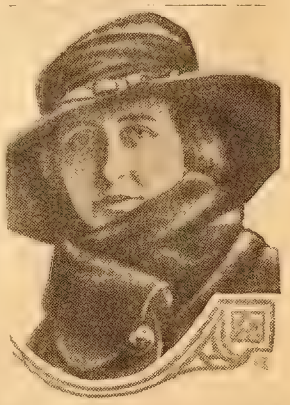
MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS EDSON of San Francisco was recently appointed Industrial Mediator for the State of California, by Secretary of War Baker. She will act as the Federal mediator in any industrial dispute which may arise in Government contracts in the making of Army clothing, etc. It is the first time in the history of this country that a woman has held such a position. She is also an executive officer of the Industrial Welfare Commission of California.

She Became a Wireless Operator.

"I TOOK up wireless telegraphy for the same reason that other women are working for the Red Cross or knitting for the soldiers—I wanted to do something for my country," said Miss Elizabeth Lansdale Du Val. She is the operator aboard the steamship Howard running between Jacksonville, Fla., and Baltimore.

Miss Du Val is the daughter of Edmund Brice Du Val of Baltimore

"I have always been interested in mechanical things," she said, "but my determination to become a radio operator came last summer when a lieutenant in the Naval Reserves told me and a number of other girls in Baltimore that girls were soon to be employed in that capacity. I finished the course in four months, one-half the time usually required, but after I got my license I was told that women operators were not wanted in the Navy. Then I wrote to New York and finally was employed as a radio operator. I sailed from Baltimore on my first voyage on the Howard on December 4. I am in complete charge of the ship's wireless station from 1:30 to 6:30 p. m. and from 1:30 to 8:30 a. m. Perhaps after I have more experience and the Navy is harder pressed for operators there will be room for me in the naval service."



A Different Matter

"DIDN'T anybody call up today, did they?" the young man asked his mother, with exaggerated carelessness and an entire disregard for rhetoric. "Not that I was expecting anything, of course, but some of the fellows might."

"Nobody has rung us up all day," the young man's mother said. "Aren't you going over to see Jean tonight?"

"Who? Jean?" asked the young man as if he had barely recollected somebody of that name. "Oh, no. She's got too much of a mob hanging round for me to waste my time."

His mother smiled behind the sewing she was holding up for inspection. "Then why not run around to see some of the other girls?" she asked. "Minnie would be glad to see you, I guess."

"I'm sick and tired of running around to the girls," he said, with a fine suggestion of boredom. "There's nothing very interesting about it. I'd rather stay home and be with the folks a while."

"Your devotion is very welcome," his mother said calmly. "Especially as you may be ordered to the front before long. Maybe we'll be able to train that cowlick of yours to lie down, now that you are home again for a season."

"That's what makes me so mad at the girls," the young man blurted out. "It's been going on for weeks and weeks and I'm heartily sick of it."

"It's been longer than that. You had that obstreperous lock of hair when you were a baby."

"Oh, I don't mean the hair," the young man said impatiently. "I mean the way the girls have acted. It certainly made me tired."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, I went over to see Minnie a while ago, and she was glad to see me. I thought we were going to have a nice sort of a visit, but I'll be hanged if she didn't want to try on a sweater on me every fifteen minutes or so. She was knitting and she was sure that the directions were all wrong when they said that the shoulders must be only seven ribs. I told her the ribs weren't in the shoulder, but she kept putting that darn thing on over my head and making me nearly melt, as well as get all mussed up the whole evening. I melted a collar and must have looked like a wild Indian. And that old sweater was for Billy Harris, too!"

"Very nice of her," said the young man's mother. "Billy's a fine boy."

"Then I waltzed over one evening to see Alice Dunbar's cousin, and she was so glad to see me that she almost fell on my neck. She said she was making a helmet and she wasn't sure whether the face opening was wide enough. She said I had such a nice, big head that she was delighted to have me try it on. Gee, it was fierce! I thought I'd smother before I got the confounded thing on and I was sure I'd be a grease spot before I got it off. They're awful!"

"Aviators like them," said his mother.

"Maybe they do. Anyhow, I aviated away from there as soon as I thought she was about ready to try it on again! I know I'd have had the needle in my eye the second time, for she wasn't the least little bit careful about the way she wiggled her needles around."

"They are not dangerous in the least."

"Maybe they don't look it, but it's no fun to have one stuck in your eye," the young man protested. "Anyhow, I cut her off the list for a while and hustled over to see Louise. She was surprised to see me, but said she was glad, as she was afraid her wristlets were too small, and I had a nice large hand to try them on. She had the whole set she was making for Sam, and as I am about his size and he's at Rockford she made me try on a whole raft of things. Talk about cowlicks! My head was covered with 'em. I told her about Alice Dunbar's cousin and she said the helmet was for Dicky, who has been taken for an aviator."

"He always was a splendid fellow."

"He isn't so much," the young man said jealously.

"Well, anyhow," he continued, "that's the way things have been going and I'm sick and tired of the whole tribe. I'm not going to try on another bit of knitted stuff if I live to be 100 and I'm not going near one of the girls again till the war's over."

"Oh, well then," his father said, as he came in, "there's no use delivering my message after all. I answered the 'phone just now, and Jean said she wished you'd run over for a minute, as she has made you a sweater and she would like to try it on you."

The young man sprang to his feet and then hesitated sheepishly. "Well," he said, "I suppose I'd better go over. I haven't been there for a while and it would be sort of ungracious, don't you think, after she has taken all that trouble to knit me something?"

Stirring Up Excitement

MISS PEARLIE FATTERSHALL handed back the invitation to the stenographer from across the hall and shook her head. "You're never going to that, are you?" she demanded. "I'll bet any man with the nerve to advertise a lecture on 'Light and Sweetness' does his hair up on curlers down both sides of the part every night of his life—and uses white rose perfume on his hanky, besides beating his wife and never paying a bill! Shucks!"

"It isn't exactly a lecture," defended the other stenographer, bristling a trifle. "It's a series of talks given Friday nights at the homes of some lovely——"

"Now you've got the social bee!" cried Miss Fattershall in horror. "My poor child! I thought your life of unremitting toil would have pounded some sense into your head!

"Why, all up and down this broad city there are dozens and scores of girls and women who feverishly read that the new series of talks by Professor Binkem will be given at the homes of some Lake Shore drive or Lake Forest women who have graciously opened their picture galleries or ferneries or swimming pools for the occasion, and they just about die trying to wrench invitations to buy tickets to the affair from the people in charge.

"If only they can get the chance to squeeze in where they're not in the least wanted, among a crowd of people entirely content with their own circle and naturally not anxious to enlarge it, just so they can spend the rest of their lives referring casually to Mrs. Millionaire's lovely sun parlor or Miss Billion's perfectly darling Pomeranian dog, which she keeps in her own boudoir, my dear—saw it one day when I dropped in—or the Ginks' paintings or the Winks' Chinese furniture—quite in an offhand way, of course—they're ready to die happy.

"It seems so foolish when they could read all Professor Binkem is going to say in his book, limp leather at $2, while they were waiting for the dinner to cook and husband to come home and have all that extra time to knit socks!"

"Well, I guess I don't want to sit home every night of my life!" defended the other stenographer. "And when I have a chance to see and hear something——"

"That's right," soothed Miss Fattershall; "if you feel that way about it, you go right ahead! You put on your best Georgette crepe blouse and your neat, ladylike tailor suit and start out real perky because you've been reading that the fashionable women are buying fewer new clothes nowadays and are wearing their old ones, and you feel that you'll pass in the crowd.

"To be sure, nobody will be plastered with diamonds, but they'll have on worse—they'll have on that 'indescribable something' that you also read about, and you'll feel about as much at home as a class in gymnastic costume dropped down suddenly into a ballroom! You simply won't belong, and it doesn't matter that they know it—but that you know it! And you'll never see them again and they wouldn't know you if you did, so what's the use? Anyhow, what do you really care about sweetness and light? Have you been sitting up nights yearning for knowledge, or——"

"You're just jealous," said the other stenographer, "because you aren't asked!"

"My land" breathed Miss Fattershall. "After I was invited to Miss Brown's, too! No, you don't know her. She was the crossest, crankiest, homeliest, stupidest old woman that ever incumbered the earth and she gave the deadliest parties with the worst refreshments in town and if people weren't asked to 'em they might just as well sing farewell, sad world, and seek the prussic acid bottle—oh, for no reason at all except that it was the thing to be asked to Miss Brown's!

"I put myself in her way for one solid year before she saw me and I got my invitation, and nothing that ever happens to me now can matter much, such was my delirium of joy. I had a punk time and nearly choked to death on the cake—but I had been to Miss Brown's and could always allude to it in society conversation in Centerville.

"But if it's going to make you so happy to go to this pink lecture, I don't blame you. Go ahead, but I must say that I'm disappointed in you when I had counted on your going to the movies with me."

The other stenographer laughed and, tearing the card in two, dropped it in the wastebasket. "It was sent to my boss," she said, "and he threw it away. I just wanted to get a rise out of you!"

"Huh!" sniffed Miss Fattershall. "Just for that you buy the tickets, and I hope it's a special performance and costs a quarter."

HOW I DARKENED MY GRAY HAIR

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Gray Hair.

For years I tried to restore my gray hair to its natural color with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally ran onto a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Barbo Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the gray hair, but make it soft and glossy. It is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Not $1.00, not even 50c, not one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. No extra charge for fancy, swell styles, no extra charge for extra big, extreme peg-tops, pearl buttons, tunnel or fancy belt loops, no extra charge for anything, all FREE. Before you take another order, before you buy a suit or pants, get our samples and new offer. Agents of other tailoring houses please write, we have a new deal that will open your eyes. We ask every man to answer this, every boy in long pants, every man, everywhere. No matter where you live or what you do, write us a letter or postal and say *"Send Me Your New Free Offer"* the big, new different tailoring deal. Costs nothing and no extra charges. Write today, this minute. Address

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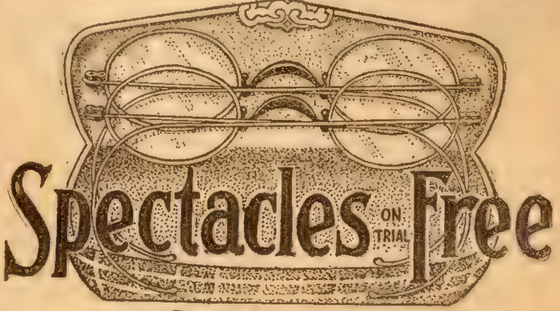
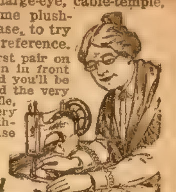


Send No Money

I Am Going To Send You FREE 2 Pairs of Spectacles

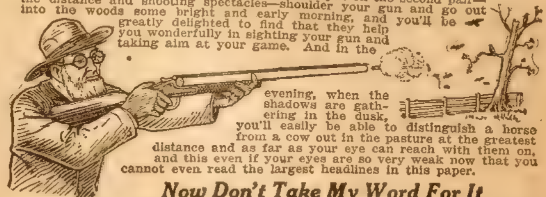
I am putting on the market a large-eye, cable-temple spectacle, the frame of which is made of composition non-gold metal that looks like gold, although there is not one cent's worth of gold in their entire makeup. The hooks that go around the ears are made of soft twisted cable wire (just exactly like the high-priced spectacles now on the market) which will not hurt the most tender ears. I want to send you these two pairs of large-eye, cable-temple, non-gold spectacles of mine, complete in a handsome plush-lined Imitation Silver-tipped Pocket-book Spectacle case, to try fully ten days, without one cent in advance or even a reference.

As soon as you get them I want you to put the first pair on your eyes—the reading and sewing spectacles—sit down in front of the open hearth one of these cold wintry nights, and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible, thread the smallest-eyed needle, even in a machine, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long without any headaches or eye-pains, and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.



My Glasses Will Enable You To Read The Finest Print, Thread A Small-Eyed Needle Or Shoot A Bird Off The Tallest Tree

If you like to go out hunting occasionally, put on the second pair—the distance and shooting spectacles—shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some bright and early morning, and you'll be greatly delighted to find that they help you wonderfully in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game. And in the evening, when the shadows are gathering in the dusk, you'll easily be able to distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on, and this even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.



Now Don't Take My Word For It

I am going to send these two pairs of spectacles home to you at once, all charges prepaid, so that you can try them out yourself for reading, sewing, hunting, driving, indoors, outdoors, anywhere, everywhere, and anyway.

Can you get a squarer deal than this anywhere?

Did you ever hear of a fairer or squarer proposition in which you are offered

2 Pairs of Large-Eye, Cable-Temple Spectacles FREE

to try in your own home for fully ten days without a cent in advance or even a reference?

Just fill in the below coupon and send it in at once without a cent of money. Do this right now before you forget it. Address—

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 33 ST. LOUIS, MO.

Please mail me, all charges prepaid, two pairs of reading and distance spectacles, complete with a handsome Plush-lined, Imitation Silver-tipped Pocket-book Spectacle case, exactly as shown in the picture at the top of this advertisement, on 10 days' free trial, and if I find that I can read, sew, hunt and look away off in the distance with them just as well as I ever did in my life, then and then only will I pay you $1.25 for the two pairs and case. It is, however, positively and distinctly understood that if, after 10 days' free trial I don't like them for any reason whatsoever (and I am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you and will not owe you one single, solitary cent, as you have agreed to let me try them fully 10 days without one cent of pay, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that promise.

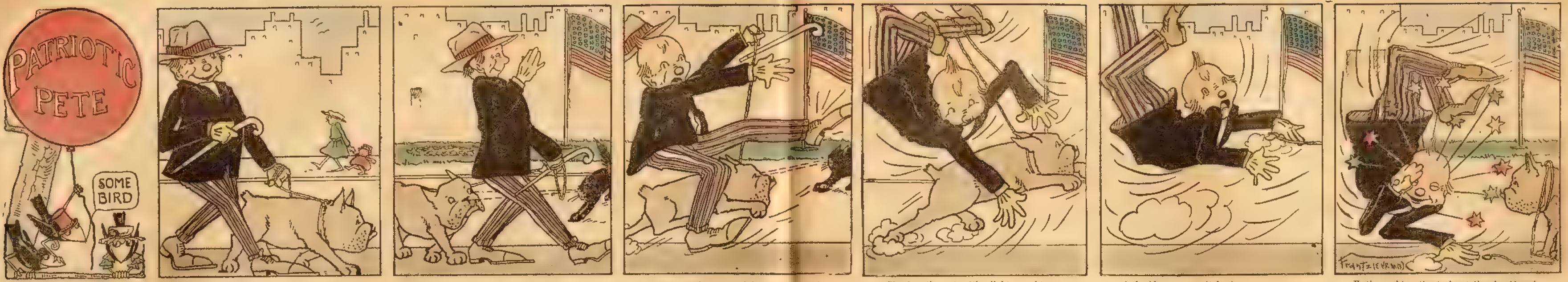
How old are you?.........How many years have you used spectacles?.........

If you want either of these two pairs of spectacles to fit any other member of your family, give their age on this line..............................

Name ....

Post Office..............................

R. R. No............Box No............State..............



PINCHER'S PEP---

Pete, puffed with patriotic pride,
Starts forth with Pincher by his side.
Most noble thoughts are 'neath Pete's hat
But Pincher's looking for a cat.

Then, floating fair against the sky,
Our Nation's flag he doth espy.
Up goes his arm in stiff salute
But just then Pincher spies a "beaut."

Brave Pincher sees right in the street
The very cat he hoped to meet
He splits the air with one long leap
And spills poor Peter in a heap.

Chasing the cat with all his might
Pincher forgets his master's plight.
Thinks Pete, as he fans air, "Oh, wow,
The Huns most sure have got me now."

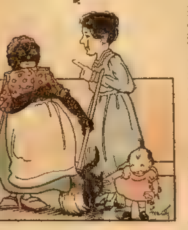
A double somersault he turns
And with swift kicks the air he burns;
Pincher's bound to get that cat
But Peter hits the ground, "ker-spat"

With crashing thump he strikes his 'bean'
And lo a million stars are seen
"Ah," cries he, "the emblem grand!"
And Pete salutes with trembling hand.

Says the Old Sage.

"She married a man after an acquaintance of two weeks. Don't you think a girl foolish to marry a man who doesn't know her?"

"It's the only way to get a husband sometimes."



Mistress—"What do you need for dinner, Mandy?"

Mandy—"Sure, ma'am, I tripped over de rug and we needs a new set of dishes."

Confidential Advice.

"How would you advise me to proceed in addressing the citizens of Crimson Gulch?"

"You're goin' to tell us how wicked we are?" inquired Broncho Bob.

"I shall consider that a part of my duty"

"Well, if I was you I'd start by pullin' a six-shooter an' tellin' the entire congregation to hold up its hands. Then I'd take my time."

RECENT DISCOVERIES.

Lots o' things we didn't know
Just a few short years ago.
Never heard of bolsheviki,
Nor of William's talk with Nicky
When of "burgs" or "bergs" we chattered
"Pittsburgh" was the one that mattered.
Never thought of old Von Hinden
Plotting there beneath the Linden
Then we thought those Prussians gentle,
Scientific, sentimental,
Tying pretzels 'mongst their labors
Into love knots for their neighbors
Tho the Kaiser weak and silly.
Never dreamed that Kronprinz Willie
Tho in mind and feature charmless,
Could prove anything but harmless—
Just a few short years ago
What a lot we didn't know!

Quelling the Panic.

One night at a theater some scenery took fire and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed to be imminent, when an actor appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessity of the occasion, "confound it all—do you think if there was any danger I'd be here"'

The panic collapsed

Rare Nowadays.

Blank (with memories of turkey and plum pudding)—"I had a cubist dinner today."

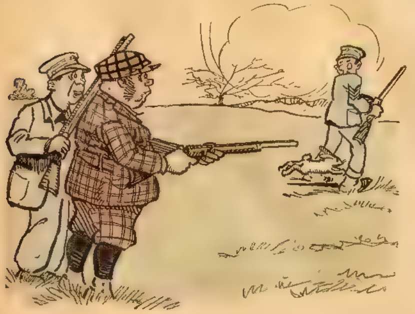
"What in the dickens is a cubist dinner?"

"Why, a square meal, of course."

Logical Conclusion.

"Was that artist's picture well executed?"

"It must have been since it was well hung."



Convalescent Tommy (to host, as startled rabbit darts between companion's legs)—"Shoot, sir, shoot!—ye'll not frighten the sergeant—he's used to being under fire!"

The Artist's Task.

"Are you the man who painted that one picture of 'Moses in the Bulrushes'?" asked a countryman of an artist who had recently startled the town by an exhibition of oil paintings.

"Yes," replied the artist.

"All right, then I want you to paint my father."

"Certainly, if he will only give me a few sittings"

"Can't do it: he's dead"

'Let me have a photograph of him"

"Can't do that, neither. He never had his picture taken."

"I am afraid, then, I must decline

"Decline! What for? Haven't you painted Moses? You didn't have a photograph of him, did you? No, I thought not. Well, my father hain't been dead nearly as long as Moses. If you can paint Moses you ought to know enough to paint my father."

Appreciating the situation, the artist went to work and evolved such a portrait as he thought might satisfy so original a son.

"Crikey!" exclaimed this art patron on seeing the completed painting. "That almost knocks the stuffin' out of Moses; but, I say, how he has changed!"

No Time to Swap.

An Indiana man was traveling down the Ohio on a steamer with a mare and 2-year-old colt, when, by a sudden careen of the boat, all three were tilted into the water. The Hoosier, as he rose puffing and blowing above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt but that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safely ashore. The old mare made for the land, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current with its owner still hanging fast.

"Let go of the colt and hang onto the mare!" shouted some of his friends.

"Booh!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth; "It's mighty fine telling me to let go the colt, but to a man who can't swim this ain't exactly the time for swapping horses."

Why He Gave Lessons.

A man who was addicted to drink supported himself in a small city by giving lessons. His vice gradually became known and he lost most of his pupils in consequence. A friend of his took it upon himself to admonish the teacher to reform.

"Look here," he said, "you could have the best scholars in town if you would give up drinking. Why not do it?"

"What are you talking about?" was the indignant reply. "I was giving lessons in order to be able to drink. Shall I give up drinking in order to obtain scholars?"

Faint Praise.

"The cat!"

"Who has offended you, my dear?"

"Mrs. Twobble. I asked her how she liked my new hat."

"Well?"

"She said it was 'so becoming.'"

"Isn't that a compliment?"

"No. I paid $80 for my hat, as you will know when you get the bill. The same remark might have been applied just as well to one that cost $7.50"

The Only Way.

"How did you learn to skate?" a little boy was asked.

"Oh," was the innocent but significant answer, "by getting up every time I fell down"

His Blame, Anyway.

A sergeant and a private were out sniping. The private was troubled with a cold, and was continually sneezing, which rather annoyed and put the sergeant's shots off their mark

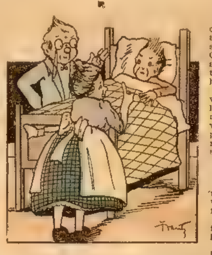
"Confound you, Coldhead," yelled the enraged sergeant at last, "you made me miss again"

"Well, I didn't do nothing, sergeant," exclaimed the private, amazed.

"Yes, you did. It was your blinkin' sneeze"

"I didn't sneeze," again protested the private

"Of course, you didn't," roared the sergeant. "It's the first bloomin' time you've missed, and—I allowed for it, you chump"



Doctor—"I'm afraid your husband is dead, Mrs Nocks."

Mr. Nocks—"I'm not dead yet."

Mrs. Nocks—"Sh—, Bill sh—! The doctor knows best."

A Speculator.

Redd—"Believe me, this food game is getting fierce."

Greene—"It certainly is"

"I've come to the conclusion that the world is made up of gamblers and speculators."

"Oh, it's not as bad as that."

"Yes, it is, too."

"Then which class do you belong to—the gamblers or speculators?"

"The latter"

"Oh, you're speculating, are you?"

"Yes; I'm speculating on what thing I eat I'll have to give up next."

Well, Go On!

She—"If you could have only one wish what would it be?"

He—"It would be that—that—that—oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be!"

She—Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?"

Now What Did She Mean?

Neighbor—"Come over some night when your husband is agreeable."

She—"Maybe we'll come pretty soon. He says he doesn't feel a bit like himself."—Judge.

His Great Luck.

"Been off hunting, I hear Have any luck?"

"You bet! Shot two cows and the farmer never found out who did it"

Economized.

"Tom, dear," said Mrs You[illegible] as they sat down to dinner, "I did just as you told me to."

"You mean about economizing?"

"Yes Instead of buying sirloin steak I bought a porterhouse. It isn't nearly so large, you know."

Illusion.

"I think I ought to speak to the police I saw Willie Okersmeer grab an ax and try to assassinate his mother."

"Don't let it worry you. Willie's father is an artist. The boy was probably posing for his next comical kid series"

The Defense.

Murderer—"Is this the guy who is to defend me?"

Judge—"Yes, this is your lawyer"

Murderer—"If he should die could I get another?"

Judge—"Yes."

Murderer—"Can I see him alone for a few minutes"

Prepared.

Bore—"Nice dog! Have you taught him any new tricks since I was here last?"

Miss Smart—"Oh, yes if you just whistle he will fetch your hat."

Liberal Donor.

"I didn't hear you raise your voice at the Red Cross rally."

"No," replied the wealthy citizen. "But I've done my part."

"How so?"

"I raised the ante."

Strictly True.

"Officer, if I stay on this street will it take me to the public library?"

"Yis, mum, if you kape movin', mum"

Terrific.

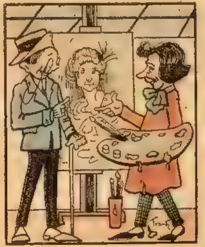
In certain parts of the West Indies there are negroes descended from slaves of early Irish adventurers. Hence many of these blacks today speak the English language with a broad Irish brogue.

A Dublin gentleman, arriving at a West Indian port, was accosted by a burly black, a fruit vender, who said. "The top uv th' mornin' to ye, an' would ye be afther wantin' to buy a bit o' fruit, sorr?"

"An' how long have you been here?" asked the Dublin man in amazement

"Goin' on three months," said the peddler, thinking of his inland home

"Three months, is it? Only three months and as black as that? Faith, I'll not land"



Carker—"Why wouldn't she accept it? Isn't it a good likeness?"

Dauber—"That's just the trouble—it looks like her."

Just as Bad.

David's mother asked her little son to go into a darkened hall to fetch an article to her.

"I'm afraid," said he, "there's a bear in there."

"There's no bear in there" his mother replied.

"I know there isn't," said David, "but I think there is, and that's just as bad."

Misunderstood.

"Did you hear of poor Fathead's misfortune?"

"No; what is it?"

"He observed to Miss Oldgirl when he saw how she won at bridge that he would like to have her hand, and now she's suing him for breach of promise."

Worse Yet to Come.

Bill—"I see a Missouri inventor's stump puller is featured by a curved fulcrum that enables all stumps not large enough to require blasting or burning to be removed by hand."

Jul—"I'll bet my dentist will get one of them"

Outmatched.

"Do you think the widow is setting her cap for him?"

"No, she tells me he is clever but impossible."

"Mercy! If the widow finds him impossible, he must be clever"

Two Wonderful Hens.

"I guess, Pat, you haven't as good a hen here as in the States," said an American on a holiday in Roscommon

"I'll tell you," said the Yankee, "about a hen my mother had She went out one day and ate a feed of corn and returned and laid twelve eggs. She went out on the next day and ate a feed of corn and laid twelve more eggs. She went out the third day and returned and laid twelve more eggs. She went out on the fourth day and hatched seventy-two chicks out of thirty-six eggs. Now that is the kind of hen we have in the States

"Well," said Pat, "I'll tell you about a half-blind hen my mother had. She ate a feed of sawdust, thinking it was oatmeal She went to her nest and laid a plank twelve feet long. She ate more sawdust on the next day and again laid a plank twelve feet long. Again on the third day she ate more sawdust and laid another twelve-foot plank. She sat on the three planks and hatched three kitchen chairs, a sofa, one table an' a mahogany chest of drawers. Now," said Pat, with a twinkle in his eye, "that is the kind of hen we have in Roscommon."

An Ancient Legend.

There is an inn in a New England town that is popularly supposed to have been established during the time of the Revolution, and the present proprietor is very proud of its reputation.

"This inn must be very old," said a Westerner, who had not as yet been made acquainted with its history

"Very old sir," said the proprietor, with the utmost solemnity. "Would you like to hear some of the stories connected with the place?"

"I would, indeed," replied the tourist "Tell me the legend of that curious old mince pie the waiter just brought in."

The Curate Did His Best.

The difference, not merely of degree but of kind, which is supposed to separate the English rector from the inferior order of curates is amusingly exemplified in the following:

Returning to his parish after his autumn holiday, a dignified country clergyman, noticing a woman at her cottage door, with a baby in her arms, asked

"Has that baby been baptized?"

"Well, sir," replied the curtsying mother, "I shouldn't like to say as much as that, but your young man came and did what he could"

Right.

Teacher (to a class in school)—"How many seasons are there?"

Class—"Four"

Teacher—"Now, can any one tell me what season this is?"

"After a pause a little girl held up her hand"

"Well, Nellie," said the teacher.

"Please, sir, the knitting season."

Mr. Fortune Hunter.

A lucky man on being asked how it felt to be engaged to a great heiress replied

"Fine! Every time I kiss her I feel as if I were clipping a coupon off a Government bond."

Injustice.

Judge—"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?"

Burglar—"The only thing I'm kicking about is bein' identified by a man that kep' his head under the bedclothes the whole time. That's wrong."

WEATHER.

Weather, weather everywhere,
But not a speck of climate!
It's on the ground and in the air,
We sing it not, but rhyme it

A fairer realm the climate owns,
With weather we must tussle.
But then, dod gast our aching bones
This weather makes us hustle!

Venal Justice.

Former President Taft, during his recent visit to Texas, said at dinner

"There is a story which illustrates the importance of keeping our judges out of business or trade.

"It's a story about a magistrate who was a flour and feed dealer. A farmer was brought before the man for failing to notify a case of cattle disease. The magistrate delivered judgment as follows

"'You are fined $5 for this offense, with $2.50 costs, making $7.50 and $9 you owe me for your last bill of feed, or $16.50 in all—$16 50 or thirty days'"

More at Home.

A number of conscientious objectors have arrived in France, and one of their number having a day off duty approached a kilted Highlander and said·

"I'd rather go into a lunatic asylum than go into a kiltie regiment."

"Aye, I've nae doot ye wid feel mair at hame there," replied the Highlander with a smile

Disappointed.

"What did you get out of that will case?" asked the first lawyer

"A hundred and fifty thousand dollars," replied the second lawyer

"Good round sum, eh?"

"Yes, but I thought the old man left more than that."

Wasting Time.

"Ma, does Santa Claus go down all the chimneys?"

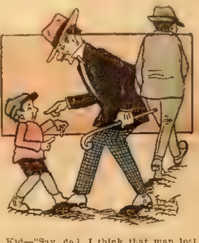
"Of course."

"It must make him rather peevish to find a house unoccupied"

His Small Economy.

"My friend, there is really no excuse for your not looking neat and clean."

"Sorry, mister," explained Plodding Peter, "but I'm conserving my bit along wit' de rest o' de folks. You jes' happened to hit me on my soapless day"



Kid—"Say, dad, I think that man lost a dollar"

Dad—"How do you know?"

Kid—"'Cause I found it."

Spoke Well.

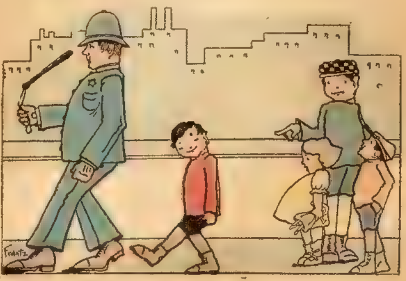
Thomas B. Reed once went into an unfamiliar barber shop to be shaved. The negro barber began to try to sell a hair tonic

"Hair purty thin, suh," he said; "been that way long, suh?"

"I was born that way," replied Reed. "Afterward I enjoyed a brief period of hirsute efflorescence, but it did not endure

The barber gasped and said no more. Later some one told him he had shaved the Speaker.

"Speakah!" he exclaimed. "Don't I know dat? I should say he was a speakah, sure 'nuff!"



"Wot's he follerin' the cop for?"

"He wants people to fink he's dun somefing."

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

A rolling stone accumulates no dust.

It is a poor elevator that won't work both ways.

To each one the world is but a mirror of himself.

There is no place like home—when a man is broke.

If wishes were mules beggars might have more kicks coming.

Cold cash melts lots of hearts that are not affected by warm love.

Altho the hen doesn't dance she is frequently engaged for a set.

Many a so-called smart man smarts because of his alleged smartness.

When Adam and Eve put on fig leaves they organized the first style show.

As a healer of domestic wounds the jeweler is superior to the physician.

It's as easy for most women to be good as it is for some men to be no good

If a man is a hustler he gets busy and secures a key to the door of success.

A man may pocket his pride, but a woman has to conceal hers elsewhere

Words resemble sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

Some folks make a specialty of exchanging their brass for other people's gold.

Practice doesn't always make perfect, but it makes some lawyers and doctors wealthy.

Some men attempt to practice what they preach, but they soon get out of the practice.

After a man has gone around the world he still remembers his boyhood pleasures.

Even a spinster may have the matrimonial fever, but it doesn't always terminate to her liking.

Probably the quickest way for a man to get rid of his wife's female acquaintances is to make love to them.

No wonder the way of the transgressor is hard when one considers the amount of travel thereon

Some men frankly admit they can't sing, but the man never lived who didn't think he had a keen sense of humor.

As soon as the rat finds that he is trapped he loses all interest in the little piece of cheese that caused his downfall.

If a pretty woman makes eyes at you do not be unjustly precipitate in laying the responsibility on your fatal gift of beauty.

When a man is found guilty of love in the first degree, he should not kick if he and his accomplice are given a life sentence.

The wisdom of nature is proverbial, but why she gave to man a jawbone and teeth that enable him to bite off more than he can chew is a mystery.

Your Kitchen in Wartime

A Day's War Menus.

HOUSEWIVES who like good things to eat and who, at the same time are doing their best to conserve food and obey the mandates of the United States Food Administration may follow with a clear conscience the menus given here. The menus are sent out by the United States Food Administration itself.

BREAKFAST.
Stewed Prunes.
Cornmeal Griddle Cakes
Corn Sirup.
Poached Eggs
Coffee.
LUNCH.
Cream Pea Soup
Oatmeal Muffins. Butter
Baked Apple.
Tea.
DINNER.
Nut and Cheese Roast with Highly Seasoned Sauce
Mashed Potatoes. Carrots
Gelatin Salad with Pimentos and Cabbage.
Cornmeal War Bread. Butter.
Apple Brown Betty (use cooked oatmeal instead of bread crumbs, and corn sirup for sweetening).

CORNMEAL GRIDDLE CAKES—One and one-half cups cornmeal; two teaspoons baking powder; one teaspoon salt; two cups milk; one egg; one tablespoon vegetable oil. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Combine the milk, beaten egg and vegetable oil. Add the liquid ingredients to the dry. Bake on a hot greased griddle.

OATMEAL MUFFINS—One and one-half cups milk; two cups rolled oats, two eggs; two tablespoons molasses; one tablespoon fat; one cup flour; four teaspoons baking powder; one teaspoon salt. Pour hot milk over the oats and let soak one-half hour. Add the beaten eggs, molasses and melted fat. Finally add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Bake in greased muffin tins half hour in moderately hot oven.

NUT AND CHEESE ROAST—One cup cottage cheese; one cup nut meats; one cup bread crumbs; juice of one-half lemon; one teaspoon salt; one-fourth teaspoon pepper; two tablespoons chopped onions; one tablespoon vegetable oil. Mix the cheese, nuts, crumbs, lemon, salt and pepper. Cook the onion in the fat and a little water until tender. Add the onion and sufficient water or meat stock to moisten. Mix well, pour into a baking dish and brown in the oven Serve with highly seasoned sauce

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Thrift Notes.

IN THESE times when every sort of economy may help save the ship of state—and win the war—don't be above making the small saving that will mean a little more money in the pocket for the many war charities and activities. Remember that anything you keep from deteriorating, anything you save from waste is really just so much money earned.

Remember the value of newspapers. They make good linings for carpets and shelves and are the best wrappings for hangings and curtains that are to be put away for the summer.

When using marking ink for linen, first make the initials on the linen with an ordinary lead pencil, and then trace with the ink over the pencil marks. The pencil will prevent the ink from spreading and give the linen a blotted appearance

Take a piece of the same material as that spotted and dampen it in lukewarm water. Place over water spots on right side and press with a moderately warm iron. Press until both pressing cloth and material are dry. The spots will have disappeared.

Scatter grated white potato over the carpets if you wish to clean them and freshen their colors.

■

Ways to Use Peanuts.

THE peanut has suddenly wakened to find itself famous in the food world. Because of its protein value and its variety of by-products it has come into its own as an emergency food and is recommended in its various forms by the United States Food Administration.

Suffolk, Va., is the center of the peanut industry in this country. In fact, it is said to be the largest peanut market in the world. Under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce of that city a National peanut growing demonstration was planned to further the claims and possibilities of the peanut both as food and fodder.

All of this proves the growing dignity and importance of the peanut industry. In 1917 there were more than 2,000,000 acres planted in peanuts, with an estimated crop of some millions of bushels.

This increase in acreage and crop surely ought to help win the food battle if we but learn to substitute the peanut more freely for other foods.

As between peanuts and sirloin steak, taken pound for pound, peanuts have somewhat more of the body-building nutriments and double the heat and energy.

They are also in good standing among their own kind. For in the family of nuts they rank next to the almond in food value and perhaps no nut is so universally liked and eaten in some form or other.

Peanut loaf has long been used by vegetarians as a substitute for meat, while peanut butter contains enough fat and oil to make the use of other butter unnecessary. Translated into food terms, a pound of peanut butter contains 2,560 calories

High-grade peanut oil equals the finest olive oil for many purposes, and the poorer grades are used in making oleomargarine and soap. This oil ranks fourth in quality of all the vegetable oils produced in the United States, and its estimated production for the past year alone was 4,605,000 gallons

Peanut meal blends easily with other meal and flour, and is used by both bakers and confectioners.

There is no need for any loss in the peanut crop, no matter how large it is, for it is not only easily stored and kept, but it can be used for man and beast.

❧

Economy in Meats.

WITH no relief in sight for the present high prices of meat, one may reduce the butcher's bill by extending the flavor of meat according to the following recipes

STEW WITH DUMPLINGS—Make stew from small pieces of meat and vegetables, cooking it on stove or in fireless cooker. Serve with dumplings made as follows: For a stew using one pound of meat mix a little more than one-third cup of flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt; work in a rounding teaspoonful of butter and mix with enough milk to form a medium stiff dough. Cut into small pieces and cook in a buttered steamer over a kettle of boiling water or remove enough gravy from the stew to expose the meat and vegetables and place the pieces of dough on these solid materials to cook.

MEAT PIE—Meat pies are made most satisfactory by first cooking the meat and vegetables as for a stew. Line a pan, earthenware dish, or casserole with biscuit dough rolled fairly thin, put in the meat, vegetables and gravy, cover with dough and bake in a hot oven.

VEAL OR BEEF BIRDS—Cut very thin meat into roughly rectangular pieces of a sufficient size for individual servings. Place on each a stuffing of bread crumbs, seasoned with chopped onions and other flavoring vegetables and herbs. Fold or roll up the meat and skewer in place with toothpicks. Brown the rolls in fat, remove and make gravy from the fat, flour and stock, if available. Place the rolls in the gravy and cook slowly until tender in a covered baking dish, a steamer or a fireless cooker.

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Diet and Drudgery.

ONE of the evils of our present illogical system of eating—or rather overeating—a lot of complicated food, and so injuring our health is that it throws much additional labor on the overworked housewife, a serious question in this country, where so large a number of people of moderate means are unable to afford domestic help. Some women really enjoy cooking, but how many will you find that are in love with the labor of dish washing, which in the average American household has to be performed three times a day?

Food reform will not only greatly increase the health of the people and their efficiency, but it will lift a lot of labor from the women of the household and give them more time for relaxation and study.

❧

Meat Eating.

TOO much meat is as bad for the body as too little. During the digestion of meats, fish and eggs acids are formed. In order to prevent the accumulation of too much acid in the system it is necessary to eat also fresh vegetables and fruits, which have properties that neutralize the acids formed by the meat. This is one reason why meat and potatoes are usually served together. It is safer to have too little meat than to eat too little fruit and too few vegetables.

❧

Saving Lard

RENDER your own lard, and to five pounds of leaf lard add two pounds of beef suet. It makes the lard harder and richer. Use it in all baking and you would not know but that butter had been used. Always run the leaf lard and suet thru food chopper. It fries out better and there are very few cracklings left.

Five Months to Pay

Have the snappiest, best tailored suit—and take five months to pay for it. Fit, style and workmanship guaranteed. Choose from finest fabrics in plain colors, stripes, checks, plaids. Send now for wonderful Style Book (in colors) which shows latest fashions and explains our easy credit plan. Cloth samples sent also—free.

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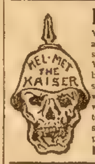

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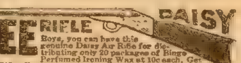

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His Red Cross Sweetheart

By St. George Rathborne

You Can Begin the Story Now.

WHILE Boyd Kennedy is returning from Europe to America to enlist, the liner on which he is traveling strikes a floating mine and is wrecked. With several other survivors he is finally rescued, after spending three days and nights in an open boat. He has appropriated the coat of an Englishman, Gerald Carroll, who was washed overboard; and upon coming to himself after the rescue is called Mr. Carroll by the attractive Red Cross nurse who is assisting the French doctor in caring for him. He fails to correct her. Altho she gives her name as Thompson, Kennedy believes it assumed. He discovers, looking over Carroll's letters, that the other was a spy in Germany's pay, and believing that he can obtain valuable information by posing as the Englishman, he resolves to do so.

The next day a torpedo strikes the liner. Kennedy saves Nurse Thompson's life and they spend twenty hours in a floating boat they have seized, being rescued finally by a French destroyer.

Landed at Havre by the French Captain, Miss Thompson takes the first train for Paris, while Kennedy remains to tell his story to the American consul, who in turn reports to the secret service, and asks Kennedy to deliver to the nurse a cablegram sent to the consulate. Delighted at the opportunity to see her again, and free now to reveal his true identity, Kennedy prepares to take the next train for Paris. Just before leaving he succeeds in having two spies put under arrest by the secret service men. His compartment on the train is shared by Basil Duke, a wealthy and elderly New Yorker, who, tho silent and uncommunicative, is evidently in great haste to reach Paris. Kennedy, in helping him to pick up the contents of a bill-book which he has dropped, discovers a photograph of Miss Thompson in the attire of a society woman. He conjectures that the nurse is the unhappy runaway wife of this elderly man, and surmising that the cablegram may warn her of her husband's approach, Kennedy decides to reach her first. Arriving in Paris, and finding himself in high favor with the secret service, he deliberately directs suspicion toward Duke unknown to the latter.

The elderly American is put temporarily under arrest, while Kennedy, learning that Nurse Thompson's destination earlier in the day was the Hotel des Invalides, is driven to a hotel. He is hardly established in his quarters before there occurs a Zeppelin raid. After it is over he learns that great damage has been done to the Hotel des Invalides. Hastening there, he is informed that Nurse Thompson is not among the injured. Meeting the head surgeon, Dr. Francois La Salle, and finding him to be an old friend, he intrusts to him the cablegram for the nurse and a short message from himself, still without revealing his identity. Asking for Nurse Thompson at the hospital next morning, he learns that she has accompanied a unit which left very early that day for the front. Learning also that she has informed the doctor that she is unmarried, he accepts the chance to follow at once as an ambulance driver. Before he leaves he sees Basil Duke, who has been freed thru the help of the American ambassador. They part as friends.

You can now go on with the story by reading the installment published in this issue. If you prefer, you can read the entire story in detail by getting back copies from our agents, newsdealers or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 1, dated January 5, 1918.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

WHERE THE BIG GUNS GROWLED.

SO IT went on for hours. Paris was left far behind them, and they had long since passed the line that marked the high tide of German invasion at the time when the first furious rush across Belgium carried Von Kluck's army close to the French capital.

Just as the attendant seated beside him had declared, their progress became more and more difficult the further they passed along the road, for the difficulties increased constantly. Now and then there was a congestion of traffic for some reason or other, perhaps an accident to some motor truck that blocked the road temporarily. Then again it would happen that for a while the four ambulances seemed to have things their own way, with not a solitary other moving object in sight.

It grew more suggestive of war's horrors the farther they penetrated the country looking toward the north. Here there had been severe fighting. They could easily discover just where the Germans had entrenched themselves so as to fight a rear-guard action, and retard the pursuit, thus allowing the main army a better chance to "dig itself in:" altho to a great extent this had been attended to by a force left behind for just that purpose.

Boyd's companion, having been back and forth over the route so many times, was well posted, and he interested the other by his views on many subjects.

The afternoon found them still on the road. Progress had slowed down considerably, and they were delayed more frequently than before. Indeed, Boyd was dismayed to hear his companion, after computing distances with pencil and paper, admit that it was very doubtful whether they could make their destination that evening. A hundred miles is not so vast a distance to cover in a car when the roads are good, and unincumbered; but everything conspired to hold them up; and it kept getting constantly worse the further north they drew.

They were no longer with the three other ambulances that had started in their company. First one and then another broke down, something happening to the engines that necessitated a long halt; for of late they had been working so constantly that the really necessary overhauling that should have been done had been put off, with the result that engine troubles were frequently developing.

Every one knew what caused these, but the call for more ambulances grew in volume every day, so that enough vehicles could not be impressed into the service, and these well-worn ambulances had to be kept going when they by rights deserved a rest and a thoro overhauling in a motor hospital.

Late in the afternoon Boyd plainly caught the sound of heavy firing far away. It gave him a queer sensation, for altho he had seen a myriad of remarkable sights in his travels about the world, up to now he had never been close to a raging battle, and the prospect of a new experience was in itself enough to thrill him.

When a shift in the breeze first brought these suggestive sounds to his ears, he might have thought that a storm was raging many miles away, even tho the sky gave no token of clouds. But, of course, Boyd knew better than this; and his companion was also quick to draw his attention to the sullen roaring that rose and fell like the steady rhythm of a giant anvil, beaten by blacksmiths' hammers.

"Listen, Monsieur l'Americain," said his companion, plucking at his sleeve. "They are at it again, you hear, the giants who struggle and fill the hospitals with poor, mangled poilus day after day. But it is grand to see how my countrymen stand like rocks, and refuse to let the Boches pass. Step by step, too, are they pushing them back to the border of their own country. Yet a little while and poor bleeding France will be clear of the horde. Then comes the day of reckoning; for every town and village they have destroyed, so will one of their beautiful cities on the Rhine perish, and the land become a howling wilderness. Only in that way can they be punished for what terrible things they have wrought in our France and in poor Belgium. We live but for revenge, monsieur, I and my comrades."

But Boyd was growing uneasy. He saw that the sun was near sinking, and from the sound of the heavy guns he also knew that they must still be far from the front, with those terrible roads to offer all sorts of obstacles to their continued advance.

"If it is so difficult for us to pick our way along even with broad daylight to show us the route," he complained, "how can we ever manage it, once nightfall overtakes us?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and continued to smoke his cigarette. Since he did not have a sweetheart exposed to the perils of that battle zone, of course he saw no special reason for worry.

They fairly crept along, dodging shell-holes, making all sorts of detours, and wasting time in this fashion. Boyd was heartily sick of his job as a chauffeur, and as the other man admitted that he could also drive a car, they changed places.

Then, just before evening set in, the Frenchman uttered a harsh laugh. "It is settled for us, then, my comrade," he exclaimed. "We must stop here for the night. See, they have started to rebuild a bridge over a stream. We cannot cross until it is completed sufficiently, which may not be until after morning comes."

Boyd realized that his companion spoke truly. A bridge ahead was in a bad condition and threatening to fall, so that a force of soldiers belonging to the engineering corps of the army had been dispatched to tear it partly down and relay some fresh timbers, in order that it might bear a heavy weight. Already several loaded motor trucks had been stalled on the other side. Boyd felt particularly sorry for the poor fellows whose arrival at the Paris hospitals would necessarily be further delayed by this hold-up. But word had probably been sent to the field hospitals back of the lines, and doubtless no more ambulances would be allowed to start forth until morning.

Discovering that it was utterly out of the question to cross over, since the stream ran swift and deep, Boyd realized that he must make a virtue of necessity, and accept things as he found them. As an old campaigner, he was quite used to camping out under all sorts of strange conditions, and hence would not be apt to suffer from the exposure or any other privation.

They drew up at one side of the road not far from the busy scene at the bridge, and before night settled down had secured abundant fuel to keep their fire going thru the period of darkness. Knowing how there was always a chance to be held up on the road, the wise French Red Cross attendant had made provision for such an emergency. He produced food, and even a coffeepot, which latter was soon on the fire and sending out an appetizing aroma.

So they had a halfway decent supper, after which they sauntered over to watch the busy engineers working at the bridge. A big fire had been built, by the light of which the men expected to continue working all night. The sound of hammer and saw and voices would be heard from hour to hour; but Boyd hardly anticipated being kept awake by the noise, for he was exceedingly sleepy.

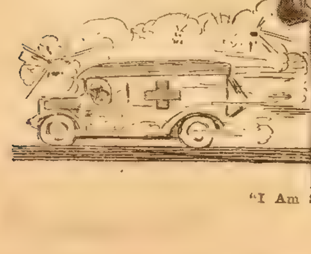
After they had seen all they cared to of the bustling picture, they returned to their camp, and prepared their beds in the ambulance. This was easily done, since an abundance of blankets was always carried, so that the wounded might not suffer from exposure during their long and arduous trip to the base hospitals.

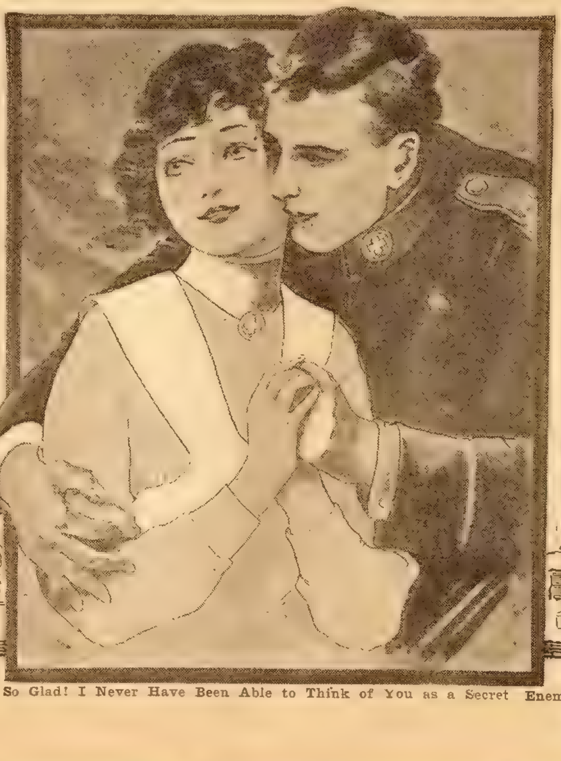
The night finally passed, and morning came. Boyd was pleased to discover that the engineers had about completed their labors, and were about to depart; the bridge would now be in condition to hold any reasonable weight, up to a heavy howitzer with its tractor engine.

A scanty breakfast, and they were ready to continue their journey, passing the loaded vans, with the brave wounded poilus giving them a faint cheer to show how invincible their spirits were despite the pain they suffered. It was this same dauntless character of her sons that saved France from utter desolation when that tidal wave broke across her northern border three years before.

As they went on their way the scenes grew even more heartrending, if such a thing were possible. The firing had started again, too, and constantly increased in volume, until Boyd could actually feel the earth tremble under his feet at one time, when he stepped out to secure a drink of fresh water at a spring they discovered alongside the shattered road.

His nervousness increased in the same ratio as the furore; he was wondering as to where in all that dreadful turmoil he would find the little Red Cross





"I Am So Glad! I Never Have Been Able to Think of You as a Secret Enemy."

nurse whose safety and happiness had now become such a vital question with him

CHAPTER XXV.

AMIDST DROPPING SHELLS.

TWO hours later and they were near enough to the scene of the fighting to see the great shells bursting against a hill, where doubtless the French were entrenched, waiting for the next enemy attack. The bombardment might keep up for hours, until much of the ground had been leveled, so that apparently no sign of the trenches would remain; then in waves the Teutons would be seen coming on with loud singing, such as characterized most of their assaults; when from every conceivable nook and angle the French batteries would start a barrage fire to prevent their retreat; after which the machine guns would open a drenching hail of missiles on the advancing ranks, calculated to mow them down like windrows of ripe grain.

Boyd was struck with the terrible results following the falling of those shells. He could see the earth thrown up like a monster geyser, and rocks that must have weighed half a ton accompany the spurt; after which he no longer wondered at the enormous depth of some of those shell-holes on the road, into which, as his companion had truly said, an ordinary dwelling-house might be dropped without being at all crowded.

Then it came about that they themselves underwent an experience. He heard his companion give a shout, and drop off the ambulance. Boyd followed suit because he, too, had caught that strange humming sound, which he judged was caused by a shell speeding thru the air.

It burst not far away from where they were at the time, and Boyd almost thought his eardrums had been split by the concussion. When the rocks had stopped falling he heard a cry of dismay from his companion.

'Are you struck?" he called out, turning to the other, who was at the moment still on his knees, where he had fallen when he dropped off the seat.

"It is all up with us!" observed the Frenchman, dramatically pointing toward the car, which Boyd now saw was partly overturned "That Boche shell has ruined the ambulance. We are without a car, and can only make ourselves useful by turning stretcher-bearers."

Upon making a hasty examination, it was discovered that a portion of the bursting shell had indeed smashed the engine, so that it was utterly beyond repair. All that could be done was to drag the wreck off the road, so as to leave a passage clear for other passing vehicles.

"Congratulate me for my wisdom in making the plunge, my friend!" cried the Frenchman, exultantly, "and also giving you the sign to follow suit. You can see that if we had remained on our seats we must have been struck by that flying missile. It is the twentieth narrow escape for me; I am beginning to believe I bear a charmed life."

"It seems that we must continue our journey then afoot?" suggested Boyd, anxious to get away from that particular spot, now that the German guns had started to dropping shells along the road; which they were undoubtedly doing with the idea of destroying its usefulness, as well as possibly creating havoc in the midst of any moving force of recruits coming up that way.

"Yes, that is true, monsieur, and so we may be able to pick a safer route than we must have followed if we still retained the ambulance. See! Another shell comes this way, and will fall farther along the road. They have got the range perfectly, and you can understand how that comes."

After the second explosion, which was not quite so violent because farther off, the Frenchman pointed aloft. Looking up, Boyd could see that many aeroplanes were cruising thru the upper currents, darting like hawks this way and that. Undoubtedly the German aviators were busily engaged in snapping off pictures of the entrenchments of the French, altho these had been hidden as best the circumstances allowed, together with the location of the big batteries. These "birds of war" were flying high, but Boyd believed he could see certain signals, which they frequently made, usually in the shape of objects dropped in colors, and which signified all manner of things, according to their code, as understood by those who, miles away in a German observation post, watched them thru powerful glasses.

But they were not carrying out their work unhampered, by any means. French machines had ascended, and were circling about seeking encounters with their enemies. Fierce engagements were going on almost all the time, and only for the vastly heavier thunder of the big howitzers the rattle of the machine guns aloft might have been plainly detected.

Even as they looked they saw one of the far-distant machines start to descend. At first the pilot was able to volplane down, but he had evidently been severely wounded by the fire of his adversary, for almost immediately he lost control of his machine, which began to whirl around in a confused manner. Boyd felt a thrill, as he discovered the unlucky pilot toppling thru space. Both aeroplane and driver vanished in the distance.

"Poor chap!" Boyd was saying. "He never knew what hurt him when he landed, I reckon. Tell me, was it one of the enemy, do you know?"

"I am pleased to reply in the affirmative," said the French ambulance man, with a sparkle in his eye. "They are, you see, really no match for our valiant pilots when it comes to a clear-cut fight. And even now, notice, monsieur, that the Boche machines are beginning to retreat, tho I fear they have succeeded in attaining what they came after."

They had left the road and were now passing over fields. Once these had been utilized to raise crops of grain, but now strange little hummocks scattered about everywhere told the sad story of where many a long-looked-for son or father in French homes was laid to rest, covered with imperishable glory in that he had given his life, all he had, for his country.

The guide led Boyd on. "It must be in this quarter we will find some of the field hospitals behind the lines," he was explaining, as he stumbled forward. "Sometimes these are buildings roughly made of such timbers and boards as can be obtained—anything that may afford shelter in case of stormy weather. Then, again, they are but canvas shields, for when a big battle is on the streams of wounded come pouring back in uncounted numbers. Ah! It is a terrible sight, my friend, and your heart will bleed, as mine has many times; but we have put our hand to the plow and may not turn back. The life or death of a few thousands of Frenchmen must not sacrifice the Nation we love and embrace."

Boyd felt his blood rising to fever heat. It was as if he himself had a part in the fighting. In this way they eventually came to where there were canvas shelters arranged, and men bustling around them. Boyd knew what this meant, and that here, in this sheltered nook one of those necessary little field hospitals had been arranged. Yes, there was the white flag, with its red cross plainly distinguishable, floating over the spot. Another such emblem was laid on the ground, and staked there, so that any aviator sailing above might easily understand how it was against all the rules of war for him to drop a bomb, and he was also expected to notify the distant gunners on his side of the position of the hospital, so that they might avoid sending shells in its immediate vicinity.

His companion expressed a desire to offer his services to the army surgeon-in-charge, and doubtless he would be eagerly accepted, since every unit was working short-handed in those strenuous days. As for Boyd, he had made up his mind to seek further along the line, if the one he desired to find were not here.

It was a bustling picture, one that he would often recall; but having made his inquiries, and taken a survey of the interior of the rude hospital, not forgetting to also glance over the several nurses employed by the busy surgeons, he kept on his way, having been given directions by his late companion of the road.

Another hour passed, and he was still pushing onward. Often had he been halted and questioned, but was allowed to proceed by reason of that magical emblem worn upon his left sleeve; as well as the document with which his friend Dr. Francois La Salle had supplied him before he left Paris.

Always now he was asking where he could find Dr. Duval, for he remembered that this was the name of the leading surgeon, mentioned to him by his friend.

Finally he learned that in all probability the Doctor would be found working at the leading field hospital on that part of the line. It was a low wooden building with better accommodations than might be found at any of the subsidiary posts; and after he had passed around the hill, he would see it not over half a mile away. As he also learned that there was quite a staff of nurses employed there, Boyd felt more confident than ever he was near the end of his arduous journey.

He even commenced to lay plans as to how he would approach Nurse Thompson so as to influence her to let him explain the mystery covering his actions when apparently playing such an obnoxious part as that of a spy.

When, hastening his steps, he had passed far enough around the spur of the hill he discovered the field hospital. It lay snuggled in the little depression beyond, and numerous banners marked with the cross of mercy pleaded with the hostile gunners and airmen not to do aught that might add to the torture of those

Physicians Explain Why Women Need More Iron in their Blood Today than 20 Years Ago

Say Anaemia—Lack of Iron is Greatest Curse to the Health, Strength, Vitality and Beauty of the Modern American Woman.

DR. FERDINAND KING, New York Physician and Medical author says physicians should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to supply the iron deficiency. Opinions of Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City; Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner; Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York and the Westchester County Hospital, and other physicians who have thoroughly tested the value of Nuxated Iron.

Any woman who tires easily, is nervous or irritable, or looks pale, haggard, and worn should at once have her blood examined for iron deficiency—administration of simple Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, careworn women 100 per cent in two weeks' time.

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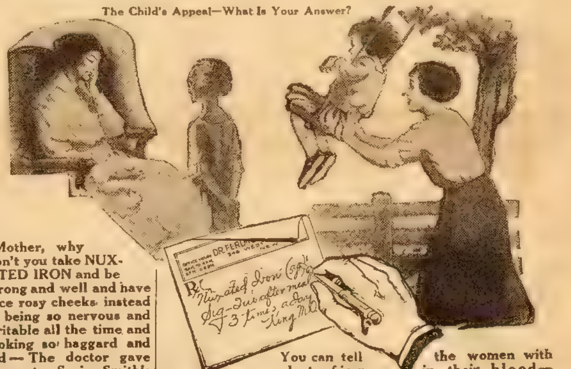

"Mother, why don't you take NUXATED IRON and be strong and well and have nice rosy cheeks instead of being so nervous and irritable all the time and looking so haggard and old — The doctor gave some to Susie Smith's mother and she was worse off than you are and now she looks years younger and feels just fine."

You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood—beautiful, healthy rosy cheeked women full of Life, Vim and Vitality—while those who lack Iron are often cross, nervous, irritable, weak, tired, complaining creatures whom nobody wants to have around.

"There can be no strong, healthy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked women, without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author. "In my recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—nuxated iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of an anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags, and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common food of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked are responsible for another grave iron loss. Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But so many American women suffer from iron deficiency with its attendant ills—physical weakness, nervous irritability, melancholy, indigestion, flabby, sagging muscles, etc., etc., and in consequence of their weakened, run-down condition they are so liable to contract serious and even fatal diseases that I deem it my duty to advise such to take Nuxated Iron. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner, says: "Throughout my experience on Hospital staffs and as Medical Examiner, I have been astonished at the number of patients who have vainly doctored for various diseases, when in reality their delicate, run-down state was simply the result of lack of iron in the blood. Time and again I have prescribed organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and surprised patients at the rapidity with which the weakness and general debility were replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality. I took Nuxated Iron myself to build me up after a serious case of nervous exhaustion. The effects were apparent after a few days and within three weeks it had virtually revitalized my whole system and put me in a superb physical condition."

Dr. E Sauer, a Boston physician, who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, says: "I am a great believer in Nuxated Iron, it often acts almost like magic. Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was in taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle, tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which frequently do more harm than good.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases, to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar Iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent, or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists

who were being treated there for their wounds.

Boyd noticed that shells were dropping not half a mile away, and doing frightful mischief, blotting out whole ridges when they exploded, and changing the face of the landscape materially. He hoped none might be deflected from its course and create havoc amidst those who were ministering to the necessities of the wounded heroes.

It was not ten seconds afterward that he felt a thrill of horror run thru his entire body. A shell, one of the incendiary kind, in that it releases inflammable fluids when it explodes, had burst directly in the right wing of the squatty field hospital. He could see the flames starting up, and the black smoke begin to rise, while the figures of alarmed workers darted this way and that, trying to fight the flames, or perhaps save those who were too weak to escape alone.

Boyd, while filled with horror at the impending tragedy, did not linger, but started on a mad run for the spot, wondering whether the strange fate that so often guided his footsteps was about to throw another golden opportunity in his way so that he might be of assistance again to Nurse Thompson.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE VICTOR'S CROWN.

AS HE ran, Boyd kept constant watch. He could see the nurses and attendants, assisted by some soldiers, who doubtless constituted the guards of the hospital, dashing in and out of the burning building, which, being of wood, had easily fallen a victim to the fiendishly contrived fire shell. They were, he knew, gathering the inmates of the wards, and hurrying them out before the smoke could overpower them.

Then Boyd arrived on the scene, panting for breath, wild-eyed, but determined to discover whether the one he sought had connected herself with the staff of this central field hospital, and also if she were safe.

He appeared before the surgeon, who was giving orders, and who naturally enough wondered concerning the identity of this stranger wearing the insignia of the Red Cross on his arm.

"Are you Dr. Duval?" Boyd gasped, seizing his arm, and upon being assured by an affirmative nod of the head that such was the case, he went on to say as well as he was able: "Tell me, have you recently had a nurse join your staff named Ann Carey Thompson, coming direct from your friend Dr. Francois La Salle in Paris?"

"It is true, what you say; she has been doing splendid work since arriving here," the surgeon assured him, and one burden was thus removed from Boyd's mind.

"But I do not see her among the nurses here," he hurriedly stated, at which the other took a hasty look himself, and then strode toward the group bending over the wounded men lying on the ground.

He made inquiries. Several hastened to say that the last they had seen of Nurse Thompson was when she entered the region of smoke again, desirous of making a last effort to discover whether any one had been overlooked; tho they also declared that they had assured her all had been rescued

When Boyd Kennedy heard this alarming fact mentioned, he knew that nothing could keep him from dashing into the burning building, and finding the noble girl who thus risked her own precious life in order that not even the most insignificant of the wounded soldiers might perish.

He did not wait to ask a single question, but immediately entered the region of blinding smoke, with the flames darting here and there as they seized on fresh fuel. Groping his way around, he strained his vision in order to discover some sign of the nurse. His heart was beating like mad within his breast, for in that dreadful minute he felt that there were worlds at stake; if she had indeed been overpowered by the smoke and he were delayed in finding her, she might never be brought back to life again.

But Heaven was most kind to him, for quickly he stumbled over something that lay upon the floor. He could not see perfectly, owing to the whirling smoke wreaths that surrounded him, and the fact that his eyes were filled with tears caused by the acrid fumes; but his touch told him the truth.

He hastily gathered her up in his arms, and turning, staggered toward the exit. Fortunately he had not lost track of his bearings, or a terrible calamity might have resulted; and in a brief space of time he appeared before the surgeon, who, with several male attendants, had just been about to make his way inside, bent on searching for the missing nurse and her would-be rescuer.

When Nurse Thompson finally gave a sigh, in response to the efforts of Dr. Duval, who seemed to know just what was best to be done in such an emergency, she discovered two faces close to her own. A hand was tenderly chafing one of hers, and there was no need to ask whose hand it was, for she could read the story in the eager expression on the countenance of Boyd Kennedy.

"She is all right now, monsieur," the army surgeon told him, "and I can surely leave her in the charge of the brave American who himself rushed into the burning building and saved the life of his countrywoman. Others need my attention more than Nurse Thompson seems to at this moment."

With that the intelligent surgeon hurried away, leaving them together, both beginning to betray the secret hidden in their hearts by the glow in their eyes. He still held her little hand; he even had the audacity to squeeze it, nor did she try to withdraw it from his clasp, as tho she could entertain any objections now.

"Then again I owe my very existence to your bravery?" she was murmuring.

"It is the happiest moment of my life, I assure you, Nurse Thompson," he told her, in eager tones, accentuated by the glow in his eyes. "I learned from my friend Dr. La Salle that you had gone to the front. I made up my mind to hasten after you—for several reasons. One of these was my burning desire to clear myself of any suspicion that my possession of that coat containing those incriminating letters might have aroused."

Then he poured out the story, telling just who and what he was, and how it came about that he was still wearing that particular coat, left by the man who had unfortunately fallen overboard while in the boat, after the steamer had been sunk. He explained clearly how he had read those letters, realized that the owner of the coat, tho claiming an English name, was in reality a German spy; and also how he made up his mind that he would play the part temporarily in order to try to find out others of the clique, which organization must be world-wide.

"Two of them were arrested in Havre thru my efforts," he concluded modestly; "and after arriving in Paris I would have assumed my own proper identity only too willingly, for it was hateful to play such a part; but the prefect and some of his men influenced me to still hold on a bit. When I went to the hospital to remove any suspicion you may have entertained toward my patriotism, you had gone. So I coaxed my friend the surgeon to let me drive an ambulance to the front, and—well, I have arrived, thank Heaven, just in time to be of further service to you."

She had listened eagerly, her luminous eyes fixed upon his face. There could be no question about the fact of this remarkable man now occupying a very important part in her life, dating from that time when his arm kept her from being made a victim to the greedy sea.

"Oh, I am so glad to know all this!" she told him, frankly. "I have never been able to think of you as one who would play such an ignoble part as being a secret enemy to his native country; and yet those letters, and your answering to the name I so plainly saw upon them, gave me great concern. Now I can see how you were willing to let even me suspect you, if you could be serving our country and France. And it was you, also, who wrote on the back of the envelope that warning about my guardian, Mr. Basil Duke? I am wondering why he should follow after me all the way across the sea, and even into Paris. Sometimes I begin to fear I may have misjudged him very much, and that after all he is not the ogre my imagination painted him when he told me he wished that I would marry his nephew Clarence, a man for whom I always entertained a feeling of abhorrence—I hardly know why, for he seems to be a gentleman. But it haunted me, and fearing that he might take some steps to force me to bend to his will, I determined to disappear. I knew that my former nurse, Ann Carey Thompson, thru whom I had learned much in the line of Red Cross work, had agreed to go over and offer her services to the French staff; and so it was arranged that I secretly take her place. Oh! It was surely a madcap prank, I confess, and more than once since I have bitterly repented starting out on such an enterprise; but to punish myself I determined to see the thing thru. After all I fear I am not exactly qualified for the work; and so I shall return home, sending out three others to take my place, if necessary."

"I am glad to hear you say that," he told her, as they sat together exchanging confidences; "but come, don't you think I deserve to know your real name? So far I have only succeeded in learning that it is Adelaide, but that does not tell me everything."

"It is Adelaide Hamilton," she informed him; "and I ought to tell you at the start that I have heard considerable about one Boyd Kennedy from his Cousin Maude, with whom I have become very good friends during the last two years."

"That is nice," he laughed, "and then we are not quite strangers, are we, for in some of the cousinly letters I received I remember her mentioning a new and beloved chum who answered to your name; tho not having the slightest idea that we would ever meet, and least of all in such a wonderful manner, I paid very little attention to her gossip. Adelaide

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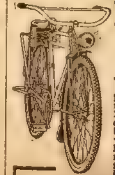

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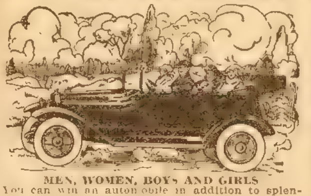

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This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around, they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

YOU WILL WIN A PRIZE

if you do; try it, don't give up. It will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a prize which we know you will appreciate, and it will be a big **surprise** to you. We will also make you a present of **2,000 free Auto votes**, and tell you all about this splendid automobile, touring car or roadster, which we are going to give away. We will give away many other prizes for just a little effort.

Auto Puzzle Dept. B, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Hamilton meant nothing to me—then!"

Her pretty face grew rosy under his ardent gaze; for of course she could read the true meaning back of his words, and knew that as always "circumstances alter cases," and that at that moment the name of Adelaide according to his mind was the most delightful in existence.

"As for your fussy guardian, Mr. Basil Duke," he continued, taking pity on her confusion, "I've been trying to study him; and judging from certain things I heard him muttering to himself when he learned how you had left Paris and started up here to where danger lay so thickly, I rather imagine you've condemned him too harshly, just as I did at first sight. He seems to be almost broken-hearted at not being able to overtake you; and while speaking of angels, you're quite likely to hear their wings, for if you look over yonder you'll see the identical individual we're talking about. He has secured a racing car and come along those horrible roads at a breakneck pace, I warrant, eager to find you. Shall I beckon to him to join us, Adelaide?"

She blushed again at hearing him address her so familiarly; but it did not seem to displease her, he quickly noted, with a thrill in the region of his heart. As she readily gave her assent, he managed to catch the eye of the red-faced blustering gentleman, who was already making diligent inquiries of every one in sight; and presently Mr. Basil Duke came rushing up. When he saw the girl in the scorched garments of a Red Cross nurse, he opened wide his capacious arms.

"Oh, my poor dear child!" he cried, in trembling tones. "How could you imagine such a terrible thing of me? I honestly thought you cared for Clarence, fool that I was! And just as I was leaving New York in search of you, he confessed that he meant to marry that flirting chum of yours, Maudie Kennedy. I have chased overseas after you, and would have gone to the ends of the world to find you, for it distressed me so much to think my girl believed me such an old rascal. But it is all right now. And so this gentleman, who I understand saved your life on the ocean, has evidently been up to his old tricks again, to judge from the scorched condition of your attire, and the fact that his coat has holes burned in it. Introduce me to him, my dear. We should be good friends, since——"

But she placed her hand over his mouth and prevented him from saying that which must have caused her more or less embarrassment.

Further explanations were indulged in, amidst the strangest background imaginable. Mr. Duke, on learning just who Boyd Kennedy was, declared that surely the finger of fate had had a lead-~~ing part in~~ bringing these two young people together in such a wonderful fashion; and that he would never again doubt the truth in the old axiom running "There's a Destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

They were able to start back to Paris that day, in the car that had been placed at the disposal of Mr. Basil Duke by the American Ambassador, who was such an old and tried friend of his. Adelaide, who no longer went under the name of Nurse Thompson, of course fitted herself out with proper garments while in the French capital, and Boyd thought she looked more captivating than ever; tho he would always love to remember her in that snowy attire of the Army nurse, with the Red Cross symbol blazoned on her banded sleeve.

Later on they all booked passage on a French liner bound for New York; and it may be taken for granted that during that wonderful voyage, which they made safely, Boyd Kennedy found abundant opportunities for gaining the consent of the little Red Cross nurse to change her name before another fall season arrived.

The End.

* * *

Daughters of De Soto.

WEALTH has come to numerous families in Delaware County, Indiana, from the gas and oil booms there. Limousines, Browning and vacuum cleaners are gradually invading the district, and with them social ambition is flowering among the new keepers of the treasure—especially among the wives and mothers.

In one of the boom cities, smoky and throbbing, a band of women organized a society "to foster the spirit of discovery, to impel the city to forge ahead of new victories in art and culture." They named the society the Daughters of De Soto and voted to place a bronze bust of De Soto in the public square.

A young woman from the outside, who had married one of the city's millionaires and who was reported to have a father who once ran a shooting gallery in Ames, Iowa, applied for admission to the new society. The charter members promptly blackballed her as an undesirable person.

Whereupon the unwanted one went to the public library, delved into De Soto's history and discovered that he was a bachelor. She confided the secret to a newspaper reporter.

Five hours later the Daughters of De Soto held an emergency meeting and voted to disband.

"Daddy Replaces the Ogre"

THE two friends came out of the subway together, and John came to his house first.

"Come in, Henry," he urged, "you haven't been in my house for an age. Want to show you the new baby, anyhow!" So, Henry, in the face of it all, had to stop, altho he knew that he was already late for his own dinner.

John opened the door with a cheery rattling of his house key and the general noisy, hearty racket that always announced him. Pell-mell down the stairs two children rushed, their little short blond hair shining from a wet brush, and one little clean apron was not quite fastened. Evidently they had broken loose from the little mother's hands, from sheer eagerness to greet father. Tumbling down with them threatening disaster at any moment, came wildly barking a jolly little nondescript brown dog—no bench show aristocrat—just dog—all dog smiles, and a mile-a-minute wag of his tail.

Close behind them came the little mother herself, with a fat sleepy baby in her arms. How like a girl she looked coming down among them thought Henry, quite one of them, and he reflected rather ruefully that John had been married a week after he had, and that Mary and Eleanore's ages were almost the same, still she did not look as John's wife did, somehow.

Henry was ushered, rather hustled and bustled, into the cozy dining-room where the awkward little maid of all work was placing the meal—her face, too, had a welcoming smile; John had not been half as successful as Henry, and he had not a luxury in the world, but Henry would have swapped his own more pretentious home with him this minute! Well, here was the new baby to be admired, and his fat legs were unceremoniously dragged out to prove to Henry what a "buster" he was for his age. How proud John was of them all! Now Henry was saying "Good-by," telling them that he must hurry, so as not to keep them longer waiting at home.

He stepped out into the foggy street with a feeling of depression. No one loved his wife and children more than he did—not even John, but they did not greet him like that. What was the matter? Surely he had done as much for them—even more—for he had more to do with. He pondered over it all the way to his own door. Walking slowly up the steps, he inserted his key into the keyhole and stopped instinctively, seeing in his mind's eye the rush that greeted John. The trim little maid, hearing his step, opened the dining-room door. "Yes, sir," she said, hurriedly, "dinner is quite ready," before he had even opened his mouth! Five-year-old Dora was sitting on the floor with Freckles, as wise a fox terrier as ever gnawed a bone, and she jumped up, smoothing her little short frock over her dimpled knees hastily, as if she expected a reproof for frolicking with him. Freckles, with discreet demeanor and propitiatory tail, remained a little aloof.

"What is the matter?" Henry asked in a sharp, irritated way, and loud enough for the little boy who was dragging a toy engine, to hear, so he stopped the lickety-bump over the floor and picked up his toy, cautiously, without a sound, and sat down as still as the proverbial mouse. Henry's eyes and ears were sharp tonight. Why, they were afraid of him—of him. That's what it was! And he had never seen it before. A sweet-faced, anxious-looking young woman came down the stairs with a pretty child of 10 beside her.

"Come, children, kiss papa. Are you tired, dear?" And the children came obediently, but reluctantly—that was evident.

Now, Henry always had rated himself a pretty blamed good husband and father, with no bad habits to speak of, and he really and truly loved his family, and this was the result.

He ate his supper in moody silence, his wife sitting by, anticipating his wishes always, a little nervously anxious to please, her brown eyes following him over the rim of her tea cup. With a feeling akin to relief he remembered a meeting of his lodge. As he drew his coat on, Eleanore suggested taking his umbrella and brought it downstairs to him.

"Nonsense, it isn't going to rain," and Henry stepped out into the night.

Half way down the block, a splash of rain, then another, brought him back for his umbrella. As he stepped quickly into the darkened hall, he stopped short, completely amazed. Had he made a mistake or was this his house after all? A grand romp was going on. Dora's voice was piping, "Tumble down, Billy, he's gone!" and pure joy was evident! Mother's voice was heard like a happy bird's singing "Ring Around the Rosie" to the circle of merry little ones in the library.

Even the little maid's happy heels flew up the stairs, with Freckles' hilarious bark beside her.

Henry stepped into the dark parlor by the portieres as little Eleanore's voice began to speak. "Oh, Muddie, if we could only always be happy like this! Couldn't we go away somewhere?" Henry's agonized hands gripped the portieres as he listened for little mother's reply: "Oh, darling, father does not mean to be unkind, he is often tired and he works very hard for us all."

"But, Muddie, he is always dark and frowny, like the ogre in Dora's book, and all the other ogres left him. Couldn't we?"

Unable to listen to more, Henry went quietly out and softly closed the door. The next morning when Eleanore awoke with a nervous start, fearing it was late, her husband was standing looking down at her affectionately.

"No, little woman, you are going to be the last one up now, for a change. We start a new rule from this morning," and he smilingly tucked the pink comforters all about her.

"And I want you to meet me downtown today, and we will have luncheon together and go to the best show in town."

And kissing her, Henry went out softly on tiptoe to the children's room. First he inspected himself in the long mirror in the hall from head to foot, smiling his best smile and showing all his fine white teeth, so as to remove every trace of the "ogre." And indeed he looked as if some good fairy had changed him overnight. Three tousled heads appeared out of the coverlets at his knock and then sheer surprise straightened each child up in bed.

"It's just daddy—the old ogre has gone away for good, and he's never coming back any more," and gathering them all into his arms, he thought of all he had been missing—in his rush for money the real gold had been slipping away forever! Thank heaven, he had seen his mistake in time.

* * *

Exit Young Hopeful

The boy terror was in evidence the other day at dinner. His parents had invited some friends to dine, among them being his sister's beau, who took the incorrigible on his knee.

During a lull in the conversation the young hopeful suddenly yelled out:

"Mr. Brown, is I as heavy as sister?"

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Mulvaney's Star

(Continued From Page 4.)

resentment, went home to a tasteless supper. He mouthed Mulvaney's phrase, "Caught with the fang," until it was regularly fletcherized, and tried it slyly but bitterly on his dog. Then he began haunting the park with a vague but insistent hope that the woman who had given Tommy into his hands would venture back upon the scene of her evil purpose.

From his covert in a convenient bit of shrubbery he studied every dark-faced woman who passed, keeping a keen lookout on the entrance of the park, where the street cars were almost momentarily disembarking people who were seeking air and amusement in the open.

Suddenly, after hours of skulking and watching, he saw Mame and Kathleen approaching, Mame wheeling Tommy in his little red cab.

"Now watch fer my fine officer!" he grated, looking about for Mulvaney to appear in the wake of the girl whose form haunted his fancy.

Jimmy had not long to wait. For, glancing over his shoulder, he saw Mulvaney sauntering toward the spot, idly twirling his stick.

"Fine afternoon, ladies," he heard from his shelter in the thick shrubbery. "And how is the stolen goods?" Mulvaney asked, bending an official bosom over the sleeping Tommy.

Jimmy noted that Kathleen's nod was curt, and no words of greeting fell from her lips. It was Mame who replied:

"Sure, Mulvaney, look at me, now, with Kathleen so fashed over Tommy I've to lave me work and stop with him myself—me losin' me job. We'll be on the town firstoff, and all for the baggage that took little Tommy. Would yuh think her so foolish, now?"

"So—so!" soothed Mulvaney, laughing, and making light of girlish notions "Now, I'll lay a wager that Kathleen'll get over that scare. She'll be thinkin' of more ser'ous things, will Kathleen. She be busy at fixin' the date of the weddin', I'll warrant." He caught step with them and placed a hand on the handle of the red cab

"Oh, will I?" mimicked Kathleen, with a toss of her head. "But you'll not see me on that day, Mulvaney."

Mulvaney assumed a crushed look and groaned. "Would yuh be so cruel, Kathleen?" he asked.

The wistful glance of his eyes was interrupted as it fell upon the figure of a small boy stealing from the shrubs and making off with all speed toward the ball game that was going on beyond the car tracks.

"It's Jimmy, by George!—Jimmy Long—he that paid his fine and hated me—but what could I do!"

Mulvaney's glance returned to Kathleen's averted face, to which he devoted the task of bringing a smile. What did a boy amount to by the side of a girl like that?

But Jimmy's headlong speed toward the ball grounds was suddenly halted at sight of a woman who was alighting from the car. She came toward him with an unconscious air, but stopped to parry words with the boy she had duped so readily two days before. Apparently she had not counted on meeting him, but she still trusted his credulity.

She beckoned and Jimmy forced his stunned person to approach.

"Son," she said, smiling engagingly. "I was good to you the other day. You know I was. You won't never earn a dollar as easy as that again, I guess." Jimmy stared in speechless ire. "So now I want you should do me a favor, honey." Her dark face with its "made" smile showed no sign of the mental search she was making for a plan to get the boy out of her way. "I'll double the dollar, kid, if you'll get me the kid again, honest. You know where he is, don't you? I've got to have a kid very soon, and you can help me—there's a man. Honeyboy, you'll help me, won't you?"

Jimmy had hard work resisting the magnetic appeal. He nodded assent and began a backward run. "Sure!" he gasped aloud and turned away. "Nit!" he whispered, his ire and resentment toward Mulvaney vanishing with his fleeing steps that brought him abruptly upon the merry trio and Tommy.

"If—if you please, sir," he panted, snatching his shabby cap from his hair, "she's went and told me to fetch the kid—her what took him's done it—she wants I should fetch the kid. Cut in, cop."

Upon which Mame spread her thin arms over the child and Mulvaney grasped his stick.

"Lead the way!" he commanded.

Jimmy led off with all speed with a child's instinctive fear that something indefinable was wrong. Mulvaney fell sharply in his wake, and Mame and Kathleen followed, impelled with exciting fears, while the red cab was trundled cautiously rearward.

Jimmy came to a halt when almost to the car track. "There! There she is!" He pointed excitedly. "And, gee! She's got another! Oh, gee! She's stoled another baby!"

Jimmy hopped up and down, while Mulvaney took a running leap and hit the running board of the car. But no sooner had he done so than a sobering discretion laid hold of his mind. Mulvaney was discreet. It was a mood of mind that came upon him at unexpected moments and presented itself now along with the fact that Jimmy, the lad whom he had offended, was the source of his present excitement.

There were two women, each with a child in her arms. But this did not worry Mulvaney, who often said he could read a guilty face a mile away

So he stepped into the aisle and made his way thru a forest of projecting elbows, sunshades and parcels, and came upon a woman whose face was dark and attractive. But her manner toward the child in her arms was perfect—the manner of a brooding and tender mother.

"I've no doubt it's the other wan," thought the policeman, glancing toward the end of the coach. "Blest if I kin tell—maybe. It might just be, now," he ruminated, "that Jimmy's got a line on Mulvaney—the precious little son of the devil!"

Mulvaney watched the two women with official coverture, and once forced the dark-faced one to meet his gaze. He was repaid with a look of righteous insolence.

Mulvaney's spirit met it dubiously. If he quailed before it the reason was only that he could see two women each with a child in her arms, and each was consciously proud of her burden. Between him and his quarry another image protruded, with the eyes of Kathleen fixing his steadily. Kathleen had seemed offended. He could imagine no reason for this, but he declined to become entangled in the law by arresting an innocent woman because Jimmy Long had taken it in his head to "string Molvaney."

"He'll be makin' himself mighty scarce when he sees me comin' back," he muttered, swinging from the car and retracing his steps by boarding the returning train. "Kathleen'll have the laugh on me for gettin' strung," he cogitated grimly. But he was glad to give her the advantage, if by this means she would be friends again. He searched fruitlessly for Jimmy along the outskirts of the track, but the ball game being in full swing, the chances of seeing him here were slim. Mulvaney nodded. "I knew it. He's wise, all right. I'll not get the chance to fine him again, the little——"

Mulvaney found an agitated scene when he stood in the door of the office It appeared to be full of teary people, whose interest seemed focused about a disturbed center, but Kathleen's startled eyes were the two points that drew his gaze. She sprang toward him.

"Glory be, Mulvaney! Where's the kid? Didn't you get un?" she asked hysterically.

Mulvaney detached his eyes from her face and took in the scene beyond, his intuition forewarning him of tragedy.

"It wa'nt the right wan, no more," he half muttered, half explained, and strode forward to where a tall young woman stood nervously clinching her hands before the desk, where Mack was scowling and issuing orders into the telephone receiver.

"We've no money—if they was after a ransom!" sobbed the tall woman tearlessly. "We've nothing—nothing!"

Mulvaney felt the air of the room ascend to the heat of an iron foundry, and mechanically he reached for his suffocating helmet. But he stopped in time to hear the description of the woman's child. It had been stolen from one of the

(Continued on Page 26.)

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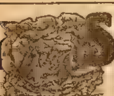

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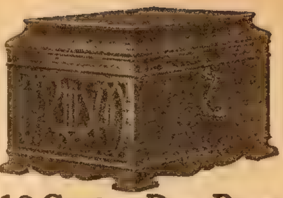

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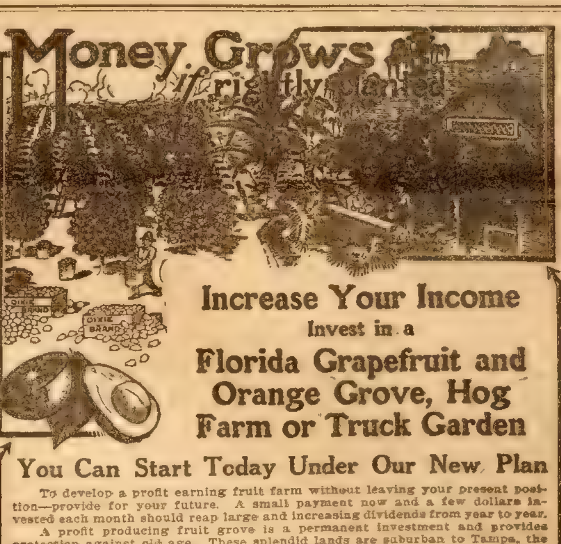
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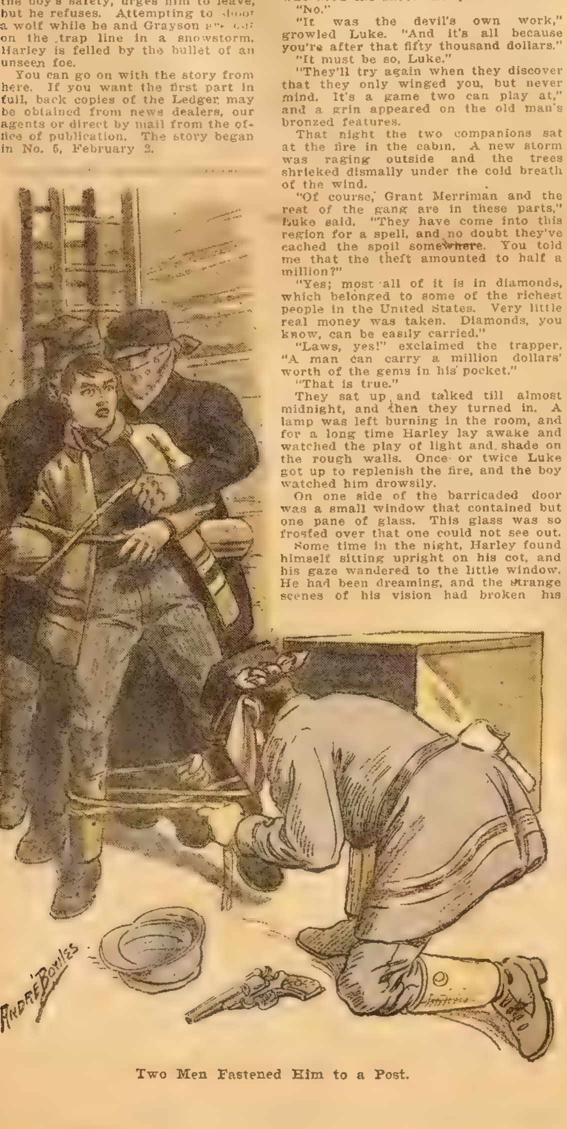
Fifty Thousand Dollars' Reward

By Capt. Jack Judson

The Story's Story.

HARLEY DANE, a boy railroad ticket agent, while selling passage to a man with an index finger from which the first joint is cut, believes he has spotted the chief of a noted band of robbers. Harley has seen the offer of a reward of $50,000 for the apprehension of the perpetrators of a recent half-million-dollar robbery, so he resigns his position, and resolving to win the huge reward, follows the suspected man to Pemaquid, an obscure lumbering town up near the Canadian border. Here he meets Luke Grayson, a trapper, with whom he had earlier formed a friendship. The two come to an understanding about "Short-Fingered" Merriman and his gang and attempt to follow them to Dead Man's Hollow, near which place Grayson has a line of traps. Harley goes to board at a sort of hotel, kept by a man named Marshall. The place is really the headquarters of the robber gang. Marshall has a niece, a young girl who waits on table and keeps house for him. She has come to believe her uncle a criminal. Harley makes friends with her. Suddenly dangers thicken. The robbers suspect the boy of being on their track. Left alone in Grayson's cabin Harley is attacked by Jim Tonkaway, a half-breed employed by the gang, but recovers his gun and shoots at the scoundrel, who has a narrow escape. Alice Marshall, fearing greatly for the boy's safety, urges him to leave, but he refuses. Attempting to shoot a wolf while he and Grayson are out on the trap line in a snowstorm, Harley is felled by the bullet of an unseen foe.

You can go on with the story from here. If you want the first part in full, back copies of the Ledger may be obtained from news dealers, our agents or direct by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 6, February 2.



Two Men Fastened Him to a Post.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE HAND AT THE WINDOW.

THE report of the rifle which stretched Harley Dane on the snow was heard by a man who was carrying a wolf on his back. Luke Grayson stopped in his tracks and threw one hand to his ear.

"That's curious!" murmured the trapper, as he listened. "Who fired that shot?" And in another moment he was racing thru the swirling snow in the direction from which the shot had come. He was nimble and strong, despite his years, and in a little while he stopped short and gazed at a form that lay at the foot of a tree.

"It's the boy! It's Jack!" he exclaimed, dropping his burden and stooping over the inanimate figure.

"Not so bad as I feared," he went on, after a brief examination. "It was a close call, too close for comfort," and he raised Harley in his strong arms and looked at him with breathless interest.

There was only a red streak across the boy's forehead, and Grayson had soon rubbed him back to life. Harley smiled faintly as he came back to consciousness.

"Who did this?" asked the trapper.

"I—don't—know, Luke."

"Never mind. I think I do."

As Harley was not sufficiently recovered to walk, Grayson let his prize lie on the snow and, shouldering his young friend, bore him to the cabin.

"You didn't get a squint at the rascal who fired the shot?" he queried.

"No."

"It was the devil's own work," growled Luke. "And it's all because you're after that fifty thousand dollars."

"It must be so, Luke."

"They'll try again when they discover that they only winged you, but never mind. It's a game two can play at," and a grin appeared on the old man's bronzed features.

That night the two companions sat at the fire in the cabin. A new storm was raging outside and the trees shrieked dismally under the cold breath of the wind.

"Of course, Grant Merriman and the rest of the gang are in these parts," Luke said. "They have come into this region for a spell, and no doubt they've cached the spoil somewhere. You told me that the theft amounted to half a million?"

"Yes; most all of it is in diamonds, which belonged to some of the richest people in the United States. Very little real money was taken. Diamonds, you know, can be easily carried."

"Laws, yes!" exclaimed the trapper. "A man can carry a million dollars' worth of the gems in his pocket."

"That is true."

They sat up and talked till almost midnight, and then they turned in. A lamp was left burning in the room, and for a long time Harley lay awake and watched the play of light and shade on the rough walls. Once or twice Luke got up to replenish the fire, and the boy watched him drowsily.

On one side of the barricaded door was a small window that contained but one pane of glass. This glass was so frosted over that one could not see out.

Some time in the night, Harley found himself sitting upright on his cot, and his gaze wandered to the little window. He had been dreaming, and the strange scenes of his vision had broken his slumbers. Suddenly it seemed to him that the pane moved. He threw a swift glance toward Luke, but the old trapper was snoring on his pallet, totally oblivious of what was taking place. The longer Harley looked the more he became convinced that the pane of glass had really moved.

"Some one is out there," went thru his mind. "I'll give the fellow a little rope."

Thereupon he fell back upon the cot and covered his face with the robe, but in such a fashion that he could see the window upon which he kept his gaze firmly riveted. The pane moved again, and all at once it vanished, to the boy's mystification. His rifle was within his reach, but he did not put out his hand for it.

In a few minutes he saw a great hand thrust into the opening made by the removal of the window-pane, and as it moved toward one end of the barricade, his heart took a great leap into his throat. The time was coming for him to act, and suddenly he jumped out of bed and darted toward the door.

The man outside did not seem to see him, for the hand was manipulating the bar, preparatory to opening the door. Almost before one could think, the boy stood at one side of the door with an upraised piece of firewood in his hands.

His lips were glued together with determination, and his eyes saw nothing but the groping hand. It was not the hand of a white man, as he now noticed, for it was dark brown, like the hands of those who have Indian blood in their veins.

Was Jim Tonkaway outside? In another moment the end of the bar would drop to the floor, and as Harley thought of this his grip grew firmer on his singular weapon.

"Now!" he said to himself, and the next second he brought the stick down upon the man's wrist with all his strength.

There was a howl of pain and the hand shot out of sight. The cry roused Grayson, who was on his feet, staring at the scene that met his astonished gaze. Another half-second and he was at Harley's side.

"What——"

"See!" interrupted the boy. "The window-pane has been removed, and I have just crushed a human wrist."

Grayson flung the bar to the floor and jerked the door open. He was outside in a flash, rifle in hand.

Harley followed him. The snow was still having a mad dance in the forest. One could not see a yard before his face. However, Harley saw Luke's weapon jump to his shoulder, and then the night rang with a startling report. Grayson laughed.

"It was a chance shot," the boy heard him say. "I don't know whether I hit the human wolf or not."

Without more words the trapper turned back into the cabin and pulled a burning stick from the forest hearth. With it above his head, he rushed past the silent youth and plunged into the woods. He was not gone more than five minutes when he came back with glittering eyes.

"There's blood on the snow," said he, answering Harley's mute questioning. "Either you or I winged the prowler."

"It's a pity we didn't finish him."

"Mebbe we did," was the response. "I'm goin' to see, anyhow."

Grayson, with a new faggot, went out again with Harley at his heels. The red trail was quite distinct. It led them deeper into the white pinery, and for some time they followed it with eyes glued to the snow. Suddenly Grayson stopped and turned to his companion.

"Look yonder!" said he, pointing to an object which was perceptible on the snow. "There's your human wolf, boy!"

The young station agent leaned forward and looked with all eyes. The friends moved forward, and Luke held his torch over the recumbent form of a man.

"What do you say now, Jack?" he grinned. "I didn't miss my mark, I guess."

On the snow which was crimsoned with blood lay Tonkaway in the agonies of death. The half-breed glared at the newcomers, but did not speak. Luke shook him and put his lips close to his ear.

"So it's you, Jim?" said he. "Who sent you to do this rascally job?"

Tonkaway shut his lips hard.

"You've lost out," continued old Luke. "And you've got but a few moments to live."

There was acquiescence in the glazing eyes and Tonkaway's head fell backward.

"Was it Grant Merriman's scheme?"

There was no reply.

"You'll die in the cabin," Luke went on. "I'm sorry for you, Jim, but——"

The sentence was never finished, for a long breath came from the half-breed's body, and all was over.

"You understand now, boy," said the trapper, turning to the silent Harley. "You're goin' to have a hard time gettin' that fifty thousand. Merriman and his pards are goin' to get you if they can."

The young station agent did not reply, but his look told Luke that he did not despair.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TERRIBLE DOOM.

IT SEEMED very likely, as Grayson and his young companion supposed, that the sudden ending of Jim Tonkaway's career would prove a sensation in Dead Man's Hollow; but, strange to say, it did not. So many tragedies had occurred in that wild region that one more or less seemed to make little difference.

Our friends believed that the half-breed was but the hired agent of the band known as Freedom's Defenders; therefore his fate was well deserved.

Nothing seemed to come out of Tonkaway's death, tho Grayson averred to Harley that it was only a calm before the storm.

"Keep up a bold front," advised the old trapper. "We're dealing with a rough lot, but we'll win out in the end."

"I hope so," answered the boy. "Now that I know where Grant Merriman really is, I feel satisfied. The next thing is to locate the booty."

Harley came and went about the camp with courageous bearing. He was determined that his face should not tell his enemies anything, for to show the white feather would be to invite destruction.

Once or twice he visited Marshall's place and fell in with Alice.

"You haven't gone yet, I see?" observed the girl, as our young friend came in one evening.

They were alone, and Harley cast a swift look around before he answered. "No, and I'm going to stay," said he.

"If anything serious happens, you cannot say that you have not been warned."

"I thank you for your good wishes," was the reply. "But I came here on an important mission and I can't go back empty-handed."

He had not seen Tom Marshall since their last interview; that worthy did not care to show himself for some reason. Harley was about to continue the conversation, when the door was thrown open and Grant Merriman strode into the room.

At sight of the young station agent he stopped short and his brows lowered. A thrill shot thru Harley's frame.

Now he was sure of his man. He saw that it was the same one to whom he sold the ticket at Colton, and mechanically he glanced at Merriman's right hand, but it was incased in a fur glove.

The man advanced to the fire and for a moment stood with his back to the boy. Harley and Alice exchanged significant looks.

"Where's Tom?" suddenly asked the suspected man.

"He has been gone fully an hour," answered Alice.

"Then I won't wait for him," and with this Merriman whirled on his heel and was gone.

"That's the man!" ejaculated Harley, with a nod. "If he had removed his glove I would have seen a crippled finger."

"I don't doubt it," said Alice.

When the youth arose to take his departure a look of fear stole into the girl's eyes. "Are you going back to the cabin alone?" she asked.

"Why not?"

"Grant Merriman, as you call him, has certainly spotted you."

"But I'm armed," and Harley pointed to the rifle which he had brought with him.

Bidding the girl good night, for the white day had waned, he set out on his return to Grayson's cabin. The woods were not filled with flying snow now, and a half-moon in a clear sky was casting long shadows on the glistening surface. The distance to the cabin was not great and the trail was clear. Harley's brain was filled with exciting thoughts; he was thankful that he had a friend in Marshall's pretty niece, one who had already taken an interest in him, and he pledged himself that if he won the big reward she should not be forgotten.

Half the distance had been made without incident, when the boy stopped suddenly and listened. He did not know why he had done so, but something akin to danger seemed to have warned him. Suddenly three figures arose in his path, and he instinctively cocked his rifle.

"None o' that!" cried a harsh voice. "Drop that gun or we'll drop you!"

It was a command which he dared not disobey, for he was covered by three rifles, and there were flashing eyes behind the shining barrels.

"Drop that gun!" was repeated, in the same uncompromising tones, and Harley reluctantly obeyed.

"Now come forward."

Fighting back his chagrin as best he could, the boy advanced and stood be-

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fore the trio. He now saw that their faces were muffled until nothing was visible but their merciless eyes

"Tie his hands, boys!"

A rope was produced from the pocket of one of the men and in a trice Harley found his hands bound on his back. In another minute he was being conducted away under guard by the masked trio. Not a word was spoken.

For more than two miles the march was made thru the forest, until Harley found himself in a locality which he had never before visited. In front of him stood a small and somewhat ghostly-looking cabin of heavy logs, which at once reminded him of a forest prison. One of the men opened the heavy door and pushed him inside. When all were in the hut, a match was struck and a lamp was lighted.

"How do you like it now?" said the tallest of the three. "I guess this is a change of scene?"

"It is an outrage," answered Harley, giving vent to his thoughts.

"Of course it is, in your opinion," was the answer. "We are going to have a little time here."

This threat was unanswered by the young prisoner, who regarded his captors in the light of murderers, and he deemed it best to keep silent. They were capable of anything, and no doubt it was their intention to do their worst, before Grayson could come to the rescue.

"What brought you to these parts'' began the foremost man of the three

Harley, summoning all his courage, looked his questioner squarely in the eye. "Has no one a right to come to Dead Man's Hollow without your consent!'' said he.

"Under the present circumstances, no''

"Then I'm an intruder?"

"You're nothing else, boy.'

Harley bit his lip and made no answer.

"Truss him up there!" commanded the main speaker, and one of the men pushed Harley against the wall and fastened him to a post that jutted out from one of the logs.

"Gag him now."

A heavy handkerchief was tied about Harley's mouth. He could hardly breathe.

"Now we'll go out and bait the pack," grimly said the tall leader. "In a little while there'll be a drama in this old hut. The beasts are hungry and——"

"And we'll make the scent good, eh?"

"To be sure we will."

One of the scoundrels crossed the room and put out the light.

Harley now realized the terrible intention of his enemies. He was to be left there till the wolves came. The men were going to toll the beasts to the cabin! This was evident from the fact that the door was left wide open. His blood seemed to run cold at the thought of this devilishness

Silence followed the departure of the forest villains, and Harley was alone with his thoughts. Where was Grayson? Would the old trapper come first, or would the wolves beat him to the hut?

The boy was so tightly bound to the post that to move in the slightest degree was torture. He could not emit a single sound, and the gag almost choked him. Seconds seemed eternity.

Suddenly there came to his ears a sound which seemed to lift the very hair on his head. It was the long cry of a hungry wolf, the terror of the winter pineries. Beyond the open door the silent moonlight lay. All at once a figure darted past the opening, then another and yet another. The outlaws had roused the pack and were tolling the beasts to the cabin. The wolfish cries grew plainer. The boy tugged at his fastenings, but without avail.

The villains had doomed him to a horrible death!

CHAPTER IX

A BOY AND A WILD CAT.

THE cry of the hungry wolf is one of the most dismal sounds imaginable. It strikes terror to the heart of the most fearless hunter, who does not care to encounter the mad pack when it is abroad careering thru the forest in quest of food. The wolf is the hunter of the snowy pineries. He generally hunts by night, and woe to the unhappy person who is found in his path.

Hence, when Harley Dane, lashed to the post in the out-of-the-way cabin, heard the howl of the prowling beasts of the snowy woods, he shuddered as he had never shuddered before. Old Luke had told him of their destructiveness, and now all the trapper's tales came back to him with an intensity which chilled his very blood.

And there was no escape. His captors, with a ruthlessness that would have been creditable to fiends, had deliberately tolled the half-famished band to the cabin for his destruction.

With feelings which no pen can describe, the young prisoner breathlessly watched the door. Beyond it lay a patch of moonlight, which showed him the whiteness of the snow, and he knew that it would soon give him a glimpse of his destroyers

Suddenly a dark shadow fell across the white surface. Then another and another, until he counted five, where a moment before there had been none. The wolves had come!

Already they were sniffing at the door, now thrusting their hideous heads inside, and now drawing back as if they feared a trap. Harley watched them with eyes enlarged and cold chills along his spine. The interior of the hut was dark, and if the beasts got inside he would not be able to see them

So far as he knew, his captors had left him without a single weapon. In spite of this he tugged anew at his bonds, straining each nerve as it had never been strained before, for his desperation was without bounds.

The fifty thousand dollars' reward, in the face of his peril, seemed as nothing

Added to this unwelcome thought was the one that Grayson might never know his doom. The old trapper, of course, would look for him, but even if he should be successful, what would he find?

At length the wolves became bolder. They were blocking the doorway. He felt that in another moment they would be inside.

Not far from him was a ladder which led to an attic in the hut, but it was a question if the old thing would bear his weight. He believed he could find it in the darkness, and with this lone hope he put forth a final desperate effort. The post, not the bonds, yielded slightly. The boy's heart stood still as he tried again. There were howls not ten feet away.

"Oh, thank fortune!" gasped Harley as the old post fell forward.

The wolves for a moment drew off. Harley wrenched anew, and to his unspeakable joy was free. He did not pause to see where the enemy was, but bounded to the left and seized one of the rounds of the old ladder. Breathing a prayer for deliverance, he went up—with his heart beating wildly in his throat. The brutes were at the bottom of the ladder, snapping like mad at his very heels! Into the dark attic the youth flung himself with a cry of victory. As he pulled himself into the place, he kicked the ladder away, and it fell clattering on the rough floor.

Breathing hard, he lay for some min-

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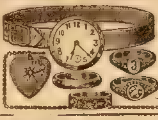

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By J. P. BURNHAM

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A printer in Chicago decided he would stop trying to get ahead in a crowded field where salary possibilities are limited. He was convinced that salesmen are made—not born—and after studying the principles of scientific salesmanship he launched out and secured a position paying him $2,500 a year, with every prospect of increased earnings as he goes on.

In Hanford, Cal., is a man who worked at anything he could get to do—and as he says, "was out of work half the time." He turned to salesmanship and has earned as high as $450 in one month. A man in Kansas City, over 60 years old, decided he would work with his head instead of with his hands. He turned to salesmanship as offering the greatest opportunities for advancement, and earned $200 a month as a result. An office clerk in Chicago, working at an office clerk's salary, jumped to earnings of $3,000 a year in a remarkably short time after having studied scientific salesmanship.

These are but a few of thousands of similar instances of how men learn to sell goods by mastering the basic principles of salesmanship. It does not matter what they are asked to sell—they know their profession as well as the lawyer knows his—and as the lawyer applies his knowledge to the various cases that come to him, so the salesman applies his knowledge to the selling problem in front of him.

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utes unable to move. He heard the disappointed cries of the brutes, which he had by the merest chance eluded.

"A miss is as good as a mile!" ran thru his thoughts. "I shall ever thank that old ladder. My day of vengeance will yet come, and then Grant Merriman and his devils shall feel my hand!"

When he had collected himself he moved away from the opening and took an inventory of his surroundings. There was a little window in one end of the attic. The moonlight stole into the place and by degrees enabled him to see the interior. He was weaponless, but he did not care for that. He had escaped the four-legged demons of the deep woods, and that was a great deal.

"Howl away!" he laughed in his wild glee. "I am out of the way of claw and fangs, and am safe!"

The attic was a cold place, for the winter air came in at many a crevice and chilled him to the bone. He knew he would have to pass the night there, for only day would drive the beasts away, and then he could resume his journey to old Luke's cabin.

In a little while he went to the paneless window and looked out. Nothing but snow greeted his searching vision. Suddenly a horrified thought took possession of him. What if the villains who had trapped him should return to see what the wolves had done? What if, finding no bones in the cabin, they should look into the old loft?

All at once he was startled by a sound which set his teeth on edge. He was not the only occupant of the attic. There was no disguising this fact, for the noise had been made by some living creature.

Harley turned and searched his surroundings with distended eyes.

"What is it?" he cried, as he noticed a pair of eyes that had a ferocious glitter.

He moved a little nearer the devilish orbs and then drew back.

Ah! He knew what it was. Crouched in one corner of the attic on a heap of rotting straw was an enormous wild cat, which, next to the wolf, is the demon incarnate of the lonely forests.

"So you have come to trouble me?" cried the boy, watching the mad scintillations of the terrible eyes. "I must fight you, too, ere I am wholly safe!" And he looked around for a weapon

A growl from the big cat answered him in the affirmative.

At that moment he would have given the great reward for his rifle, of which Grant Merriman and his fellows had deprived him.

Standing against the logs and almost within reach of his arms was a heavy stick, which some former occupant of the cabin had left there. The boy sprang forward and seized it in both hands. In another moment he straightened and clutched the stick with all his might.

The huge cat had seen the movement and, seeming to understand it, emitted another cry. It was an angry answer to his challenge.

Armed by good luck, Harley awaited the spring which he knew would not be long delayed.

"Come on!" he shouted. "We will have it out right here!"

The last words had hardly left his lips, when the wild cat hurled himself thru the air, and Harley struck with all desperation. The stick fell upon the cat's head and broke in two. The next instant they went to the floor together!

This thrilling boys' story is brought to a highly pleasing conclusion next week and Harley Dane wins his just reward for being a courageous youth.

Mulvaney's Star

(Continued From Page 23)

benches near the car track, while the mother was washing her handkerchief at the fountain some distance from her sleeping baby.

Hastily the turgid office discharged its duty to recover the child, Mulvaney making a reiterated assertion that the one he had pursued on the car was not the "right wan." The woman, who was tall and slender, with tragic blue eyes and an aura of fluffy hair about her face, trusted his report, but it did not comfort her. Bloodhounds were being discussed as a means of rescue, when, thru the throng of breathless sympathizers at the door, entered Jimmy Long, lugging in his arms a very vociferous parcel done up in fluffy but draggled muslin and lace. Jimmy himself was in an angry sweat.

Making his way thru the throng, he was dashed upon by the tall young woman, who snatched up the vociferous parcel and stifled its cries with passionate kisses. Here reflex action set in. The heated air of the room jolted downward, as all eyes were turned upon the scene of reunion. Mulvaney alone appeared the only one who experienced a rising temperature. This was caused at the sight of Jimmy Long.

"Look here, you," the policeman grated, vexed with the pelting interrogation points that Kathleen and others directed toward him, "what does this mean? You seem to have the habit of cradle-snatching. Where'd ja get that kid, you?"

"I never!" denied Jimmy, hotly, as he backed to the wall, with one grimy fist glued to his trousers pocket. "I was seein' the ball game," he asserted.

"Then where——" said Mulvaney, pointing to the now quieted child in its mother's arms.

"I was watching the ball game, after I sicked you on the baby-stealer. Why didn't yuh get her, after I sicked yuh on er? An' w'en I was yellin' fer third——"

"It wa'n't the right wan," defended Mulvaney, warmly.

'Aw it was, too, the right wan!" declared Jimmy, recklessly.

"Go on and tell the rest," said Mack, in the sergeant's chair. "We've got the right baby, anyway, so tell us how we come by it."

Jimmy's sweaty hand was worked into his pocket and stayed there, busily fondling some object. "An' w'en I was yellin' fer third, here comes along a car what a man dropped off'n, an' he has the cub on 'is arm. He comes runnin' like a rooster with 'is wings out—an' he seen me handy, an' he sez, 'Hullo, son, here's luck. I used to know you,' he sez, 'when you was a little kid. Don't yer remember the feller what give ye the little cannon cracker and the taffy? An' here's my little pot o'-honey,' he sez, meanin' the cub, 'an' it's gettin' sleepy time. I ain't got time to take her over to my wife—she's waitin' in the office of the park yonder. I kin trust you to do the business. Here.' an' he sets the cub down on the grass. An' I wuz wise to him in a minute, you bet, an' when he hikes fer the car what's come along, I yells fer help. But nobody listens—they're yellin' fer home base crazy-like—an' me there with the cub on the grass, him gettun squally. You better b'lieve I was a mad kid! I wouldn't look at the blamed baby, I wuz so huffy. But when he got squallier I had to go an' grab 'im up an' hike fer the office. So that's all."

Contrite apology was tendered to the mother, who was walking about, hushing the child in her arms. The officers stared at one another, seeking the key to the mystery.

"A read-and-return game, eh?" suggested Mack.

"Helva joke!" grumbled Mulvaney, running his fingers thru his thick brown hair, and noting Jimmy's nervous hover over the secret of his pocket. "I suspect the guy coughed up something," he said, indicating Jimmy's trousers with a nod. "Did the feller give yuh a tip, sonny?" he asked, with growing humility in his attitude toward his former victim.

Jimmy edged toward the door.

"Come back here!" ordered Mulvaney, sharply, with a rap on the desk. "I want you should tell if you was paid fer bringin' back the kid."

Jimmy paused on the threshold. "Sure, he did," he said, with hot eyes, "an' I betcha you won't cop it like you did the other time." He vanished thru the door.

The office grinned in sympathy, but no one pursued him. The mystery of the case was in the mind of every one. Perplexity was on the face of the caretakers of public safety, and terror lurked in the hearts of women and mothers who thought of their helpless children. It was mother-harrowing and father-bewildering and terrible. When were the babies safe from this fiendish intrigue? What would happen next? The crowd dispersed in wondering and foreboding.

Two or three days elapsed before the key to the mystery presented itself. It was Mulvaney who saw it gleaming thru the printed lines of a small portion of the morning paper, which he folded and took with him, as he promptly went to call upon Kathleen. It was with an air of triumph that he met her at the door of the little flat, the home of Mame and Tommy and Kathleen.

"They've left town," he announced, pulling the paper from under his arm. "I have it now, Kathleen—they're gone, so you've no cause fer anxiety, you and Mame, for they've left town."

"They—who?" asked Kathleen.

"Here we are," continued Mulvaney, pointing to the printed page, "and I'll read it aloud: 'The case against Dr. Alfred Sanders is dismissed, the complainant having left town. The Doctor refused to see the child, which Mary Hermit More claimed was his own, demanding a large sum of money for breach of promise. The Doctor was recently married. At least two children, a boy and a girl, were known to have been borrowed in an attempt at blackmail. It is believed that the woman had an accomplice.'"

Mulvaney's face was a study. If he had been boy, instead of man, one might have thought him ready to weep with vexation. Kathleen, still coldly dignified, let him brush past her. He sat down in the little living-room, where Tommy lay sleeping in the red cab, and leaned his face upon a hand that was supported weakly on the arm of the rocker.

"When I had the chance," he said bit-

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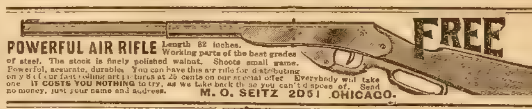

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terly, "I let her go. It was the mistake of me life—me, the soft-meat that I am, thinkin' her the mother. It's me that's givin' up me star for the blitherin' softy I was. I knew that."

He stopped and the sound of his breathing vibrated against Kathleen's sensibilities. She braced herself against it and, her brain clearing slowly over the situation, she found words:

"You are meanin' that they took our Tommy—that they had the lamb down to the courtroom, pretendin' he was their own? You never mean ut, Mulvaney! I can't believe yuh."

"Sure, Kathleen. Do yuh think I'm romancin'? 'Twas blackmail on a young doctor he's down here in the paper, I read yuh. They borryed him an' the other kid, too, blackmailin' the young doctor. But the case fell to pieces. They must have got cold feet from me bein' on the trail, not thinkin' me a softy. They should worry, tho. I'm goin' down to the chief and hand in me star. It's a forfeit, all right."

He stood up, his face sternly determined, and Kathleen weakened enough to sit down opposite him, her eyes on the star that had for years been the insignia of a brave officer.

"There's others," she protested faintly, 'to think of. I wouldn't be 'doin' a thing like that in haste, Mulvaney. You've punished yourself enough, already.'

"There's nobody carin', and I'll hand him the star," persisted Mulvaney.

And what Kathleen said then to the back of the officer, who stood with his eyes on the street outside, was very difficult, but she forced it from her.

"It's Kathleen that's carin'. Sure, Mulvaney, I was peeved some at chasin' to the office with a story of Tommy gone an' Tommy safe and Tommy gone again. 'I think the rest of the force must have the laugh on me,' thinks I, and peeved I was, sure. But I'd not mind that if you'll not give up the star, Mulvaney."

He turned then and crossed to her side. He stayed a long time, too, but his mind was at the last still bent on his purpose.

"I'll tell the chief, annyway," he said, "and I'm willin' to stand fer what he wants me to do."

Why Lucy Was Late

"I'M SORRY I'm late," Lucy greeted the girl in blue who was waiting for her at a table by the window. "I suppose you're half starved, but I had to be late—positively had to. And I did it on purpose.'

"On purpose!" the other echoed indignantly. "How? Why?"

"I did," persisted Lucy. "And I chose you to begin on. I knew you wouldn't mind after I'd explained. You see, I'm trying to form a whole new set of habits about things. I want to get over being prompt and neat and tidy and overfussy about little things. I've just come from spending a month with my Cousin Julia."

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about," murmured the blue girl, "but you might stop and order your luncheon."

"All right, Helen, I can do that," Lucy conceded, studying the menu. "I want something indigestible—Welsh rarebit, I think, and two pots of coffee."

"If you aren't losing your mind," Helen remarked as the waitress departed, "you might tell me what has happened to you."

'I've just told you," Lucy repeated. "I've just spent a month with Cousin Julia. Cousin Julia is 35, but she looks about 50. She has hair so smooth it looks uncanny, and everything about her is washed, brushed and sterilized twice a day. She uses up every scrap of her energy in being systematic.

I hadn't seen Cousin Julia for ten years or so, and I remembered her as a pretty girl, who was very gay and full of fun. But she didn't seem so very festive when she met me at the station in Wayneville. She was very tall and thin, and wore a stiff white gown that made her look like a trained nurse. She always wears white because it's more sanitary. We walked all the way to her house because driving stirs up too much dust, and when we got there we entered thru the back door in order to avoid tracking up the house. Dinner was a well-balanced meal of things with patent names, and Cousin Julia fletcherized every bite.

"After dinner I went to my room, which was about as cozy as a hospital ward. Cousin Julia doesn't believe in rugs that are not washable, and the floors and walls are the kind that can be wiped off with damp cloths twice a day.

"Cousin Julia was very pleasant during my visit, but it wasn't very exciting. There were so many things the poor girl couldn't do because they seemed disorderly or insanitary. She wouldn't knit for the soldiers because wool has a way of collecting quantities of dust and she didn't think it would be healthy for the poor men to wear garments that anybody had worked over for so long a time. She wouldn't take books from the libraries for fear they'd be full of germs.

"When poor Cousin Julia wasn't washing or cleaning something she was keeping her accounts in two huge double entry ledgers or writing in her diary a report on the day's adventures with a dust cloth. Cousin Julia had a schedule for every day in the week fastened to the wall above her desk. If she spent five minutes too long polishing the doorknobs it upset the schedule terribly.

"I think my being there worried her a good deal. You see, she was afraid that my clothes might be full of city germs, and then I was two minutes late at breakfast on several mornings. Also I once brought in a bunch of flowers and they scattered pollen on the mahogany table. I even left the piano open one awful day and it looked untidy in her eyes when a caller came. And, worst and most unforgivable of all, I sat on the chintz-covered chairs when I wore a dark serge dress. Altogether, I'm afraid my visit nearly drove poor Cousin Julia crazy."

"How about yourself?" the girl in blue asked sympathetically. "I don't see how you ever endured it a month."

"I couldn't have stood it," nodded Lucy, except for the fact that I was getting pointers on what not to do, on how not to spend the rest of my life. I made up my mind to be as different from my poor Cousin Julia as I possibly could, so I staid there to take notes. Altogether, it was a most profitable visit.

"Yes, I know that button is off my waist, but I cut it off on purpose. I'm not going to have my life bounded by buttons when I'm 35! Don't you think I'm doing right?"

"Well," the other young woman said slowly, "in the circumstances I really believe you are. Just the same, I don't think you were ever neat enough to be in very much danger."

In God's Country

"THERE'S too much system in the city, too many appointments at a certain time and place, and too much figgering," explained the lonesome man.

"Now back home we never had any appointments at all, and we never had to make any fine calculations. If we took a notion to go over and have dinner with somebody, we went; and if anybody took a notion to have dinner with us they came. That's all there was to it. We didn't bother with invitations to go any certain day at any certain hour, the way you folks do in the city, and it was lots better because you go when you feel like going and come when you feel like coming, not because you have an engagement. That was liberty! Give me liberty or something just as good!

"This going to places because you have an engagement is a fright. Half the time you don't feel like it, but you have to because you were invited. Most likely the folks prefer your absence, but they have to entertain you because they asked you."

"I should think," observed the lonesome man's friend, "that the country people would find it very inconvenient to have people come in so unexpectedly. You might not have any eats in the house."

"Oh, they always have eats in the house back in God's country!"

"Yes, but there might not be sufficient. Supposing you only have enough steak for your own family and seven or eight visitors drop in!"

"Back home," explained the lonesome man, patiently, "it doesn't make any difference how many people come to dinner. 'At least it didn't when I was there. You bought the same amount of meat for your family as you did for company. Nobody ever bought more than ten cents' worth of steak. If there was company you bought a ten-cent steak, and if there wasn't you bought a ten-cent steak, and there was only one kind of steak. Steak, that's all."

"I suppose," suggested the lonesome man's friend, who was a very intelligent fellow, "that the butcher knew when you had company because he saw them drive up, and he made allowances accordingly when awarding you your beef. And back in that old burg if people came on Sunday it didn't make any difference because in the cellar were a few barrels of apples, a barrel of pork and half a dozen hams, a ten-gallon jug of molasses, a keg of cider, and out in the yard there were 'leven dozen busy chickens, and in the kitchen a barrel of flour, a bin full of cookies——"

"Say!" cried the lonesome man, enthusiastically, "are you from God's country, too?"

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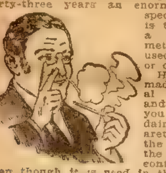

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My treatment will relieve that depressed, tired, sleepy feeling, giving you renewed energy and vigor, a result of the loss of your superfluous fat.

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Dr. R. Newman:—I am reduced about 50 pounds. My waist meusure is 5 inches smaller than before taking the treatment. I can stand to work much better.
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Dr. R. Newman, Iowa.
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Mrs. Anna Schmidt.

Dr. R. Newman, Pennsylvania.
Dear Sir:—From 180 I have reduced to 145, and am glad to say my health is greatly improved. When I began taking your treatment my health was wretched. Now I feel like a new person—all that old tired feeling is gone. You may print this if you wish.
Mrs. Ethel M. Gill.

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Dr. R. Newman:—I am getting along very well. Have lost 45 pounds since I began taking your treatment. My health is good in every way. My measure: Hip 57, now 49. Waist 45, now 38. Chest 45, now 37.
Addie Barton.

Dr. R. Newman, Oklahoma
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Evadna Travis.

Dr. R. Newman, Idaho.
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If you are overstout do not postpone but sit down right now and send for my FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and my plan whereby I am to be PAID ONLY AFTER REDUCTION HAS TAKEN PLACE if you so desire.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician State of New York
286 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Desk J-344.

NEWTON'S DOG, DIAMOND.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was a famous man who discovered many things. He worked hard trying to understand all about the wonderful world of nature—about light and heat and electricity.

Now, this great man had a little dog named Diamond, whom he loved very much. One day he left Diamond alone in the room where he studied and wrote. On the table was a pile of papers on which he had written everything he had found out about light for twenty years. On the table, too, was a lighted candle.

As soon as his master had left the room, the little dog jumped up on the table. Over went the candle, the papers caught fire, and were all burned up.

Newton came and saw what had happened. Did he whip the dog, do you suppose—the little dog that had known no better?

No, this kind master just patted his head and said, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, you little know the harm you have done!"

◆

TOMMY SCORED.

THE teacher was explaining to the class the meaning of the word "axiom." "An axiom," she said, "is a self-evident fact or proposition. That is, it is something which you know to be true; something which, in the very nature of things, cannot be otherwise than true.

"For example, it is a well-known axiom that the whole is greater than any of its parts. To state it in another form, the half of anything is less than the whole of it."

"Teacher," spoke up a little boy, "I know the half of something that's bigger than the whole of it."

"You surprise me, Tommy," said the teacher. "What is it?"

"A semicolon," answered Tommy. "It's bigger than a colon!"

◆

A WISE LITTLE SQUIRREL.

"MOTHER, I have so many chestnuts that I am going to put some of them out under the tree for Sammy. He told me only yesterday that he didn't have enough nuts for his babies for the winter."

Mother laughed. Sammy Squirrel was Bobby's little friend and the two held long conversations almost every day. That is, Bobby talked and Sammy Squirrel chattered and sometimes scolded in a language that nobody but the little boy pretended to understand.

Bobby sat under the big tree and sorted the chestnuts. The great, big chestnuts he saved for mother, the wormy chestnuts he put in a pile by themselves to be burned, and the other chestnuts he put into a basket for his pet, Sammy.

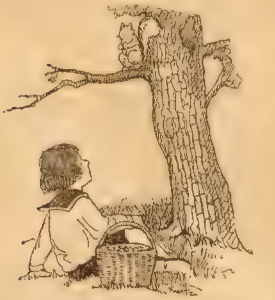
While he was stooping over a brown marble fell out of his blouse pocket into the basket.

"I wonder if I could fool Sammy into thinking that that marble is a nut," the small boy said to himself. "It would be fun to try, anyhow. I don't need these old brown marbles any more now that I have the bag of glass marbles that grandfather brought me. I'm going to see if Sammy Squirrel knows the difference."

Bobby emptied about a dozen brown marbles into the basket of nuts and ran into the house to tell mother.

Just then grandmother came, and in the enjoyment of a new primer which she brought with her, the little boy soon forgot all about Sammy. About an hour later a picture of a squirrel in the new book reminded him.

"Oh, mother!" he cried. "I must go this minute to see Sammy. You know those brown marbles I had? Well, I put them into the basket with the nuts, just to see whether Sammy could tell a nut from a marble. I had almost forgotten about them."



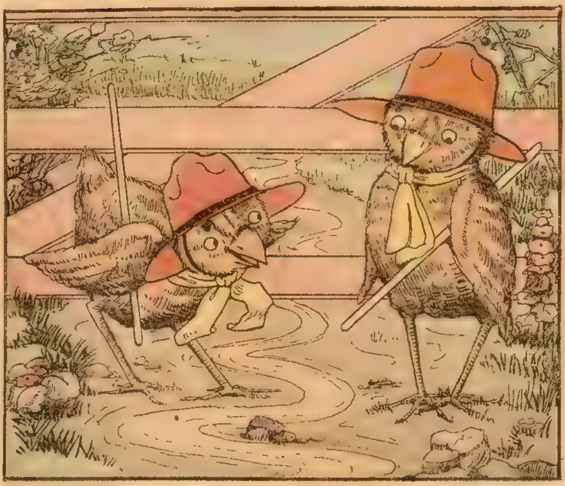
Sammy Squirrel Was Bobby's Friend.

The boy ran out as quickly as he could. There under the tree was the basket and in it twelve brown marbles. The nuts were gone. Suddenly he heard a noise in the tree over his head. He looked up and there sat Sammy.

And such a scolding as Bobby got! But whether Sammy knew by the smell or whether he tried the marbles with his sharp, white teeth, the little boy doesn't know.

The Chickabiddy Scouts

A Story for Children



"There It Is," Said Dicky. "What Do You Think of It?"

"PLEASE, Mother," said Billy Bantam, "can Dicky and me join the Scouts?"

"Scouts!" clucked Mrs. Bantam. "What Scouts?"

"The Chickabiddy Scouts," answered Dicky. "Anybody who has left off eggshells can join."

"And what are you supposed to do?" asked his mother.

"We wear hats," explained Billy.

"With broad rims," added Dicky, "and carry poles."

"Long poles," said Billy. "And wherever we see a strange trail we follow it."

"And we have all sorts of adventures," concluded Dicky. "Do let us join."

"Well, I'll see," said Mrs. Bantam. "Perhaps if you are very good chicks. Scouts, indeed! Why it seems only the other day you were hatched."

Anyhow, Billy ~~and~~ Dicky Bantam joined the Chickabiddy Scouts and wore broad-brimmed hats on their heads and yellow handkerchiefs around their necks and carried poles under their little wings; and very proud they were of it, and talked and thought of nothing else but scouting.

One day Dicky came to Billy in great excitement. "I have found such a strange trail," he said. "Get your hat and pole and come along."

So Dicky got his scout's hat and pole and followed his brother across the farmyard to the gate opening on the lane.

"There it is," said Dicky. "What do you think of it?"

Billy examined it very carefully.

"Whoever made it," he said, "wasn't hopping, either. And there are no signs of wheels or hoofs, so he wasn't riding or driving."

"See how it winds about, too," said Billy. "I don't think whatever it was could have been in much of a hurry."

"Perhaps he had lost his way," said Dicky. "It will be a very difficult track to follow. But it will be good scouting."

"Very good scouting," agreed Billy.

So, with their heads close to the ground they followed the trail, backwards and forwards and in and out for some time.

Presently they heard some one singing in a very hoarse cracked voice.

"A Frog he would a-scouting go,
Tho his sisters and cousins and aunts
said 'No.' "

And a scout belonging to the Frog brigade hopped out of the ditch at one side of the lane. "Ho! ho!" he croaked. "Scouting, eh?"

"Yes," said Dicky. "We've found a very strange and mysterious trail, and we mean to follow it, whatever it is and wherever it goes."

"Well," said the Frog, "I can tell you one thing."

"What's that?" cried Billy and Dicky together.

"The creature who made it had horns," said the Frog.

"Horns!" cried Billy. "Cows have horns."

"Goats, too," exclaimed Dicky.

"Ho! ho!" croaked the Frog. "There are other things besides cows and goats, as you will find if you follow the trail."

And he hopped back into the ditch and went off singing as before.

"If the thing we are tracking has horns," said Dicky, "it may be very wild and savage."

The trail was straighter now and easier to follow. And then a most extraordinary thing happened—for suddenly it came to an end and there was nothing there!

Billy and Dicky looked at each other in amazement. They had followed the trail most carefully and this was the result.

"Hello!" said a voice. "Lost anything?"

There was a fence on one side of the lane, and perched on it was a thrush.

"We're the Chickabiddy Scouts," said Billy proudly. "And we've followed this trail for ever so far, and now there is nothing at the end of it. A Frog we met said it was made by some one with horns. But, if so where is he?"

"It was made," said the Thrush, "by some one who carried his house on his back and so could not go very fast."

"His house!" exclaimed Billy and Dicky together. "Then where is it?" and they stared all around them with their funny little, round eyes.

"I've eaten him," said the Thrush. "But there's his house." And he tossed an empty snail shell at them.

"Snails have horns, you know," he added.

Billy and Dicky looked at each other with their little bills gaping while the Thrush sang loudly.

"All the same," said Billy at last, "it was very good scouting."

"Very good scouting," said Dicky.

◆

WHAT FRISK TOLD A VISITOR

FRISK is a fine collie dog; he has a beautiful golden-brown coat, with a snowy ruff about his neck, and a long, feathery tail.

Frisk loves his home and his kind mistress, but he loves best of all to go for a long walk out of doors. When his master takes up his hat, Frisk is at his side with a bound, looking up in his face, as if to say, "Take me with you, do!"

One day a lady came to call, and when she went away, Frisk's master took her to the station; and Frisk went, too. It was a long walk, but he enjoyed it.

Next day the lady came again, and as it was a cold day, she was given an easy chair by the fireside. She was so comfortable that she stayed a long time.

By and by Frisk came and looked earnestly in her face. He reached up his paw and patted her knee, and when she took no notice, he put back his head and gave a long howl.

"What does the dog want?" the lady asked. Frisk's mistress knew very well what he wanted, but she hoped her visitor would not guess.

At last the lady rose to go. Then how happy Frisk was! He ran around the room in circles, barking joyously; then he came back and tried to lick the visitor's face.

"Why, I do believe he wanted me to go home," she said, laughing.

Her hostess was very much ashamed. "He wants to have the pleasure of walking with you to the station," she said. Then she scolded Frisk. "Naughty dog! Don't you know how rude you have been?"

Frisk looked puzzled. If he could have talked, he would have said:

"I only wanted her and my master to come out into the beautiful, big, sunny world, which is so much pleasanter than this warm, close room. Don't you know that it will make you strong and healthy to run out into the clear, fresh air?"

I think Frisk was a wise dog. Don't you?

THE PEACOCK'S COUSIN.

THIS is an old Arabic and Malay story. It seems that in the time of the wise King Solomon the pheasant and the crow were great friends. Indeed they spent much of their time marching about wing and wing. In those days the pheasant was drab and colorless and the crow was white.

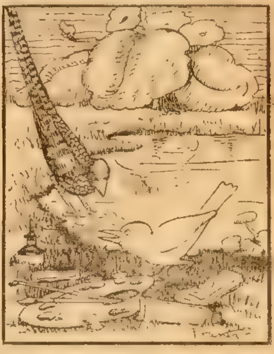
The pheasant was a cousin of the peacock, the most gorgeous bird in all Birdland, and exceedingly proud of his fine feathers. The peacock was ashamed of his shabby relative and often showed his ill-nature by snubbing the poor little pheasant, who took this mistreatment very much to heart.

One day when the peacock had been more than usually disagreeable, the crow said to his friend, "Don't take it so much to heart. I will tell you a story about your haughty cousin, which I learned from the wise King." So the crow told how the peacock had had a beautiful voice when all the birds and beasts lived in the Garden of Eden. But even then the peacock had been vain and silly. One day Satan looking thru the bars of the garden gate saw the peacock and began to flatter him, trying to get him to open the gate. The foolish peacock was so pleased by Satan's soft speeches that he would have let him into the garden if he had not been afraid. Instead he brought the serpent to Satan. But for the peacock's part in the transaction he was deprived of his beautiful voice. "And so," the crow finished, "he should be ashamed and humble instead of proud."

But the pheasant was not comforted by this story of his cousin's disgrace, for the peacock went on treating him shamefully just the same as before, and hurting the poor bird's feelings. One day, when the two friends were walking in the woods, they met the fine bird spreading his splendid tail in the sunlight.

"You are a disgrace to me," he said to the pheasant, "I dropped some feathers back there. You might pick them up and fix yourself decently. You look like a beggar."

When the crow heard this he was very angry for his friend and thought of a scheme to help him. He stole paints, brushes and a bottle of India ink from the court painter and persuaded the pheasant to let him paint him with beautiful blue, gold, green, red and yellow shades. The pheasant was delighted with the idea and promised to paint the crow in turn.



The Pheasant Was Charmed With the Sight.

So the crow set to work, and when he was finished the pheasant was quite as gay in color as the peacock. The pheasant rushed to a pool of water to see himself and was so charmed with the sight and so pleased with his fine new suit that he immediately became quite as proud and vain as the peacock and forgot all about his promise to the crow.

He started off immediately to find his cousin, but the crow called him back and reminded him of his promise. "Fie—" said the pheasant, "what do I want to paint you for? I must hurry away to find my cousin, the peacock, for now he will not be ashamed of me and we will go about together as cousins should."

The crow tried to keep him, and the pheasant got angry and, freeing himself from the crow, picked up the bottle of India ink, which was among the painting materials, and threw it at the crow, strutting away to find the peacock without another word to his friend. The crow's white feathers were covered with the ink. And ever since he has had to wear the dingy black suit, which he got while trying to help his friend. And because his friend repaid him so cruelly for his kindness the poor crow has had not only a spoiled coat, but a spoiled disposition ever since.

◆

Knew Her Bible.

Governess—"Dorothy, won't you give your little brother part of your apple?"

Little Dorothy—"No. Eve did that, and has been criticised ever since!"—Judge.

On the Mixed Train

By Perry G. Estee

She had branded him a coward and turned to another man, but the opportunity to redeem himself came quite unexpectedly. Was he equal to the moment?

"RAILROAD men are so uncouth-looking and some of them are greasy as well." Thus spoke Miss Sylvia Hamdon, as she gazed with distaste at the busy crew of the mixed accommodation freight and passenger train making up for the run from the junction to Chester.

Miss Hamdon's aunt, a large matronly woman, smiled tolerantly on her pretty niece. "You are used to the spick-and-span city chaps, who run cars to and from that college where you teach. Land! Of course they can keep slick! These men have lots of different things to do. Look at that conductor helping his men switch. He's a Chester boy; folks live right near us."

"If I were a man I would have a different position then." Miss Sylvia spoke with decision.

"He had a better place in the city, but says he was tired of living in a place of make-believe; wanted to be with real folks."

Miss Sylvia's lips curled in a disdainful little smile as she gazed at the back of the broad-shouldered, black-haired chap, who was giving his engineer a vigorous "go-ahead" signal. At that instant he turned, his eyes encountering first Mrs. Parker's pleasant face. His hand went to his cap, and then was arrested as his eyes met those of the girl at his neighbor's side, gazing down from the coach window.

It is hard to say which of the two young people flushed the more hotly. Sylvia turned her back to her aunt and fussed with the buckle of her suitcase, and Conductor Frank Ransome made unnecessary haste to swing to the ladder of the box car being shunted to another track.

"So Sylvia is the niece Mrs. Parker has been expecting! And she still thinks me a coward—I could see that much in her eyes. Thought I was forgetting, but it seems not." Ransome's thoughts were bitter as he helped his men finish their work, and then, as the mixed train rolled slowly out of the junction, he went to the baggage car to wash up for his ticket-taking duties.

As for Sylvia Hamdon, the sight of the young man had awakened equally bitter memories. The Frank Ransome she had known had been an official of the city passenger office and always fastidiously dressed. With the rude shock of seeing him in the rough garb of a mixed train employe had come thoughts of the time, six months before, when they had been engaged. There had occurred one evening an incident that to Sylvia was convincing proof that the man she loved was a coward. In all the world there was nothing she abhorred more than cowardice. She refused to listen to explanation or excuse, and when Ransome a little later abruptly quitted the city, she had consoled herself with the attentions of Stephen Vincent, who had, curiously enough, been the man to step into the limelight at the moment of Ransome's glaring weakness. Months later she had accepted Vincent, and the date for the wedding was already set.

Conductor Ransome, outwardly calm enough, came down the aisle collecting tickets. In spite of herself, Sylvia, watching, admired the swift ease of the man, and noted also the respect accorded him by the passengers, most of whom called him by name.

Mrs. Parker's old eyes had not been unobservant of the confusion of the young people and with a little smile she introduced the two.

Sylvia barely acknowledged the conductor's quiet greeting. "We have met before, a long time ago," she stated coldly.

"Miss Hamdon will visit me for some weeks," said Mrs. Parker, to fill the awkward pause, "and she plans to go to the junction on your train Saturday to meet a friend."

"This particular Saturday will be a bad night for any woman to travel on the mixed train," said Ransome, a worry line creasing his brow. "Quarry workers for Meckling coming over the branch. Quite a bunch, and if they are as rough as the last lot there will be trouble."

"You need have no fear," Sylvia's cool voice cut in. "Mr. Vincent is to come up from the city en route to Chester. He will protect me again."

The conductor's lips tightened, and his black brows came down ominously, but as Mrs. Parker would have spoken rather indignantly, he smiled at her with a little negative shake of the head.

Wisely, the aunt made no comment to her niece as the stalwart figure of the conductor continued down the aisle. Perhaps in time the girl would explain why she doubted the courage of popular Frank Ransome.

Mrs. Parker tried, however, to dissuade Sylvia from making the Saturday trip to the junction, but found that young lady as willful as she was pretty. The elder woman decided to go, also, but fate took a hand in the affair at the last moment, and a sprained knee held Mrs. Parker at her home.

Perhaps Sylvia had hoped that Ransome would attempt to break thru the cold reserve of her manner. If so, she was disappointed, for he tendered merely a curt good evening in exchange for the going portion of her junction ticket.

Miss Hamdon had no way of knowing that he had recalled an application for vacation which was to have begun the day after her arrival; his action due entirely to her expressed purpose of visiting the junction on a Saturday.

When the smoker of the thru train discharged its passengers at the junction, Sylvia, for the first time, had misgivings. The quarry workers were present in force, and John Barleycorn was also in evidence in their actions.

For a moment she wished that she had heeded the warnings of her aunt and of Frank Ransome, but the sight of Stephen Vincent's stylishly-clad figure alighting from the parlor car caused her to forget her fears. Here was the man who had defended her when others failed.

Nevertheless, she was sorry to note that not another woman entered the coach of the mixed train, and that the quarry workers overflowed the smoker end and occupied half the seats in the ladies' portion of the coach.

There was a little delay, and smoking and drinking began at once, punctuated with rough talk. Vincent glanced at his companion nervously, and half rose in his seat, observing irritably, "Sylvia, it is unlucky that you met me tonight. Before we get to Chester those toughs will be annoying us. Where's the train crew?"

"Can't you speak to them, Steve?" asked Sylvia, quietly. "Auntie said I ought not to come, but I told her of your bravery, and also that your bearing would awe the men without resorting to violence. You remember that evening long ago?"

Stephen Vincent flushed. He did remember quite well; even to the exact amount of money he had paid two thugs to stop and annoy Frank Ransome and Sylvia Hamdon. The former they were to beat if necessary, but upon Vincent's arrival they were to retreat before his attack. It was a cheap trick, but it had worked surprisingly well. Even Vincent could not understand why Ransome should have momentarily retreated. The interval had given Vincent his opportunity and discredited the other man in the girl's eyes. Vincent feared that Ransome had seen him skulking behind the tree and had waited to understand the plot. He did not really believe that the other had been afraid.

For good reasons he said nothing of this to Sylvia, but her mention of the incident caused him to writhe inwardly as he saw the difficult situation into which his supposed physical bravery had led him.

He could hardly conceal his nervousness at another outburst from the gang as the train began to move. They were casting ominous looks toward Sylvia and himself.

Sylvia, unafraid for herself, wondered also as to the whereabouts of the trainmen. She thought of Ransome impatiently. Even if he failed, surely the brakeman would assist Vincent in protecting a lady.

She was unaware that Conductor Ransome was at that moment handing an automatic to his very efficient brakeman.

"Be ready with that just outside the rear door, Sam," he instructed. "If necessary use it and protect that young lady with your life. That bunch mean bad business. I've got to subdue them without a gun. Fate has given me this very chance."

"Then fate is no friend of yours," stated the practical Sam. "Making a bunch of drunken quarry huskies believe in law and order, without a gat, is the last chance I would want slipped to me."

"Slip back over the top and be ready for your part," said the other, with a little grim smile, and the brakeman hurried to obey his well-beloved conductor.

The mixed gathered speed, the little coach bounding and swaying over the rough roadbed. The quarrymen were casting leering smiles at the girl. She saw Vincent cower down in his seat, apparently absorbed in the passing scenery. Where was his courage? Had she been mistaken.

Suddenly Sylvia saw four men rise and come toward her end of the car. Impulsively she turned to Vincent, but one of the men caught the collar of the man at her side and jerked him to his feet. "Come along, young feller, be sociable with us," he said, with maudlin familiarity. "No one's going to hurt your girl."

And Vincent went, grinning foolishly. Sylvia started to her feet, but rough hands forced her down, and two of the men tried to crowd into the seat beside her. Then bedlam seemed to break loose in the smoker end of the car.

"Keep him back!" she heard a voice roar, a voice that died away in a moan, and an instant later there surged into the crowded aisle the figure of Conductor Ransome. A terrible sight just then—a fighting man in action. His face was bruised and bloody and his left arm hung queerly at his side, but in his right was the heavy service lantern, and his overmastering rage was causing him to wield it as was never lantern wielded before. The roughs were trying to strike him, to hold him, and he was plowing his way steadily forward, battering them down, hurling them aside with surges of his big shoulders. One of the men beside Sylvia struck Ransome a blow in the neck, and the girl cried out in horror as the trainman reeled, but he recovered, and a smashing stroke of the lantern stretched the quarryman senseless. Then the one sound arm reached the collar of the maudlin one in the seat, and he was hurled across the car.

"Back to the other car, where you stand up for the rest of the trip! If a man steps foot in here I will beat him to death. And send in that other passenger unharmed."

Cowed, the men began to shamble forward, and in the rear the brakeman lowered his weapon.

"Fate picked a good man for the job, anyhow," he muttered. "Those fellows will never know how hard my finger was on the trigger, either."

Into the coach came Vincent, white-faced and with wavering eyes.

Ransome, herding the men ahead of him, was disappearing into the other compartment. Sylvia's call reached him and swung him about.

"Frank, come back! Tell me about that time long ago. Or don't you care to now?"

In the eager light that flashed in the dark eyes looking out of the battered countenance Sylvia had an answer.

Then Stephen Vincent, realizing that his game was played, did at least one manly act.

"The two men were hired by me, Sylvia. Ransome suspected and hung back for a moment, I think, because he saw me and was puzzled. Afterward you would not let him explain. I am getting off at the next stop."

The other two were close together and did not seem to hear as the mixed roared on into the night.

* * *

Unfeeling.

THE doctor and the lawyer had a difference one evening.

"I tell you," the lawyer later told a clergyman, "doctors are callous brutes, with not a spark of human feeling within them."

"Come, come," replied the clergyman, trying to calm his friend, "that's rather a sweeping statement, you know."

"Not a bit of it," declared the lawyer. "Why, when I was ill a few weeks ago and was suffering untold agonies I sent for the doctor. 'Doctor,' I moaned, 'I'm suffering the torments of hell.' 'What! Already!' was his unfeeling retort!"

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WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS
as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. Return the $3.00 collected and we will send you a Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two Gold Shell Rings. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.
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THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,
BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS
Dept. W Tyrone, Pa.

For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

A Star Doily in Solid Crochet

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THIS substantial doily will be found practical for many uses and will outwear many of the more open patterns. Use mercerized crochet cotton No. 50; start with 7 ch sts, join, forming a circle, 3 ch sts.

First Row—22 d c, join, 3 ch sts.

Second Row—* 2 d c into first st, 1 d c into next st, repeat *, join, 5 ch sts.

Third Row—* 2 d c into first st, 1 d c into each of next 3 sts, 2 d c into next st, 2 ch sts, repeat * five times, join, 5 ch sts.

Fourth Row—* 2 d c into first st, 1 d c into each of next 5 sts, 2 d c into last st, 2 ch sts, repeat * five times, join, 5 ch sts.

Fifth Row—* 2 d c into first st, 1 d c into each of the next 3 sts, 7 d c into the next st, join first and last of these d c together, forming a tuft, 1 d c into each of the next 3 sts, 2 d c into last st, 3 ch sts, repeat *.

Sixth Row—2 d c into first st, 1 d c into each remaining st, 2 d c into last st, 3 ch sts, repeat *.

Seventh Row—* 2 d c into first st, 1 d c into each of the next 2 sts, 1 tuft, 1 d c into each of next 4 sts, 1 tuft, 1 d c into each of the next 2 sts, 2 d c into last st, 3 ch sts, repeat *.

Eighth Row—* 2 d c into first st, 1 d c into each remaining st, 2 d c into the last st, 4 ch sts, repeat *, completing first star; repeat for 7 stars; join 2 stars by turning to the wrong side, make 1 s c into the corresponding sts, sl st across ch, join first medallion to center medallion, st sl across ch and join to 3rd medallion, continue until all are joined.

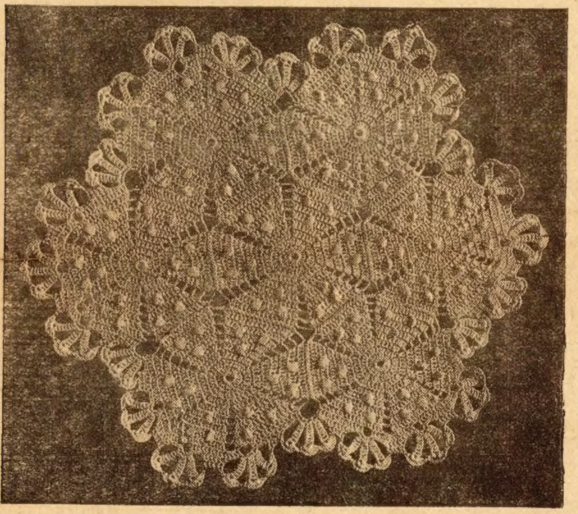
Around the edge: First Row—* 1 d c into each of 3 sts, 2 d c into next st, repeat *, 1 d c into each of 4 sts, 4 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 1 d c into each of 3 sts, 5 d c over ch, 1 d c into each of the next 6 sts, 4 ch sts; skip 2 sts, 1 d c into each of 9 sts, 4 d c over ch, 1 d c, 4 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 14 d c, 4 ch sts, repeat *.

Second Row—* 1 s c into each of 4 sts, 1 d c into each of 4 sts, 5 s c, ** 10 ch sts, turn; 1 d c into 4th ch st, 1 d c into each remaining st, 1 s c over ch of previous row, repeat ** twice, then repeat * around the entire edge.

Third Row—* 1 ch st, ** 8 d c over ch at end of line of 7 d c, repeat ** twice, skip 4 sts, 5 d c, repeat * completing doily.

If desired for a set of doilies and centerpiece, another row of medallions may be added; this would be composed of 18 medallions.

Terms—Chain stitch, ch st; single crochet, s c; double crochet, d c.



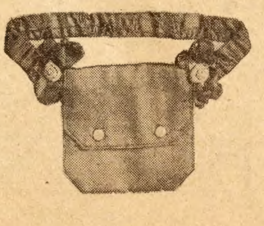
Bag for Money and Jewels

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

ONE does not realize how handy this little gift can be to the girl away from home, if she has not possessed a similar arrangement for storing away her valuables. When visiting, is the time one needs both her jewelry and extra money; her purse is not a safe place to carry them, while this article is.

The materials required are 4½ inches of dark colored messaline silk, 1 yard of No. 2 satin ribbon to match, 1 piece of chamois 4½ by 12 inches, 2 snap fasteners, 2 gilt buttons, a small piece of light colored satin for the roses, ½ yard of finger width white elastic. Often one has enough silk and ribbon about the house; if the silk requires a seam it will do no harm to make one across the bottom, as the chamois lining will prevent it from ripping.

Cut the silk and chamois to fit, allowing for the turn of the silk, but not so the chamois, as this does not fray and requires no hem. Cut away the corners as shown in the illustration and machine stitch the edges. Sew down the center of the bag, forming two compartments, fasten with the snaps and over them sew the buttons. Cover the elastic with the messaline, fit snugly around the leg just below the knee and sew to the bag. Decorate with bows and the light colored roses. For the roses cut the satin 1 inch wide on the bias, fold the cut edges together and starting at the center wrap around three times. Any color or combination of colors may be used.



* * *

SEWING HINT.

As wash goods shrink mostly in length, when making a dress or aprons allow for a very wide hem at the bottom and blind baste the hem until ready for the first wash. Then pull out the basting and, after ironing, measure the proper length and stitch the hem. By blind stitch is meant to baste on wrong side a trifle closer than ordinary basting, leaving the stitches on right side barely noticeable. In making clothes of worsted that are likely to need altering in length make a deep hem at bottom and run a tuck by hand in the hem on wrong side. It will never be noticed, and when it needs altering it is easy to take out the tuck and press the hem.

*

A SEWING STAND.

An excellent sewing stand can be made from an old camp stool. Remove seat, stain or enamel brown or white, get one yard brass chain, divide in half, tack this to posts on each side, so as to hold chair upright. Procure one and one-half yards pretty cretonne, denim or art fabric, fold thru middle, so as to have pattern on outside, now tack to crosspiece of frame with brass tacks, allowing three-fourths yard to hang down between crosspieces so as to form a bag with ends falling on outside of crosspieces or turned up and stitched so as to form pockets for scissors, threads, etc. This little article of furniture will serve equally well for holding magazines, papers or music.

*

JOINED FORCES.

A woman, who had been given a quantity of square doilies three and four inches square, put them to good service by joining them together with wide lace and using them on her buffet; she objected to using them separately and was highly pleased with the scarf that resulted from joined forces. Squares of tan linen, embroidered in colors can be joined effectively to form table runners. Of course, the lace should match the color of the linen. If you should fail to find tan to match, dip white or cream lace in tea. Try a little piece of lace first so you can tell if the tea is of the proper length.

* * *

A good many so-called matrimonial knots turn out to be serious tangles.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

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UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

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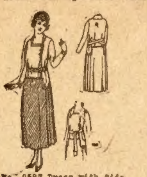
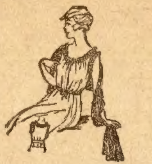
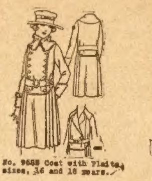


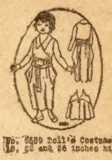
No. 9587 Dress with Side Closing, 36 to 42 bust.



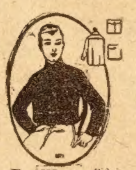
9373 Corset Cover 36 to 46 bust.



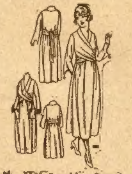
No. 9655 Coat with Plaits, sizes, 16 and 18 years.



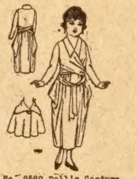
No. 9589 Doll's Costume, 18, 22 and 26 inches high.



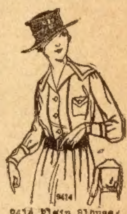
No. 9573 Army Shirt, 36 to 44 breast.



No. 9581 Surplice Dress, sizes, 16 and 18 years.



No. 9589 Doll's Costume, 18, 22 and 26 inches high.



9414 Plain Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

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To every one who will send us $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us one of the coupons and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

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AGENTS WANTED TO SELL GUARANTEED fast selling household necessity. Easily make $25 to $40 per week. You are not asked to risk or send a penny of your money either for sample outfit or merchandise at anytime. You simply get the orders by showing sample. We send you commission check every Saturday. We deliver all orders direct to customers. First class money making proposition for energetic men and women. Cascade Merchandise Corporation, 841 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington.

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AGENTS. $60 WEEKLY AND AUTOMObile furnished agents placing samples, wonderful new automobile necessity, with owners everywhere. Reduces operating expense one-third. Makes old cars run like new. Outfit free. L. Ballway, Dept. 71, Louisville, Ky.

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SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

GET MARRIED QUICK—BEFORE YOU ARE too old; "Paradox," 21 years old, offers big selection of ladies and gentlemen, many wealthy and handsome, improve yourself by corresponding with opposite sex, all parts of the world, biggest, best, cleanest, oldest correspondence paper; free copy. "Paradox," Dept. X6, Berwyn, Ill.

MEN:—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN CORrespondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

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U[illegible] magazine published mailed [illegible] send description, age. American Distributor, Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

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MARRY IF LONELY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "Home Maker;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

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LIFE READING, PHOTO POSTALS, SEcret conversation cards and lovely present, only 12c in stamps. D. Union Supply Co., Palatine, Ill.

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WHO'LL WRITE A JOLLY YOUNG WIDOW of moderate wealth? Enclose stamp. Lillian Sproul, Station H., Cleveland, Ohio.

SWEETHEARTS! RECEIVE LETTERS from lovers everywhere. Membership 10c. Copy 10c. Sarvis, Barnes City, Iowa.

"FROM BALLROOM TO HELL" STARtling, sensational, moral book 10c. Mo-Mex Co., Terre Haute, Indiana.

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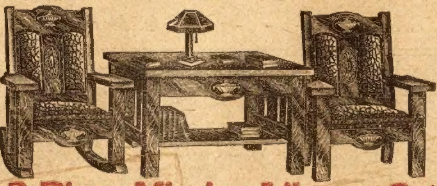
One dollar is all you need now for any one of the bargains shown here. This is the offer from the House of Hartman which brings you the most amazing values on easiest credit terms. Make your selection. Tell us which article to send. Use it 30 days before you decide whether to keep it or not. Then if absolutely satisfactory, make the first small payment and send the balance on the liberal terms stated here. You have nearly a year to pay. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatever, ship the goods back. We will refund your dollar and pay freight both ways. (Order more than one article on these terms if you wish.) No fairer, no more liberal offer ever made than this. And it comes from an old established house. 60 years of merchandising experience and $12,000,000 capital are back of every offer from Hartman's. You get values which only a gigantic purchasing power makes possible—and you must be satisfied or back come the goods to us and any money you have paid is promptly refunded without argument or question. Your decision is final. Try this way of buying. If you don't see what you want here, get our big catalog—the wonderful book of bargains, which is constantly used as a guide to values by hundreds of thousands of people. It is free. Send for it.

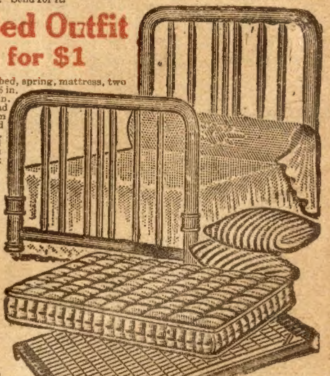


3-Piece Mission Library Set Shipped for $1

Send for this remarkable 3-piece set and what a stunning value it is. Try to match it anywhere. You have 30 days' free trial to find out what a wonderful bargain it is. Solid oak, with quarter-sawed oak arms on chair and rocker. Fumed finish. Adam period design. Table top is 38x26 inches; 29 inches high. Has 7 inch shelf. Legs from 2-inch stock. Chair is 41 inches high. Rocker 37 inches high. Width 26 inches. Arms 4x21 inches. 19 inches between arms. Seats 19½x20 inches, filled with wool fibre and moss and with 6 heavy steel springs on steel channel bars. Upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather. Shipping weight about 130 pounds. One of the most superb bargains ever offered. Carefully crated and shipped direct from factory in Western New York State.

Order by No. 111RMA5. Price for the complete set $16.89. Send only $1.00 now. Balance in monthly payments of $1.75 each.

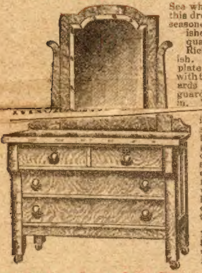
5-Piece Bed Outfit Shipped for $1



Complete outfit—full size bed, spring, mattress, two pillows. Bed has heavy 1 1-16 in. continuous posts. Seven ⅝-in. upright grouped fillers. Head end 54 in., foot end 34 in. from floor. Choice of White or Gold Bronze (Vernis Martin) finish. Spring has fabric top fitted on heavy angle iron frame, is supported at ends by resilient steel helical coil springs. Mattress good grade sanitary cotton top well filled with wood fibre. Covered with neat striped ticking. Weighs, burlaped, about 50 lbs. Pillows filled with specially blended selected hen feathers and measure full 18x25 in. Covered with durable striped ticking. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse. Order this remarkable bargain on our liberal credit terms. Remember, if you decide not to keep it, after 30 days' trial, return and we will refund your payment and pay freight charges both ways.

Order white finish by No. 153RMA19. Price for Complete Outfit only $14.79. Order Vernis Martin finish by No. 153RMA20. Price $14.83. Send $1 now. Balance $1.50 monthly for either finish.

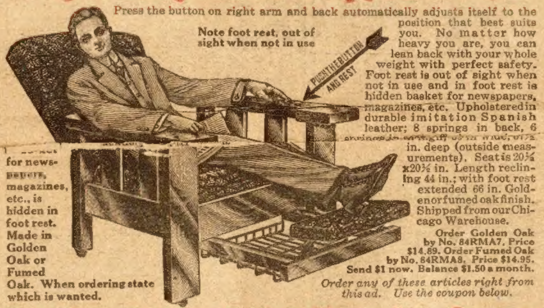
Handsome Dresser Shipped for $1



See what an extra value this dresser is. Made of seasoned hardwood finished to resemble quarter-sawed oak. Rich golden oak finish. Has French bevel plate mirror 20x16 in. with two artistic standards braced by backguard. Base top 40x19 in. Two [illegible] is one of the most striking bargains that even this great house could offer. Send and see for yourself on our guarantee offer. Shipping weight about 110 lbs. Shipped from our factory in Central Indiana.

Order by No. 189RMA9. Price $10.89. Send $1 now. Balance $1.25 monthly.

Royal Easy Chair Shipped for $1


PUSH THE BUTTON AND REST

Note foot rest, out of sight when not in use

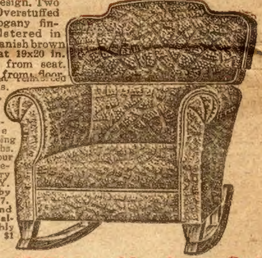
Press the button on right arm and back automatically adjusts itself to the position that best suits you. No matter how heavy you are, you can lean back with your whole weight with perfect safety. Foot rest is out of sight when not in use and in foot rest is hidden basket for newspapers, magazines, etc. Upholstered in durable imitation Spanish leather; 8 springs in back, 6 springs in seat, [illegible] wide, 6½ in. deep (outside measurements). Seat is 20½ x20½ in. Length reclining 44 in.; with foot rest extended 66 in. Golden or fumed oak finish. Shipped from our Chicago Warehouse.

[illegible] for newspapers, magazines, etc., is hidden in foot rest. Made in Golden Oak or Fumed Oak. When ordering state which is wanted.

Order Golden Oak by No. 84RMA7. Price $14.89. Order Fumed Oak by No. 84RMA8. Price $14.95. Send $1 now. Balance $1.50 a month.

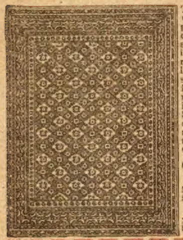
Order any of these articles right from this ad. Use the coupon below.

Overstuffed Rocker Shipped for $1



A superb design. Two panel back. Overstuffed arms. Mahogany finish. Upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather. Seat 19x20 in. Back 28 in. from seat. Seat 15 in. from floor. [illegible] and seat reinforced with steelbands. A big, roomy, easychair that gives comfort to body and elegance to the room. Shipping weight 55 lbs. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse or factory in Western N.Y. State. Order by No. 94 RMA 7. Price $8.95 Send only $1 now. Balance in monthly payments of $1 each.

"Wexford" Brussels Rug Shipped for $1



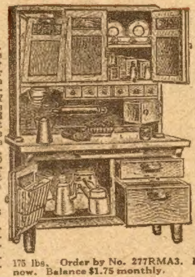
A wonderful value. This beautiful rug is woven in rich all over pattern in superb color combinations, rich shades of tan predominating with touches of red and green. Has long wearing worsted surface and will last for years. One of the most satisfactory rugs in our whole collection. Sent on our liberal 30 days' free trial offer and our easy credit terms. Shipped from Chicago warehouse.

Choice of 2 Sizes

No. 30RMA15. 8 ft. 3 in. x10 ft. 6 in., $17.65. $1 now. $2 per month.

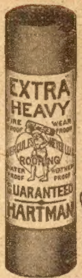
No. 30RMA16. 9 ft. x12 ft., $18.95. $1 now. $2 per month.

Kitchen Cabinet Shipped for $1



Saves work in the kitchen. Has everything right at hand. Sent on 30 days' free trial. A sensational bargain. Solid oak. Has 40 lb. capacity flour bin with metal sifter. Spice drawers. 7 lb. capacity sugar bin. Rolling pin rack. Roomy china cupboard. 42x25 in. whitewood table top. Removable kneading board. Handy utensil cupboard with wire rack. Bread and cake box. Drawer bottoms 3 ply lumber, will not warp or split. Base mounted on invisible slides. Moves easily and does not scratch floor. Height 65 in. Glossed golden oak finish. Shipped from factory in Central Indiana. Shipping weight 175 lbs. Order by No. 277RMA3. Price $15.95. Send $1 now. Balance $1.75 monthly.

Hercules Guaranteed Roofing

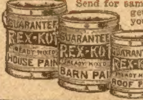


If you are going to roof your house, get our prices and easy terms on the famous Hercules Roofing. Made in all plys and weights. Flint surfaced, marble surfaced, red rock surfaced, green rock surfaced. Rust proof, water proof, weather proof. Send coupon or post card request for FREE Samples and Book.

Rex-Kote Paints

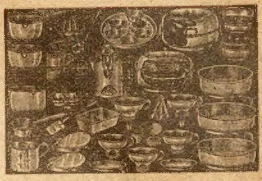
Will not peel, crack, blister or chalk. Guaranteed. Made from tested ingredients. All colors. Ready to put on.

FREE Color Card



Send for samples of colors and get our prices before you do any painting. Post card request or the coupon will bring them to you free. Write today.

42-Piece Aluminum Set



Sent for $1 Will not rust, scald, chip or crack. Set comprises following articles: 9-piece combination double roaster with 2 outer shells, inside pudding pan, 5 custard cups with perforated pan holder. 2 outer shells make an excellent roaster for chicken, steaks and other meats; using perforated inset and small pudding pan, it is a combination cooker and steamer. The three pans are also used separately over the fire as cake pan, bake dish, pudding pan or for any purpose where open pans are used; 7 cup coffee perculator with inset (2 pieces); 6-qt. preserving kettle, 2 bread pans, 2 pie plates, 1 and 2 qt. lipped sauce pans, 1 ladle, 2 jelly cake pans with loose bottoms (4 pieces), 1 caster set, salt and pepper shakers, toothpick holder and frame (4 pieces), measuring cup, 1 combination funnel (6 pieces), 3 measuring spoons, 1 strainer, 1 sugar-shaker, 1 grater; 1 cake turner, 1 lemon juice extractor. Shipping weight about 10 lbs.

Shipped direct from Chicago warehouse. Order by No. 415RMA12. Price complete set of 42 pieces. Packed in special carton only $9.76. Send $1 now. Balance in monthly payments of $1 each.

Hartman Furniture and Carpet Co.,
3926 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 1157 Chicago, Ill.

Send me the merchandise marked X it being understood that I am to have the use of it for 30 days and if, for any reason, I do not want to keep it I can return it at the end of that time and you will pay freight both ways and refund my payment. If I keep it I am to have the benefit of the terms given in this advertisement. I enclose $1 on each article marked.

☐ Bed Outfit No. 153RMA19 White Finish.	☐ Bed Outfit No. 153RMA20. Vernis Martin Finish.	☐ 3-Piece Library Set. No. 111RMA5.	
☐ Rocker. No. 94RMA7.	☐ Easy Chair No. 84RMA7. Golden Oak Finish	☐ Easy Chair No. 84RMA8. Fumed Oak Finish.	
☐ Dresser. No. 189RMA9.	☐ Kitchen Cabinet No. 277RMA3.	☐ Roofing and Paint Book and Samples	☐ Catalog Only
☐ 8 ft. 3 in. x10 ft. 6 in. Rug. No. 30RMA15.	☐ 9x12 ft. Rug. No. 30RMA16.	☐ Aluminum Set No. 415RMA12.	

Name..

Address..

Nearest Shipping Point..

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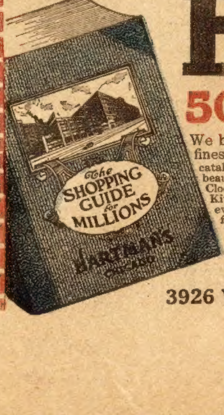
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